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15¢

JANUARY
1918

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PUBLISHED AT CLEVELAND OHIO
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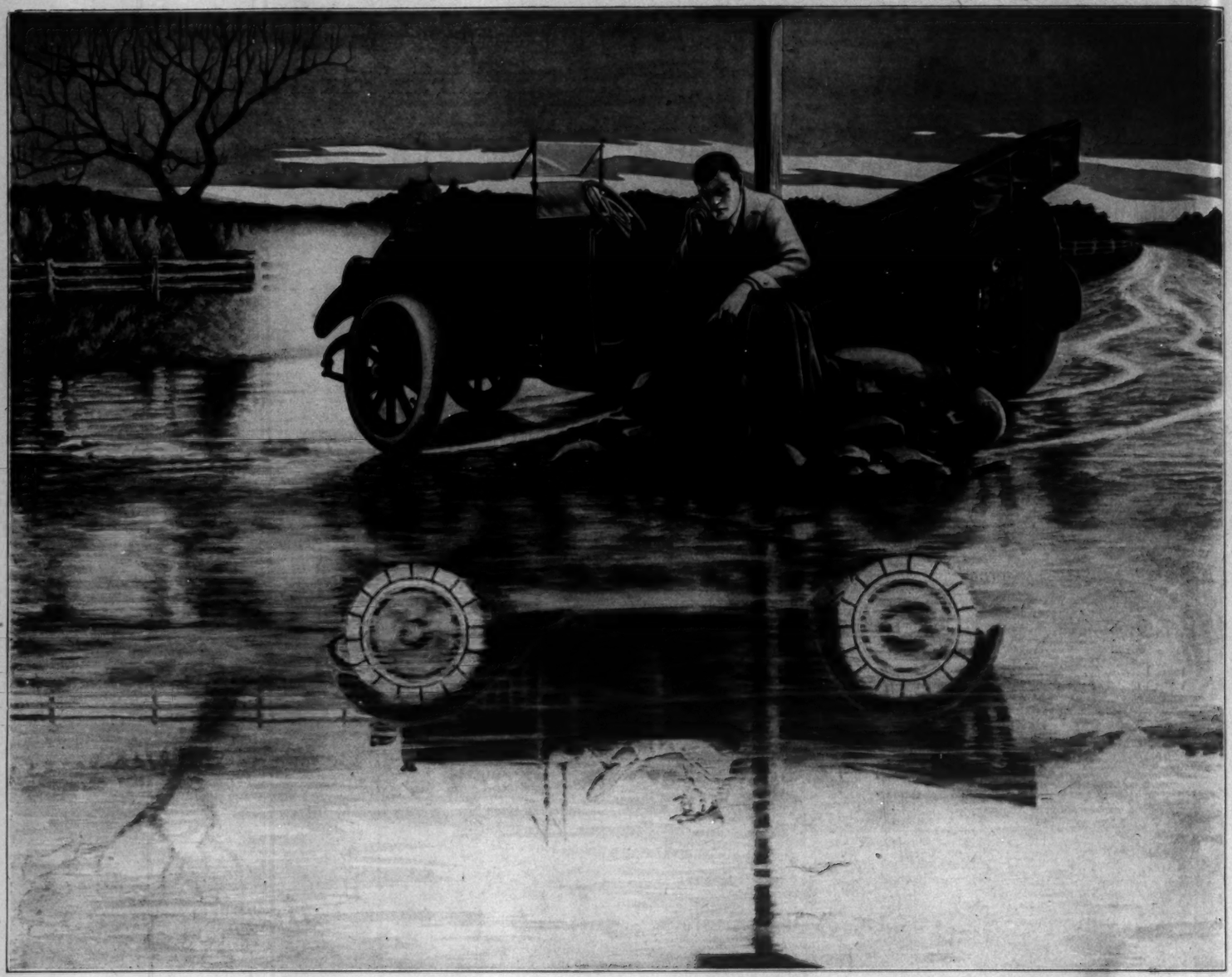

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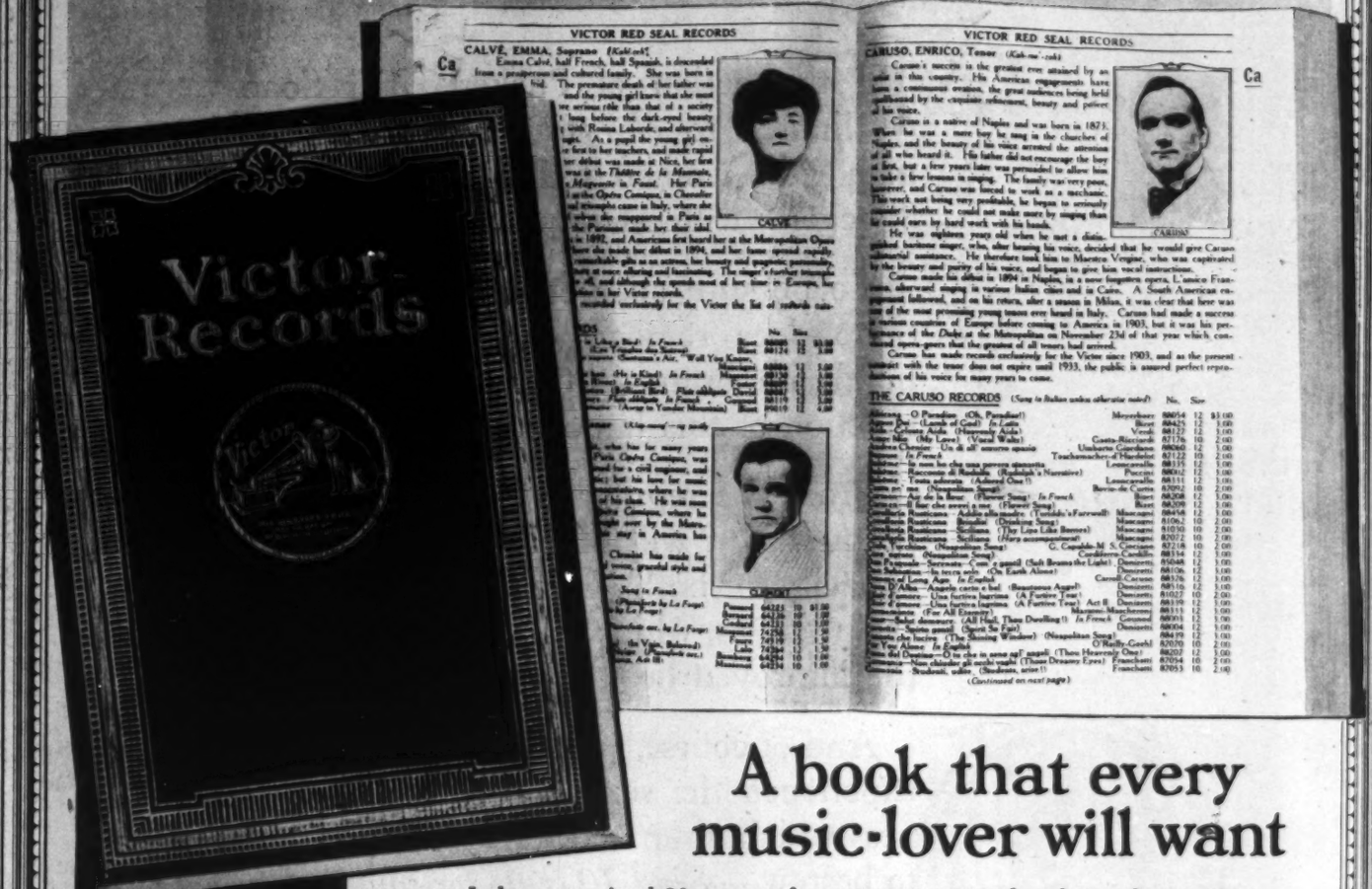

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Cover painted by Neysa McMein
[*of The Vigilantes*]

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Publications, Incorporated, New York, Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions $1.50 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union $2.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

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McCLURE'S

JANUARY
1918

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Somebody behind him whispered "Slacker!" Roane quivered as at the sting of a lash

Little Mother of Rivergift

How the Great War Came to a Quiet Southern Town

by Harris Dickson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

AUNT PATTY'S kitchen on Rivergift Plantation was separated from the Big House, and a spiderlegged negro man immediately separated himself from the kitchen.

As he fell sprawling through the doorway, a woman's infuriated voice yelled after him, "Don't come stickin' no paper at me! You got a hand like a foot. Git out o' here, nigger!"

It was too late to warn him out, for the man with a hand like a foot had already got out on all fours. Nimbly he scrambled away from the woman peril, with flop-tailed coat, and umbrella raised for self-protection, just as the belligerent black cook pursued him to the threshold.

"Miss Pettibone, I never meant ——"

"Shet up, I don't 'low *no*body to call me 'Miss Pettibone.' I'm Aunt Patty."

Her visitor adjusted his square-rimmed specks, and inquired, "Warn't yo' husband named Isaac Pettibone?"

"Nigger, I done already 'spressed myse'f. I never knowed nothin' 'bout dat triflin' Ike what runned off an' jined de Yankees."

"He's de man; he's de vere man. Jined the Fo'teenth U. S. colored troops."

"Cullid! *I* calls 'em nappy-headed niggers."

"But you is de widder of Isaac Pettibone?"

"Me? *Ike's* widder? I dare's *any*body to say dat."

"De widder of a soldier ——"

"Shet up befo' I makes yo' face look like a dime's wuth o' dog meat."

To preserve his face he backed off a few steps and continued to irritate her. "Isaac Pettibone served three months, and was honorable discharged ——"

"Yes, an' got hon'ble discharge three more times from de penitentiary."

Harris Dickson

"Which don't hinder him from drawin' pension."

"Huh! Ike never could draw nothin', 'cept rations."

Observing her smile, the gangling black person felt safe to venture nearer, and whisper, "Corp'ral Pettibone had some money comin' to him."

"Comin' to him — Huh! It sho would have to come an' lay down right gentle in Ike's hand. Ike never would hump hissef to go git it."

"You don't need to go git it; I'll fetch it to you."

"Who'll fetch it? You?"

"Sholy. I'm 'ficial agent fer de Unity States Gover'ment."

Aunt Patty confronted him with bulky hips, and arms like huge black hams. "One time a 'ficial agent come' long here wid square-rim specks, same as yourn, an' beat me out o' fo' dollars. Here, nigger! Tote yo' freight off dis plantation."

"But lady, lady. I'll get you more 'n two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" It was a tempting bait, yet Aunt Patty wanted to locate the hook. "How much does I pay?"

"You pays five dollars down, an'——"

"I ain't gwine to pay five dollars down, neither five dollars up."

The agent dropped his voice to a tone of eager confidence: "Den you needn't pay nothin'— jes' sign dis paper."

"An' you'll gimme *two* hundred dollars — jes' fer signin' *one* little paper? Lemme see it." Her big fat hand snatched the document from him. All papers looked alike to Aunt Patty. This one was printed, but a smaller scrap fell out with a lot of writing on it. The agent stooped, but Aunt Patty grabbed it first.

"Lady, gimme dat little one; dat ain't no consequence."

"I'll jes' keep bofe of 'em. Now hold still whilst I gits my specks."

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Like a moving haystack the cook waddled across the yard and into the Big House, with run-down slippers spanking against her fat heels as she climbed the steps. Aunt Patty had no specks, and didn't need any. She could not read except in the book of nature, where facts had to be printed mighty fine to deceive her. She knew that strange niggers didn't come hanging around her kitchen to give away two hundred dollars, just for politeness. Hence Aunt Patty's hunch to show that paper to Lawyer Daingerfield, who was then on the front gallery talking with Ole Miss. He had been lawyer for the Roane family long before he ever got to be governor. And when he came back from being governor, he kept on being lawyer for the Roanes some more. Nowadays the Roanes didn't have much to law about, which didn't hinder Governor Daingerfield from visiting out here lots of times with Miss Vi — folks called her "Little Daingy" — just to see Ole Miss. Aunt Patty was sharp enough to know that little Daingy never came to see Ole Miss, not altogether — especially since Mr. Dallas Roane returned back home from soldiering.

"Git out o' here, nigger!"

Gripping the paper in her hand Aunt Patty progressed through the hallway, and straight to the front, where she spoke to the white folks.

"Howdy, Governor; howdy, Miss Vi."

Ole Miss was sitting in the same rocking-chair, at exactly the same spot on the gallery where she sat every day since the 17th of April, three years ago, when she got took down blind. Ole Miss had to sit on that end of the gallery, because at the other end the floor was all rotted out. That's why Mr. Dallas had nailed some planks across from the door to the posts, to keep his mother from falling into holes.

No matter how good friends she might be with white folks, Aunt Patty wasn't going to pester the governor with nigger business until he got through talking to Ole Miss. So she plumped herself down on the top step and listened.

Miss Vi appeared to feel mighty sad over what her father was saying. Once she shook her head and warned him. He nodded just as much to answer that he'd be careful. Aunt Patty knew that he wasn't telling Ole Miss the truth, but everybody had to keep troubles from her since the hard times struck them.

The fragile little lady sat up straight in the rocker, with sightless eyes fastened upon her lawyer. They were beautiful eyes, soft gray eyes, and some folks disbelieved that Ole Miss couldn't see a wink. Miss Letty — she was the young lady that stayed with Ole Miss — Miss Letty never opened her mouth. Ole Miss kept her so busy all day, reading out of books, that Miss Letty seemed powerful glad of a chance not to talk.

"But, Mrs. Roane," the governor was trying to make things easy —"but, Mrs. Roane, I am not certain of winning your timber case."

"Frederick, you must, you *must;* for I require the money."

If Ole Miss said "must" there could be no other way around it. So the governor and his daughter kept looking at the floor. Little Daingy seemed almost ready to cry, and got up to put her arm around Ole Miss, but the governor motioned her to sit down.

Aunt Patty could see very plainly that the governor wanted to put his own arm around Ole Miss and pacify her, but he kept on talking, as every lawyer does, this and that and tother.

At the end of it all, Ole Miss held out her thin hand and smiled. "Well, Frederick, I shall depend on you. It means very much to me — *now.*"

It cut right through the governor to hear Ole Miss say "now" in that trembly voice, for she wasn't the complaining kind. Maybe she guessed lots of things that folks were trying to hide. Of course Ole Miss couldn't see the Mississippi River, eating away, all day long and all night too, eating away at her plantation. Sometimes the governor suspected that she knew, but he did not dare ask her.

"Now, Frederick, tell me what's happening at the front."

The governor drew a deep breath, like a man who has edged away from a place where he was liable to put his foot in a hole. "Good news, Mrs. Roane. The French have taken the offensive at Verdun — a smashing offensive. Regained in two days all ground that the Crown Prince took from them in two months."

"Ah!" Ole Miss clasped her hands. "Ah, the gallant, gallant Petain! Do you know, Frederick, I've been thinking that Verdun might prove the pivotal point — as turns Verdun, so turns the war."

Aunt Patty wriggled. That sort of start always kept 'em going for a long time, and the official agent awaited her in the back yard. Ole Miss talked square up to the governor, and was getting the best of him when her face lighted. She stopped shortly and lifted her head: "Here comes my boy."

Being blind she heard Mr. Dallas's horse long before Miss Vi, although Miss Vi was listening mighty close.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Roane"— the governor arose —"I must speak to Dallas."

Aunt Patty followed Lawyer Daingerfield through the hall, and as Mr. Dallas was then crossing the Bayou Bridge, it gave her time to show the paper. The printed one he barely glanced at, "Power of Attorney. Pension —" he remarked.

"Yas, suh," Aunt Patty spoke up; "nigger wid big specks out yonder in de yard wants me to sign it. Say he'll git me two hundred dollars from Washington."

The governor was now reading the little paper with pencil marks on it. Aunt Patty noticed him glance up towards the ceiling and whistle. Then he asked her, "You are the widow of Isaac Pettibone?"

"No, suh; no, suh. Ike runned off wid de yankees."

"Then this is a mistake?"

"O' course I married Ike ——"

"Married him?"

"Yas, suh. Bishop done de marryin', right here in dis hall."

"Do you mean Bishop Roane?" the lawyer inquired.

"Sholy, suh; he warn't nothin' but a young jackleg preacher den, jes practisin' on me an' Ike."

The governor had a way of setting his lips very tight when something vexed him. "So that nigger was going to get you *two* hundred dollars, was he?"

Lawyer Daingerfield sat down at a table in the hall and copied some figures off the paper into his little book.

"Aunt Patty, *I'll* attend to this," he said. "Don't you sign anything, nothing. If anybody else wants to collect a pension for you, just break his neck — in three places." Then he got up to meet Mr. Dallas.

No other negro was foolhardy enough to approach Aunt Patty after what she did to the official agent.

The governor stopped Dallas Roane as he entered the rear hall door. "My boy, you look worn out."

"Yes, sir, I've been dribbing the Sharpshooters. But they are losing interest, and I am going to let it drop."

"Keep it up, Dallas, keep it up. Our country will soon need every man we've got — trained men."

"Do you think so?" young Roane questioned, raising his deep black eyes which showed their weariness. "I hope not; God knows I hope not." He was gazing through the open door, across the peaceful lands of Rivergift Plantation.

"I hate war," he murmured, "and thought I was done with it when I resigned. Four years at West Point, and six years' service — I hate the very thought of war."

Governor Daingerfield knew better. Dallas was seeking to deceive himself, to minimize the sacrifice in resigning from the army, and coming home when Mrs. Roane was stricken. He could have done nothing else; the little mother was alone, helpless, and plantation affairs were getting desperate. It was of these affairs that the governor now desired to speak.

"Dallas, your mother sent for me, but I cannot bear to tell her the truth. There's no chance to win her timber case."

"Yes, sir, I understand. But don't let her know. She has set her heart on paying some debts."

That was not the worst of Governor Daingerfield's discouraging news. "And, Dallas, that new levee back of the house has been definitely decided upon."

"What? When?" Dallas stood erect and tense, for this meant ruin.

"This morning. The river is caving so rapidly that the present line cannot be maintained. Got to move it back, nearly a mile in some places."

"And the new line will be located at the rear of our house?"

"Approximately so."

"But," Dallas protested, "that takes practically all of our open land for a right of way, and throws the balance outside. No protection from overflow, and — oh, well, the property becomes worthless."

"I'm afraid that's how it stands," the governor nodded.

"What is our recourse?" Dallas demanded.

"You have none. A small sum will be paid for land actually occupied by the right of way."

"Which goes to holders of the encumbrance?" questioned young Roane.

"Certainly, paid to the mortgage company."

"Well, Governor," Dallas drew himself together; "Rivergift Plantation is irretrievably gone, and I must look for something to do."

"It seems necessary."

They sat down on the edge of the gallery and talked about what Dallas Roane could do. His education had not been such as to fit him for commercial pursuits. He had none of the trader's instinct, and would not know how to go about selling twenty-dollar gold pieces at a marked-down price of $17.98. Yet the mother must be taken care of. He was also thinking of Little Daingy when her father patted him on the back and said, "Something will turn up."

"Turn up? No sirree, I've got to get out and work. . . . Hello, Mother, isn't it a splendid day? Makes a fellow glad to be alive." He knelt before her with the cheeriest smile; for the mother's fingers, those supersensitive eyes of the blind, would stray across his face, and detect the slightest frown.

Little Daingy observed him, and knew that here was a man worth while. The governor came back and stood for a moment in the doorway, then began talking to Mrs. Roane, which gave Dallas his chance to drift towards the old levee with Viola. He watched them walking slowly together, side by side, and the governor smiled.

"Isn't that Uncle Penn?" The girl pointed to a solitary figure perched upon the levee's crest.

"Poor old cripple," Dallas answered, "He sits there by the hour, gazing at the river and mumbling to himself. When I was a little boy he used to tell me about it. Uncle Penn says it's a snake, a grand Zombi. And ever since then I can't help thinking of the Mississippi as a huge anaconda writhing through our valley."

The withered African, with his barbaric and fetich-fettered mind, came pretty near the truth. This great remorseless serpent of a river does control the lives and does mold the broodings of men who live beside it. Dallas hailed the negro pleasantly: "Howdy, Uncle Penn. What are you doing?"

"Nothin' 'tall, Marse Dallas! Jes' ponderin' 'bout de river. It's a-comin', suh. Soon be here."

"Yes, yes," Dallas gloomily assented. "Looks that way."

Steadying himself, the palsied negro pointed with a skinny finger. "Marse Dallas, see dat oak tree, suh, right at de edge o' de water? Your grampa raised his bes' cotton nigh two miles beyant it. Now de river's done swallered *all* dat lan'. Nex' week it'll grab de tree."

There was an hour at dusk when Ole Miss insisted upon being left alone. At that hour Uncle Penn always hobbled around the house and crouched on the steps at her feet.

"Well, Uncle Penn," she asked pathetically, "how near has the water come?"

"De oak tree's strugglin' mightily to hold its grip; but de roots is turnin' loose, an' fixin' to drap in. River'll git it. River'll git it."

Ole Miss sat up stiffly, staring ahead with sightless eyes. "Yes, it's coming. They call this place 'Rivergift.' Father Mississippi put it here; the land belongs to him. The river gave, and the river hath taken away; blessed be the name of the river!"

For a long, long while the two old people talked together — exchanging memories of what once had been on Rivergift Plantation, when fertile miles stretched between the big house and the water, and other fecund acres lay behind — which the new levee would utterly destroy.

"River'll git it! River'll sho git it!" Uncle Penn kept muttering. "But, Ole Miss, you an' me won't never live to see him swaller de big house."

"I hope not — I ——" suddenly she punched him in the back with her cane. "Get away quickly; here comes Mr. Dallas."

Dallas found his mother alone. He always found her alone at that hour, and without a word he always sat where Uncle Penn had been. Presently she leaned over and stroked his hair. "Dallas, do you remember Kipling's Brushwood Boy?"

"Yes, mother; but not accurately."

"Do you remember the night before the Boy started with his regiment to India? The little mother came and sat on the side of his bed, and they talked, they talked as mother and son should talk if the Empire is to endure."

Dallas reached up and patted her feeble hand as she continued, "The Empire! The Empire! My own boy, that's all there is to Empire. It is built of mothers, and built of mother's sons."

That Year of Sorrows, 1916, passed on, and the gusty March of 1917 had lashed itself into a chill, unspring-like April. Through the anguish and travail of humanity's re-borning, through that molten hurricane of hate with which a Balkan bickering had cast mankind into a crucible of blood and fire — through all this Dallas Roane found it difficult to fasten his mind on musty statute books. Under Governor Daingerfield's advice he had taken up the study of law. Judge Whittaker happened to require a clerk — Miss Stansfield having traveled the way of all attractive stenographers, married — and fifty dollars a month would help to keep the Roanes' pot boiling. At first Dallas felt belittled when Judge Whittaker's clients entered and caught him filling a girl's position, with two hesitant fingers pecking away on a typewriter. Yet the typewriter must be pecked, for the proceeds of last year's crop would barely stretch until he got a license.

Galvanized by the coming special session of Congress, and a practical certainty of war, the Sharpshooters had organized and Dallas Roane was the only officer with military experience to lick their rawness into shape. Night after night he drilled them.

Day by day he dissected war news with the specialized analysis of a soldier, yet scarcely with the same mind that Governor Daingerfield followed it. Dallas observed the modern methods of training and handling undreamed-of armies; he saw how novel combinations of new forces worked out in trench and field, and kept intelligently abreast of recent developments in scientific gunnery. Governor Daingerfield and his son Robert had both been educated at the Virginia Military Institute. Dallas frequently lunched at the Daingerfields' and glorified with Robert over the gallant futility of marching side by side, with heads erect as cadets of the V. M. I. Dallas ran to the edge of the gallery. "Governor, what's happened?"

Robert, the young enthusiast, shouted out, "Congress has declared war on Germany!"

Dallas had expected this, yet he stood still, very still, while Governor Daingerfield mounted the steps and spoke quietly to his daughter. "Viola, call your mother."

Little Daingy darted into the house. The mother and daughter stood together in the doorway.

"Sarah"— the governor's tone was exceedingly grave —"Sarah, our country is at war. Robert and I have come to consult you."

Viola looked up into the mother's face; her lip trembled but she said nothing. The wife kept silence. Dallas turned away from the sanctity.

A strange tremor made Governor Daingerfield's voice seem all the more decisive. "Sarah, when the news came, Robert and I were alone. We locked the office door and looked at each other. Our minds were the same. The United States is now plunged into a death struggle, for the preservation of humanity's right to live. This has been our war from the beginning, but we failed to realize it. My solemn conviction is that enduring peace will be purchased if it costs the life of a man from every home in America. Here is our man-child."

The mother winced as he pointed to Robert, their only son. She turned pale and closed her eyes, and then bravely opened them again.

"And, Sarah," the Governor stood as a soldier should, "Sarah, I must go."

"You? Oh, Frederick!"

"Yes. Here's a joint telegram, tendering our services to the War Department. We shall send it only with your approval."

Mrs. Daingerfield shuddered away from the yellow paper, and swayed like a wind-tossed lily, until the governor caught her in his arms.

Dallas Roane scarcely knew when it was, or how, that he had left the Daingerfields'. He found himself galloping, anywhere, and carrying before his eyes the picture of father, wife and daughter standing together, while Robert stared from the end of the porch. But the thought that stung was the thought that nobody had seen him go, not even Little Daingy. Hereafter he would count for nothing.

The streets were thronged. Men read the war bulletins and discussed them earnestly, but in subdued and sober voices. There were no noise, no excitement, no bands, no flag-waving. This was a grim business.

Dallas rode straight to his office and found it empty. Judge Whittaker must be on the street. Almost immediately there came a tramp, tramp, tramping of men up the stair, the rhythmic tread of well-trained men. Somebody knocked. Dallas gave no answer, and Billy Whitlaw opened the door, thrusting in a fiery red head.

"Well, Cap, this means us," was what he had come to say.

"Yes, Billy, I suppose so."

Billy turned and called his comrades. "Come in, John; come in, Mike." Two other Sharpshooters filed in and stood at semi-attention, while Billy spoke for three.

"Cap, we're goin' to hold a Company meetin' tomorrow morning at ten-thirty, and elect you permanent Captain. Nobody else can handle this bunch."

Dallas considered a moment. He dared not tell them that he meant to stay at home — not yet. The company might fall apart. It was his duty to perfect their organization and give them a rudimentary training. He could do that much, if no more. So he briefly explained that in the present uncertainty when volunteer commands might not be sent abroad as units, they had best continue their temporary officers and await a call from the War Department.

This didn't suit Billy Whitlaw; he wanted to get action—at once. "But, Cap," he protested, "can't we telegraph 'em right now that our fellows are cocked and primed?"

"No," Dallas shook his head; "the Sharpshooters are not ready. You've got to grind, grind, grind and get ready."

The volunteers looked disappointed, but accepted their captain's better judgment, backing out with the remark, "Just as you say, Cap."

Dallas continued to sit where they left him, trying not to flinch at every footfall as the men went tramping downstairs. Would they never get to the bottom? He could not let them go on believing in him. He thought of the Daingerfields. And of Little Daingy — of late he had been trying not to think of her at all — Little Daingy who hadn't even seen him when he left her alone with father and brother who were no slackers.

Suddenly the old lady lifted her head and listened. "Dallas is crossing the Bayou Bridge!"

Gallipoli, or the spectacular defense of Verdun, while the more philosophic governor peered deeper into the ultimate meaning of it all.

On a morning in early April Dallas Roane galloped in from Rivergift Plantation, passing the Daingerfield house as usual. Little Daingy waited in the porch swing, as usual. He flung himself from his horse, as usual, for the usual morning "Hello!" Then he lingered over his "hello" until little Daingy raised her eyes and discreetly drew apart.

"Look, Dallas, there's father and brother Robert. Why are they coming home?"

Father and son came on steadily and in silence,

Dallas bounded to the window to call back his Sharpshooters. They were standing below him on the sidewalk. He opened his lips, then hushed, as if confronted by his mother, by a pair of sightless eyes, and wisps of thin hair brushed back from blue-veined temples. So pale and frail she was that Dallas couldn't leave her alone at Rivergift, staring, staring, staring forever towards the river.

Roane drew back from the window, but he could hear Billy Whitlaw talking, on the sidewalk below: "Huh, Cap never said much."

"Co'se he didn't," Mike Redmond spoke up strong for Cap'n Roane; "Of course he never *said* much. But take it from me, when the time [*Continued on page 36*]

How I Broke My Husband

Possibly This Is Your Own Story, as Told by the Wife to

Anna Steese Richardson

Illustration by R. M. Crosby

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago my husband was earning fifteen dollars a week.

I watched his salary grow until it reached ten thousand a year. He used to say that he owed his success to my encouragement and co-operation. But today he is a bankrupt, in body as well as in business, and the fault is mine. There has never been a moment during these twenty-eight years when I have not loved him, but I broke him. And this is the story of how I did it.

John was the most popular clerk in the best grocery of B ——, a railway center in the middle west, with a population of thirty thousand. I came from Pennsylvania to teach in the grade school at forty-five dollars a month.

My fellow-teachers thought it strange that I would marry a small-salaried clerk, but I loved John and believed in his future. He was a fine-looking, clean-cut man with a charming personality which won friends among men and women. His personality and my resourcefulness were our joint capital. And I never worried about the future. John was bound to get ahead.

We rented a pretty six-room cottage on the edge of town for $12.50 a month, and furnished it with our savings. We set out vines and flowers in the front yard and laid out a good-sized vegetable plot in the back, and in summer our little home was far better looking than those of our neighbors. I believed in making the most of everything and keeping up appearances.

I was courteous to my neighbors, but nothing more. And I did not mix with the wives of John's fellow clerks at the store. I kept up with teachers, church workers and the club women I had been friendly with. For John's sake I had determined to cultivate people I termed "useful," and in this campaign my education, resourcefulness and tact counted heavily. I made myself valuable to women who had more money but less brains than I had. In advancing their ambitions I slowly but surely realized my own. John and I were often invited to the homes of women who ordered goods from him at the store. His employer's wife and I were quite friendly.

Of course, all this took ingenuity in the matter of clothes and entertaining. I always managed to look well. In those days fifteen dollars bought a presentable tailored suit, and, with good care, I could make one last two seasons. A few pretty waists for afternoon wear and one inconspicuous evening frock met my social needs. On the rare occasions when I entertained I took great pains to have novel refreshments and prizes.

So, you see, I felt pretty sure of our social future. I knew how to make a good impression on little, and I had taken the right measure of John's ability. We talked confidently of what we would do for our children-to-be.

When Beth came, twenty months after our marriage, we had saved the money for all extra expenses: twenty-five dollars for the doctor; fifteen dollars for the semi-trained nurse who stayed with me during the first week, and visited me twice a day during the second; ten dollars for the young Polish girl who did my housework for a month. I had made her a layette which was very nice.

Right here, I will relate an incident which proves how determined I was to keep up appearances. One day I stopped to see the baby of a wealthy woman who shopped in Chicago, and I admired the child's coat and bonnet of bengaline silk, trimmed with narrow bands of beaver fur. Beth, who was a far prettier child, had only a plain little coat of cashmere. When I reached home that afternoon I hunted through my piece-bags until I found some corded silk which had once lined an evening gown, also a strip of dilapidated beaver fur which had edged a coat. With great care I cleaned the silk and clipped and pieced the fur; then I combined the two in a drop cape for the cashmere coat and a cunning bonnet to match. By tucking her afghan carefully to hide the plebeian cashmere, my wee girl was as smartly dressed for her outing as the small daughter of the banker.

Understand, I believe it is right to utilize the best we have at hand; but, looking back, I realize that when I copied the rich raiment worn by a child of wealth I took my first step toward forcing my children into a position far beyond our means. From that hour on, I made too much of material things.

When little Jack was born, fifteen months after Beth came, John's delight in his son repaid me for the petty economies which followed, but when Alice came eighteen months later, we began to feel the strain of making both ends meet, even though John's salary had been raised to seventy dollars a month. We were saving almost nothing, but I insisted that John should dress well at the store, even if I had to stay at home for lack of pretty clothes. The babies furnished a good excuse for not going out much, and I managed to keep in touch with old friends, after a fashion.

I was not discontented. John was bound to get on, and meantime, Micawber like, I waited uncomplainingly for something to turn up.

At this time a crabbed second-cousin, whose hobby was thrift, stopped off to visit us on his way to California. He was so impressed by the atmosphere of economy and cheer in our home that he gave me a hundred dollars on the day he left.

Well, John and I sat up nights figuring how

to spend the money. John insisted that I should have a new dress, coat and hat. I argued that it was more important for him to meet the right sort of men in a social way. I won the day. John applied for membership in the Masonic Lodge, the most influential organization in town. The balance of the money we banked.

Within six months, John secured a better position in the local branch of a packing concern known all over America. The offer came to him through an old customer at the store who had gotten well acquainted with John at the lodge meetings. It made me feel that the lodge membership had paid good returns on my cousin's gift. For John's new salary was ninety dollars a month, twenty dollars more than he had been getting.

We figured that this would ease up my task of making both ends meet, and give us ten dollars at least to bank each month. But when John left the grocery, we no longer got our food at a discount. Also John had to pay carfare, ten cents a day. It seemed harder than ever to save.

Then the new railroad built its freight yards and depot within six blocks of our house, and the neighborhood filled up with railroad men, mostly foreigners with swarms of children. So I started out to find a house in a better neighborhood. There were small cottages in plenty near the packing house, but I told John that so long as we were moving, we ought to consider the children, and select a desirable neighborhood. They would soon be ready for school.

I finally found a seven-room house which stood among the homes of well-to-do people for eighteen dollars a month. It had been vacant some time because it was part of an estate that was in the courts, and it was in bad repair. John and I worked hard at night, hanging paper and re-painting the dingy woodwork. We hid the shabby outside with quick-growing vines, and our new neighbors looked on us with friendly eyes. They were grateful to us for fixing up what had been a real blot on the block.

John could now walk to work, but the two dollars and sixty cents a month saved on carfare paid less than half of the additional rent of five-fifty a month. Moreover, I felt that both the children and I had to dress up to our new neighborhood. That was a simple matter for me — I took excellent care of my clothes. But the children had no more respect for expensive things than for cheap ones. I had to set a frugal table so they could look as well as my neighbors' children.

John's salary was paid monthly, on the fifteenth. Sometimes my money would give out and then I would ask the grocer, butcher or milkman to wait a few days. When I had done this several times, paying the small balance promptly on the fifteenth, the grocer and butcher suggested that I open accounts. John, who knew the danger of running bills, argued against it, but I answered that I had too many important places to pay out money to be extravagant in food. We would check up our food bills every Saturday night and keep within a certain amount.

And we did! Our grocery and meat bills did not increase a penny, but they led to other extravagances. Once you establish your credit in a town, almost any merchant will be glad to open an account with you. I did not mean to have things charged at other stores, but the party Mrs. Goodwin gave for her daughter Madge sent me to Jordan's, the best drygoods store in town, asking for credit.

I did not suppose that Mrs. Goodwin, who lived in the handsomest house on the block and who had never even called on me, would invite Beth and Jack to the party, but Madge had struck up a real girlie-girlie friendship with Beth and as she was spoiled and indulged, I imagine she told her mother there would be no party unless her new playmates were invited. This put me on my mettle. I knew that many mothers would call for their children after the party, and I was determined that my children should look as well as anyone's.

So I bought for Jack a wee black velvet suit, fine stockings and slippers, to which I added a collar of real Irish lace which had been one of my graduation gifts. For Beth, I bought silk stockings, slippers, a lovely blue sash and fine lawn and lace for a dress which I made entirely by hand. Hand-work had just then come into style.

No doubt Jack's best serge suit with a ruffled blouse of lawn would have served, but the Lord Fauntleroy styles had swept the town and I did not want my child singled out as "shabby." Besides, when school opened in the fall, I wanted him and Beth to mingle with the very nicest little people who attended the public kindergarten two blocks away.

When the fifteenth rolled round, I received a bill of nineteen dollars from Jordan's. John paid it without complaint, and I made up for it as best as I could by having a laundress half a day instead of a whole day. For a while after that, I tried hard to live within our income and to lay aside a little each month, but from time to time my love for my husband and children got the best of my judgment and the knowledge that a salary like John's will not stretch. I insisted that John should dress well at the office because I knew that he often met men from the head offices who selected clerks for promotion. No matter how I turned and made over my dresses, I saw to it that John's suits were clean and well-pressed, with no frayed cuffs or shiny seams. His linen was immaculate and his ties fresh and in good taste. He looked prosperous, and was a good advertisement for his concern and himself.

But there came a time when I had no more dresses to dye or make over, when I felt that Beth needed a ready-made coat, instead of the sort I had made over from mine or from remnants of cloth.

The children were attending school and church, going to small parties and playing daily with children whose parents had four times the income we had. Either I had to dress them up to this standard or invite comparison. Well, if I had made a mistake in moving into the neighborhood, there was nothing for it but to cut down in other ways. So I re-upholstered chairs, patched rugs and varnished furniture as frugally as I set my table. But despite economy along these lines, I found it increasingly hard to meet our monthly bills, and in times of urgency I began to have things charged at Jordan's.

By this time, work at the office was heavy, and John worked many nights, so he let me handle his salary. I carefully set aside what he would need personally for the month, and then paid what I could on our various accounts. Sometimes I paid them in full. If I couldn't do this, I carefully divided the money among my different creditors, never leaving much of a balance at any one store. But, I argued to myself, I could not work any harder, nor manage any better, and keep up appearances. I was too ambitious for my children to see that I could end it all by keeping appearances down, not up.

Just when I began to feel that tradesmen were not so anxious for our custom as they had been, John got the coveted promotion. He was given a fine position in the purchasing department of the packing company in O —— at a salary of two thousand dollars a year.

My heart leaped with relief. At last I could buy a pair of shoes for Jack, a new dress for Beth, a coat for Alice without feeling that the accusing eyes of a grocer or butter man were following me.

Then suddenly joy died in my heart. We must move to O —— in two weeks. And moving would cost a lot! Where were we to get the money? We had just forty-five dollars in the bank — John had saved it long before — and I had been afraid to touch it. And we had bills everywhere, from Jordan's to the ice man. How could we get out of town? Would the firm advance John the money to move — or if he asked for it, would the officials figure that he was improvident, and so withdraw the promotion? Where could I borrow money to meet this very ugly situation?

My cousin in California!

I lay awake all night composing letter after letter. I knew the man with whom I was dealing. He would give when the notion seized him, but he hated "beggars." Moreover, it would take time to receive his reply. He might be away from home on a pleasure trip.

When John kissed me good-by the next morning after breakfast, I was so shaken that I longed to throw myself into his arms and beg his advice and forgiveness. If only I had! Our entire life might have changed in that hour.

Instead, I went about my work, with my thoughts going round in an endless circle until the morning mail was delivered. It brought a letter from my brother from whom I seldom heard. He was professor of English in a small Texas college and completely absorbed in his work. It seemed, however, that with several other instructors, he had bought some land in the oil district, and was in a fair way to be rich. He was celebrating his new prosperity by sending me a check for three hundred dollars. Would I please give the children a Merry Christmas and tell them it was from their absent-minded but still affectionate Uncle Guy? And Christmas was still three months off! So like dear old Guy!

The reaction was indescribable. I almost had hysterics. But when I finally pulled myself together and dressed to take the precious check to the bank, I reasoned that never again would I worry. If a woman did what was right by her family, was ambitious and devoted, the means would always be supplied to advance their interests.

You see, I really believed that in living beyond our income and making it possible for my children to associate with families of greater wealth and social position, I was insuring their success in later years. And my brother's gift soothed my conscience and convinced me that those who helped themselves would always receive help in times of need.

I did not tell John about the check, but I paid up all our bills and turned over to him the money for the trip to our new home in O ——. Little of our furniture was worth moving, so we shipped only a few heirlooms and articles to which we were attached.

So we arrived in O —— with less than a hundred dollars. While looking for a home, we boarded, paying twenty-five dollars a week, which left us thirteen dollars for laundry, clothes and incidentals. The men at the plant were cordial to John, and their wives all came to call on me.

Most of the men had been connected with the plant for many years. They had nice homes and money in the bank. They all took it for granted that a man in John's position must be equally well fixed. So they urged me to select a house in a pretty addition on the Hill overlooking the city, where most of them lived.

Looking back, I see those women as kindly, simple souls who would have understood if I had confessed that our means would not permit us to live in the same fashion they did. But I felt that such an admission would hurt John's standing at the plant. We must live in the right neighborhood and economize in other ways.

We took a ten-room house at thirty-five dollars a month which, with heating, exhausted one-fourth of John's income. We furnished the house on the instalment plan, paying from a fourth to a third more than if we had paid cash. I came to hate every piece of furniture, rug, or curtain on which we made these payments of forty dollars a month, not only because they were not good value but because there were so many other demands for our money.

For example, our neighbor's children all went to a small private school. When I said that Jack and Beth ought to attend this school, John reminded me that both he and I were products of the public-school system. He would not have his son softened by the methods used in the average private school. As for Beth, if I didn't want her to mix with public school children, I could teach her at home. I was probably a better teacher than any employed in the private school.

I did not press the point. I felt sure that something would turn up, and it did. Christmas brought me a check of fifty dollars from my cousin in California.

After I had bought John a much-needed overcoat, he could not object to my spending the balance for a term's tuition at the private school. I knew that by the time the Fall term opened something would happen to let Beth continue in the school attended by the children, with whom I proposed she should associate.

I shall never forget those first two years in O ——, the prodigies of labor I performed unseen by my neighbors, the miracles of ingenuity which I wrought, that my family should keep pace with those among whom we lived. And through it all, I had to be cheerful and sympathetic with my husband, who was beginning to chafe under our system of living to the limit of our income.

[*Continued on page 23*]

McCLURE'S for February will be a crackerjack number — every author and artist a winner. Read these names: Sophie Kerr, Porter Emerson Browne, Herbert Paus, C. F. Underwood, Bliss Carman, Vingie E. Roe, Ernest Poole, Sinclair Lewis, Arthur William Brown, Anna Steese Richardson, Theodosia Garrison, C. E. Chambers, Cleveland Moffett, Waldemar Kaempffert, James H. Collins, Melville Davisson Post, Leon Kelley, and William H. Hamby. A galaxy, isn't it? And every story and article and picture up to the name that created it

Prisoners of an Illusion

Sentimentality Has Kept the German-American the Man-Without-a-Country That He Is

by Hermann Hagedorn

[*of The Vigilantes*]

THE German-Americans are the prisoners of an illusion, tied hand and foot by sentimentalities. The majority of them are not really pro-German. Even the greater part of them who growl at America and noisily applaud every misrepresentation of our Government and our aims, do not really want Germany to defeat the United States. Possibly they do not know exactly what they do want, unless it be a divine dispensation or a negotiated peace which will presumably wipe out the past three years and let us — with a sigh of relief — start life again where we left off when the unpleasantness began. They want to see America neither beaten nor victorious. They are doomed by their whole bringing-up to an unhappy, grumbling neutrality.

The German-Americans are prisoners. Sentiments are their fetters. Only a negligible number would ever want to take up arms for Germany. The majority are fully conscious that they belong to America, that their future and the future of their children lie here. But sentiments tie their hands behind their backs; and they are not even valid sentiments. The Germany to which their hearts now turn in sympathy is not the Germany we know — hard, materialistic and brutally bent on achieving, preserving and exercising power — but a tender land of green valleys and sleepy towns, of castle ruins and cozy taverns in their shadow, of singing and fiddle playing and dancing in the woods and coffee-parties and hilarious excursions and summer walking-trips along the Rhine and through the Black Forest, and in it and through it all, the "Trompeter von Säkkingen" school of sentimental romance. It is to this picture-book Germany that their minds return. Instead of contrasting German actuality with American actuality, they contrast this dream-Germany with workaday America; and against so rosy a dream even Milwaukee seems roughly alien and unkind.

The German-Americans are fettered with illusions. "Germany gave us so much," they say, "how can we turn against her?" When they say that, they forget that, once upon a time, they or their fathers somewhere in Germany weighed thoughtfully the benefits of German life and the probable benefits of American life, weighed the pleasantness, the charm, the consciousness of "being home" among friends, against the greater freedom, the greater opportunity that the distant shore seemed to promise; and chose to leave the old home and seek the distant shore. What America offered seemed then of greater value than what Germany offered. They came to America, and they were evidently not disappointed, for they remained. They and their children recognized that what America gave was to them of greater value than what Germany could give them. "Germany gave us so much, how can we turn against her?" They turned against her years ago for reasons that then seemed just. They wanted the benefits which life in America promised. They secured them and enjoyed them. Now like a child that has paid a nickel for a toy, they are crying because the salesman won't let them have the toy and the nickel also.

The German-Americans are prisoners of an illusion. "Germany gave us so much," they say. True, Germany did give them much. Germany gave them charming customs, such as birthday and Christmas celebrations; Germany gave them a love for poetry, for music; she gave them a keen sense of duty, of integrity in business, of family loyalty. But the qualities of character which she gave are not exclusively German qualities. There are cannibals in the interior of South America who would rather die than break a promise. The other gifts, moreover, especially the gift of a beautiful language and a beautiful literature — what have they done with those? "Germany gave us so much." When they say that, they speak of the language, the poetry. And here again, they are deceiving themselves, they are sentimentalizing. For how have they actually cherished the German language in the generations during which they were allowed to cultivate it without opposition? Did they cling to it because they loved it for its own sake and the sake of the Fatherland? A few among the educated have actually clung to it and held it high for sentimental reasons. The majority, however, used it because at first it was easier to speak German than to learn English. After a while they found that it was easier to use here and there an English word or American localism heard a hundred times a day, than to bother to find its exact German equivalent. Then, soon, they were talking the bastard lingo in which the classic example, "Die cow is eeber die fence gechumpt und hat die kebbedges gedamaged," only slightly exaggerates the awful corruption of both tongues. Surely, people who allow themselves or their children to talk a hodge-podge of that sort cannot be said to be cherishing the spiritual heritage of their Fatherland.

They have not cherished it. They are merely trying to fool themselves into believing that they have cherished it or still cherish it. The object of the various associations of German-Americans ostensibly was to keep fresh the memory of the German language and culture. What they actually did keep fresh were certain German customs, and a somewhat maudlin homesickness for a dream-Germany. They encouraged the pretense that German-Americans were exiles, and on festive occasions the German-Americans pleasantly recalled their hard lot and pleasantly forgot it the morning after and went about their business.

The Germans are naturally sentimental. They are never so happy as when they are sad, and it is notorious that when they are having the gayest time, they sing:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Das ich so traurig bin."

It is natural sentimentality which has tied the German-American to a Fatherland which he left for excellent reasons and to which he has given no practical attention since. Like all sentimentalists, he wants to have his cake and eat it, too; he forswears his allegiance to Germany because he wants to enjoy American equality of opportunity, and at the same time he persuades himself that he is still *ein guter braver Deutscher*. America is his wife, but he keeps Germany as his soul-mate, and is puzzled and offended when his wife boxes his ears and hales him into court.

Sentimentality has kept the German-American the man-without-a-country that he is. America should have been more observant. She should have seen that the German-Americans needed some friendly attention. America did not see, but Germany did. Germany —far-sighted, keen for openings — played on the German-American's sentimentality for all she was worth. She sent silver-tongued orators to thrill him; she sent ponderous professors to give his beer-dreams a pseudo-intellectual basis; she sent secret agents; she sent organizers; she bought newspapers, to encourage this sentimental reaching back, with whispers of anti-German persecutions, Anglo-Saxon presumption and similar "nativist" hobgoblins.

It was a long, skilful cast; the imitation butterfly beautifully concealed the hook, and the German-American *bit*.

The German-American is the victim of an illusion. He has allowed himself to believe, and he has been cruelly led to believe that he was a most particular kind of fish, at home in two elements, the water and the air. He has been led to think that he is exempt from that law, which is not only biblical, that no man can serve two masters. He has been told that he *must* serve two masters.

The German-American has a keen sense of duty. It is inbred in him. That sense of duty will make him wish faithfully to obey the laws of the United States of which he is a citizen. But the German-American has likewise an abnormally developed bump of sentimentality. That fatal quality will make him turn again and again wistfully to the dream-Germany which has long perished if it ever existed, and which he himself, or his father, clothed and in his right mind, once weighed and rejected. In the hearts of countless German-Americans there is unquestionably a conflict raging between that sense of duty and that sentimental turning to the past. On its outcome depends the future of the German-American in this country. If duty wins, the German-American, then altogether an American, will stand in the forefront of American citizens. If sentimentality wins, the German-American will, possibly for generations, be shunned and distrusted.

An illusion has tied the German-American hand and foot. That illusion is the sentimental notion that there is such a thing as loyalty of the emotions separate and apart from loyalty of the mind, a loyalty which may safely be given to Germany without disturbing to any degree the loyalty of the mind which is due the United States. As long as this illusion persists, the German-American will remain as he is now, an impotent neutral, who will doubtless receive the consideration which neutrals these days are everywhere receiving. He will be jostled and stepped on during the war and given scant affection after it, by either side.

The Gospel has a side-piece to the injunction concerning the difficulties in the way of him who seeks to serve two masters. It is addressed to neutrals, and runs something like this: "I would that you were either hot or cold, but, since you are neither hot nor cold, I spew you out of my mouth." There is another injunction, in which a certain rich man figures. Christ, who had endless patience with sinners, had no patience whatever with neutrals or with men of divided allegiance.

Back Home

by Bliss Carman

WHERE is Heaven? Is it not
Just a friendly garden plot,
Walled with stone and roofed with sun,
Where the days pass one by one,
Not too fast and not too slow,
Looking backward as they go
At the beauties left behind
To transport the pensive mind!

Is it not a greening ground
With a river for its bound,
And a wood-thrush to prolong
Fragrant twilights with his song,
When the peonies in June
Wait the rising of the moon,
And the music of the stream
Voices its immortal dream;

Where each morning will renew
The miracle of light and dew,
And the soul may joy to praise
The Lord of roses and of days;
Where the caravan of noon
Halts to hear the cricket's tune,
Fifing there for all who pass
The anthem of the summer grass!

Does not Heaven begin that day
When the eager heart can say,
Surely God is in this place,
I have seen Him face to face
In the loveliness of flowers,
In the service of the showers,
And His voice has talked to me
In the sunlit apple-tree.

I can feel Him in my heart,
When the tears of knowledge start
For another's joy or woe,
Where the lonely soul must go.
Yea, I learned His very look,
When we walked beside the brook,
And you smiled and touched my hand. . . .
God is love . . . I understand.

"Break the glass!" she shouted to those admiring our lingerie. "I want my clothes."

The High Cost of Saving

The Laughable Adventures of Two Young Road Actresses

by **Louise Closser Hale**

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

"NOW, Hat, listen to me," said Maude. "This season we will save money."

Maude said this to me on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in a very loud and firm voice which made us both feel solemn. So we linked arms and moved unconsciously down Forty-second Street, which is less gay than Broadway. Just after an actress has signed a contract to go out with a play she walks around for a while in a sort of detached state, and often if she has a cent left she goes into a store and buys something. Immediately she forgets all the hot summer days when she went the daily, deadly rounds of the agencies and the hot nights sitting on boarding-house steps wishing she knew more nice young men. And she begins to say again that the theatre is her natural medium of expression.

We told this to each other as we walked along toward Sixth Avenue. But I don't think Maude and I had ever really become discouraged, even when August came on and her lavaliere went to the pawn-shop, and my watch was replaced by the loud-ticking kind that gallops all night through the brain as though your head were a tent for the Dog and Pony show.

What Maude and I had become discouraged over was ourselves, and that not from an artistic standpoint, for I could recognize ability in her and she thinks I have a great deal of talent, too. (We are in different lines of work.) But we were what she defined as economic failures — having found the expression in a magazine article. We did not seem to be able to save money, and this hampered us artistically. You cannot hold out for a New York production when the last of the express orders you have bought the season before has been cashed, and the landlady meets you in the hall each morning to ask how you are feeling.

It was such a condition of things on the twenty-first of August which forced us into going on the road again for our fifth season; and while it was a very good No. 2 company it was not what we had expected to hold out for when we had arrived in town last June. The best part about the coming engagement was our being together again. Sometimes the closest friends play in the same company only once in their lives, but Maude and I, if lacking economic force, have some strategical power. By rushing each other in to see managers just as they began deliberating upon rôles suited to us we had managed to play together twice before. And in this way we had grown to know each other's strong points and weaknesses.

Our strong points seemed to consist of a good deal of smartness in clothes and well-undulated hair so that we could get past the office-boy without having to kill him and gain the sanctums, and our weaknesses were exhibited by a frightful wasting away of our salaries to secure this prosperous air. We had always claimed it to be good business to keep trig and go to the best hotels throughout the country, but since we had discovered the expression "economic failures" we decided that the result did not justify the expenditure. The only people we impressed were other members of the No. 2 companies, who couldn't get into New York either, and a few head waiters.

"Besides," she said to me just after we had pawned our treasures, "we are naturally zippy in appearance, we come of zippy people, although they live so far West that we can't spend our summers with them, and with this inherited style we ought to look well on a great deal less. It must not stop with clothes, either. We must cut every corner."

"Very well, my dear," I had replied, "if we ever do sign up again we will save money so as to hold out for a New York engagement if we have to starve."

"We will not have to starve," Maude comforted. "We will simply —" she consulted the magazine article —"simply conserve and connive. There are a number of ways that I have already thought out which will surprise you as being able to take place in a hotel bedroom."

I did not remind her that it was I as a rule who

thought things out and she who arrived at a conclusion by leaping to it. And perhaps the only annoying thing about my dear friend was the way I would find her there ahead of me, not having seized the wrong conclusion at all as one is supposed to do who leaps hastily, but waiting on the spot toward which I had been tortoising myself. Although hasty, she clings to her conclusions, and I was glad to hear her utter those words on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street after we had just signed up, and had begun moving instinctively toward the garment shops.

We did not get as far as gowns, however, for we were attracted by a display of electrical appliances, and we both went earnestly up to the window to look at cook-stoves. Maude saw three that we would have to buy if we followed her plan and made our breakfasts in our room. One was for coffee, one for eggs and one for toast. She wished to go right off and pawn my gold lorgnon so that we could get them immediately. But here is where my thoughtfulness came in: I pointed out to her that there was only gas in our boarding-house, and as we rehearsed in New York for three weeks we would be paying interest on the article left at the pawn-shop and not using the stove collection at all. It would be an "economic failure" right at the start.

Maude was generous. She squeezed my arm gratefully and we went right on up to the garments and ordered home, collect, two frocks for next winter that were much reduced, pawning the gold lorgnon that afternoon so as to have the money ready. We also bought account-books that we might begin putting down what we had saved by conserving — or conniving. I don't know which it would be called. And it made us happy to have two entries before we went to bed that night. Our ledger opened:

> Saved $2.40 — three weeks' interest on gold lorgnon.
> $20.69 — gown for next winter reduced from $39.97 to $19.18.

We divided up on the lorgnon interest. It was really $4.80 for three weeks.

When I went into Maude's room to get myself fastened up the next morning I carried a little sketch in my hand that was going to surprise her, but as usual she forestalled me. "You see, Hat," she said, "now that we have begun to make economies we will get into the habit. For instance, a scheme has just popped into my head that makes me glad we didn't buy all three stoves."

"I suppose you are going to say that one of them will do," I rather snapped, waving my little sketch at her.

She peered at it from over my shoulder. "Why, you've drawn what just popped into my head!"

"Well, it didn't pop into my head. I got up at four in the morning and worked it out."

"That's it, anyway," she agreed amiably, "an oblong surface so that we can lay the toast at one end, boil the water for the coffee in a stew pan at the other, and, having carefully washed off the eggs, cook them in the same water at the same time in the same receptacle."

"The coffee will be that instantaneous kind — just powder in the cup. Then there will be no grounds to hide. You didn't think about the grounds, did you?"

She hadn't thought about them, so everything was all right again, and we were almost late at the first rehearsal getting the young man at the electrical shop to figure out what we would save if we bought but one stove instead of three. He was rather grumpy about it, as he didn't have the oblong kind, but one has to be ruthless when employing business methods. Roughly estimating it, we were already about seven dollars ahead. "And not yet eleven o'clock," as I told Maude.

This is not a story of the stage, but one that has to do with the application of economic principles to lives hitherto financially unrestrained, so I shall spend no time on the hit we made with the management who was overheard to say by the old stage-door man (we had given him a dollar), "Those girls are the goods!" I only mention it, as his kind but inelegant words inspired us to conserve and connive all the more. It would be worth holding out for a New York engagement, no matter what the sacrifice, since we were secure in the thought that we were "the goods" and not "a couple of onions." The hour came when we found there was nothing in our scheme — and yet, *was* there nothing in it? How far-reaching were those eggs we exchanged for the cheese? And what would our lives be now if we had not, through conserving — or conniving — carried those milk bottles? But I am way ahead of the story!

We made many economies during our rehearsals which I shall not go into. I think I may say we took thought for the morrow, although the Bible does not advise this at all. But then the Bible is a little old-fashioned in places.

For instance, we bought a few staple groceries while we were uptown one day, for the store was having a ten-pound sale. If your order weighed ten pounds there was a ten per cent discount, and while we had to spend a little time lifting things so as to get the heaviest articles in the most condensed form we were something like thirty-nine cents ahead. It was rather awkward carrying the packages, but we came downtown in the subway just the same and took a taxi from Fiftieth Street only for fear the granulated sugar would get wet. It was raining very hard.

A slight coolness arose over the disposition of these condiments in our trunks. Maude seemed to think that I should carry the granulated sugar because I had insisted upon it, but as she had a wardrobe trunk, and the sugar wouldn't fly about so much if packed in a drawer, I thought it was wilful in her. All of a sudden, however, after going off on a shopping expedition by herself, her attitude changed completely. Indeed she was so willing to follow any suggestion I made that I feared she had committed an extravagance which she would not confess.

I did not find out what this was until we were stowed away in a sleeper on our way to the middle West where we were to open. We had been obliged to take a cab to the station, for Maude at the very last moment produced an oblong box of laundry about which she behaved very remarkably. She would not allow me to touch it, as she said laundry was never heavy, yet she appeared to lift it with the greatest difficulty. I delicately did not insist upon helping her, letting her pretend that it was no trouble, as I had enough to carry anyway. So we all went to bed, each in the company feeling kindly toward the other as we do when we've only begun a season.

I had just stolen the pillows from the upper berth and was preparing to read over my part by my little reading light when I was plunged in darkness, and upon putting out my head to demand another bulb, I found that the entire car was equally black. Querulous complaints and ringing of bells filled the air, and the porter was calling something soothing about striking a match. It was at that moment I distinctly heard Maude's voice from the aisle cry out, "Wait! Wait!" heard her throw something very heavy into her berth, (which was across from mine) felt rather than heard that she bounced in afterwards, and then listened to her suddenly begin to snore above the tumult.

While Maude says that I sometimes sort of choke in my sleep, I must admit that she is as quiet as a mouse and I took advantage of the porter's inability to find the matches to fly over into her berth and tell her that I was in no way hoodwinked. I hit a hard metal surface when I landed, just what I had expected to hit, and though she sat up, assuming fright, I whispered to her in the darkness without any preliminaries:

"A stove! A stove! And you've burned out the fuse!"

She made no denial. She confessed all, and with the window curtains lifted to let in the moonlight she had the effrontery to show her purchase with pride.

"But we were to wait and get one in the West," I kept reiterating.

And, "You can't get a nice long one like this out West," she kept repeating.

"Why not? You shouldn't go back on the West like that."

"It was to be an economic surprise," she whined, "so we could cook our first meal in our rooms."

"What did it cost?" I asked, in no way mollified.

"It's long enough for chops, too."

"What did it cost?"

"Or a steak."

"What did it cost?"

"Or a chicken."

"What did it cost?"

She threw herself back on her hard little pillows. "It cost eighteen dollars and I don't care!"

I never reproach anyone until I have figured things out. That's the way I am: thoughtful. And of course it was perfectly natural in her to rehearse the thing as soon as she could creep into the dressing-room unobserved. It was no fault of ours that the voltage

He was a gentleman if he did sell cheese

of the car wasn't as good as our stove. It spoke very well for its power. But I got out Maude's book to see how we could manage to pay for the difference between that and a three-dollar stove, and we worked by the light of the moon while brakemen stormed up and down with lanterns and the actor who spoke French kept saying, "*Cherchez la femme!*"

I kissed her good night when I went back to bed, for I found she had acted wisely if impulsively. Even if we had but one dinner a week on our stove — one pound of chops at thirty-five cents a pound — we would save, as opposed to the same meal in the café, $1.05. Therefore in a season of forty weeks we would be $42.00 to the good; or, deducting $18.00 for the stove, the sum would be $25.00 for the year.

Another idea came into my head during the night; it almost popped in, and I was so afraid of losing it that I scrawled it down hastily on a leaf in my part. I didn't look so intelligent the next day when we were driving toward the hotel; still, the basic thought was sound. It read:

"Ask for room with electric light near window." Maude was not mean enough to guess my idea. She looked at me inquiringly.

"Cook in the window — carry off the odor of chops," I explained.

She admitted it was a good idea, but would it not arouse suspicion to ask the room-clerk for a light near a window? "When you need the window you don't need the light, and the other way round."

"We might intimate that we wrote plays late at night and wanted the cool air to blow in on our brains," I suggested.

"We don't look as though we wrote plays," said Maude, beaming at herself in the cab mirror. As indeed we didn't. Still, it would have been as well had we made some such demand at the desk, for then we would have learned that there were no side lights at all in the hotel we had chosen. It would have saved a number of ten-cent pieces getting our baggage out of the rooms and over to the best hotel where there were reading lights.

It came to us as a blow — this recollection that at the hotels which we had determined to patronize lights are generally stuck in the middle of the ceiling, affording comfort only to flies. There would be no way of making the connection without a step-ladder, and not either of us suggested, even if we thought of carrying anything as ridiculous as that. Maude and I may be

"the goods" artistically speaking, but we are practical as well. The best hotels would add $3.50 each to our bill weekly and we were pretty blue about it until Maude screamed out to me from her Louis XVI room: "Squab milk-fed chicken one night also!"

I knew exactly what she meant and began figuring right away. Squab milk-fed chicken would cost $2.00 apiece in any of the best restaurants, and we could make one chicken at eighty cents do for the two of us, thereby saving $1.60 each and reducing our extra room rent (subtracting $1.60 from $3.50) to $1.80.

It was awfully hard getting around that $1.80. And it wasn't until the middle of the night the middle of of the following week in another town that I was awakened by the telephone to hear Maude's voice crying triumphantly: "Hat! Hat! Room service!" And of course there was it! If these meals had been served from the kitchens it would mean fifty cents, at least, for the squab chickens and fifty for the chop dinner with the rest of the eighty cents applied to the breakfasts. Moreover as I told her right then, without having to think it out, the better the hotels we went to the higher the charges for room service, so the more we saved by going to them. We both slept well the rest of the night.

I must say that our stove worked like a charm and we began saving money by its use, as our account-books showed. To be sure we were not able to buy a weekly money-order for any sum at all, but the reason for that was the necessity of laying in our stock as would any other concern. Each day we had to get some different kind of dish and a little table linen, for Maude and I have never been girls to put hotel napkins into our trunks absent-mindedly. Then we found it better to get aluminum receptacles to hold the sugar, salt, and such sifting commodities. Maude was much embarrassed the first day to have her trunk leave a glistening white trail of sugar all along the corridor which the housekeeper followed straight to her door. I myself held out against such purchases until the pepper — which I was carrying — worked into my hat box.

There were drawbacks even to this, but then there always are drawbacks. "No cross — no harp," or something like that. After we had bought these utensils it was almost impossible not to notice the rattling of our tins inside the trunks. They seemed to yell out the whole truth as they were being trundled along to our rooms. Drummers would come to their doors; that awful new lady officer, lately created, called the Inspector, would ask severely: "Are those sample trunks?" and Maude would exclaim to me every Monday morning in every town so that all could hear, "Listen, Harriet, I believe your silver toilet set has broken loose!" Although it sounded in no way like a loose silver toilet set.

But we always gave the porter an extra large tip and bought two seats for the performance for the Inspector (which she thought were passes) and with light hearts we would go out to do our shopping. As some of the things such as chops, eggs, and milk bottles had to be sort of smuggled past the desk we had been obliged to purchase very good-looking handbags larger than our ordinary ones. Maude bought two bags, as the first was rather gauzy and a milk bottle went through it onto the lobby floor, Maude passing on as though she had nothing to do with it whatever.

We took pleasure carrying these handsome bags. I suppose it was the enjoyment of the artist in playing dual rôles, and for a long time it amused us to appreciate that men about the hotel were admiring our zippy appearance while not one of them knew that a milk-fed chicken and a farina kettle were riding along elegantly in our embroidered sacks.

That's about all we saw of men, except those who sat out in front, and of course a lady never notices them unless one man comes night after night and then you just wonder which one of us it is. An actress's life is supposed to be very gay but, believe *me*, it isn't. To be sure, Maude and I had men friends here and there, and we had rather counted on two dinners a week off of them anyway. In fact, we had already put it down on our credit side allowing five dollars for each dinner, as you seem to eat more when in pleasant company.

But we were unlucky this season. Many of our friends were away for the very week that we played their burgs and others sending flowers instead of asking us to dinner. Now we love flowers as much as any girls, and when we found ourselves looking at them and wishing they would turn into Philadelphia scrapple or something that would cook easily we were frightened with ourselves.

"We mustn't grow unlovely and mean," warned Maude. And I had to watch her closely for a week after that for fear she would go out and buy something unnecessary to prove she was not ugly and a miser. I realized without her telling me when she began to feel a new hat coming on. She strayed up to show windows full of the most expensive hats and then, catching my eye, passed on to the one displaying the shapes, glaring at me defiantly as though she could afford to look at shapes anyway. Yes, and buy one!

Although we had purchased winter hats late last spring, very much reduced, she kept murmuring: "If I only had a 'fancy,' a shape would do." But even so I did not charge her definitely with wanting to buy a hat until she said one night in the dressing-room, "Harriet dear, your old aigrette isn't working this season, is it?"

Then I spoke plainly and she came right back at me. I know now that it was anxiety in the back of our minds that caused the outburst, and the scene all the more convinced me that poverty is immoral. It makes you willing to eat with friends who bore you, to turn roses into sausage meat, and it keeps your mind so much on money matters that you have very little time to think of the beautiful unless, as in my case, you can solve the riddle of making work lovely in itself.

It was Maude's retaliation when I accused her of feeling a new hat coming on that led up to the development of a theory which had been shaping itself in my mind ever since she began slipping toward the millinery. I did not even resent her saying "As for you, Hat, you look at pink satin and chiffon cloth so much that one would take you for a millionaire if you ever got beyond samples!"

I remained perfectly controlled after she said this, continuing to smooth powder on her back and not flap it about, while I answered "Yes, and why do I look at pink satin? For the good of your soul!" and then left her as the stage manager was calling me impatiently to come on up and act. Everyone was impatient that night because the management wanted to cut our salaries. While our play had been a great success in New York the season before, it wasn't going very well on the road, although as soon as we were out of the Middle West we were confident that business would pick up. Then, the manager said, we would go back to our full salaries — which was a lie and he knew it.

Maude and I didn't mind so much having our salaries cut, as ten dollars more or less didn't make much difference anyway, but it would undoubtedly throw our books all out of balance. With that broad intelligence which is not always a woman's portion we appreciated that we must calculate on the savings of forty weeks and not on just one week at a time, which is apt to be discouraging.

The actual conserving of money by this very attention of mine to pink wash satin would be great, but, more than gold, our sense of the beautiful would also be increased. I unfolded my plan to Maude that night after the performance as we passed through the dark alley where stage doors are secreted, and went our way to the dairy restaurant to exchange our empty milk bottles for full ones. We always carried these empties down to dinner as we went directly to the theatre, even when we dined with any of our men friends, as we seemed to eat longer then. Sometimes the noise they made rolling about, (the bottles, not our friends) was sickening, but we stuck it out for, as I told Maude, anything so humiliating must bear some reward, if it was only character building.

"What's your soul-saving device?" asked Maude good humoredly. I had promised her the idle aigrette.

"Well, you see we must economize even more now, so I've been trying to think what we could cut down on and, of course, it's laundry."

"Ugh!" grunted Maude.

"'Ugh,' indeed!" I exclaimed. "Ugh, ordinarily. It's ugly as a rule because the things we wash are ugly, and hang out so stringy."

"My underwear is nice, but I can't starch and blue and iron lace and nainsook, and neither can you."

"No," I admitted, "they would come out horrible and, esthetically, it would be a failure. But you could wash exquisite pale pink satin and chiffon cloth. Imagine how lovely they would be in the suds with your hands working happily in the white foam, getting them clean for once in this awful district."

"What would we do with our other things?" asked Maude.

"Put them away to use when we go visiting in the summer. You know how hostesses ask us to put our things in their general wash."

Maude woke up to it. "We would not only save our laundry bills but preserve our nainsook things, too!" she exclaimed ecstatically.

"More than that, I have worked out a pattern which is almost Greek — it is so easy to make! Selvage top and bottom, one seam up the back, the fulness pleated into a straight band of handsome ribbon with chiffon cloth for the shoulders. They will be hand-made and you know what hand-made garments cost. Anything all hand work would be ten dollars in the shops as opposed to our expenditure of about three eighty-five, so we will save six thirty-five on every article."

We put it down in our books and I went to work the next morning while Maude bought an iron and ironing and washing boards. They would take up a good deal of space in our trunks and I had to send most of my clothes to my sister, although they were not yet ragged at all; but it didn't matter as I seldom had time to go out of my room any more.

We could hardly wait for our new things to get soiled so that we could wash them, but the soft-coal towns were very obliging in that direction and one morning, having ordered up our breakfast, [*Continued on page 66*]

They kept coming into our dressing-room to see us at our work, and it made us so nervous that we did not iron as well as we had expected to

Two Wives—*by* Ernest Poole

The Great American Novel

Chapter IX

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

THEY were married early in December. There were no preparations to be made, for a wedding is nothing without friends, and they had none but Amy's; and though Joe said nothing to Ethel about it, she knew he had not sent them word. "It's better," she thought. She herself wrote to a few girl friends, but they were scattered all over the country. No one of them would be coming East. And at times she felt very lonely. With memories of weddings at home and of her dreams for one of her own, which she had planned so often, she begged Joe to let her be married in church, and Joe gave in good-naturedly. He did not go to the minister who had buried Amy a year before, but to one who had a small Presbyterian church on the next street. There he soon arranged to be married. But then in his ignorance of such matters Joe said, in his blunt, off-hand way:

"I like to settle these things ahead. So if you'll just name the amount —" He stopped. For the clergyman straightened up as though at an insult. Joe reddened. "Look here," he blurted, "I didn't mean ——"

"Oh, that's all right." The other man was smiling queerly. "How long have you been in New York?" he asked.

"Nine years."

"Ever been inside a church?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"Then why do you want to get married here?"

Joe smiled frankly. "The bride's idea."

"I thought so." The preacher scowled, but a glint of humor came into his eyes. "You asked me what it would cost to get married. If you'll go down to City Hall it will cost you exactly two dollars. But if you care to be married here — well, there's an old scrub-woman I know who for nine years every Sunday has come to this church and put a quarter in the plate to keep this institution going for you. And if you care to use it now it will cost you just what it has cost her. Figure it out and send me a check, or else go down to City Hall."

"I'll pay up," was the prompt reply.

At home he told Ethel about it with keen relish at the joke on himself. And Ethel smiled rather tensely and said:

"Don't let's make a joke of it, dear. Let's make it as much of a one as we can."

But there was little or nothing to do. And the next afternoon in church it felt so queer and unreal to her as she stood with Joe in front of the pulpit. Behind her in the shadowy place were only Susette and Emily and the building superintendent's wife. No long rows of faces — caring. Only the hard murmur of the busy street outside. No excited whispers here, no music and no flowers, no bridesmaids and no wedding-gown. . . .

"I pronounce you man and wife."

Then what?

She took Susette tight in her arms for a moment. Then Emily — thank God for her! — was whispering fiercely in her ear:

"It's going to be all right, my dear! In a minute you're going to laugh or cry! Laugh! It's better! Laugh! . . . That's right!"

Joe had his small car waiting outside; and waving good-by to Emily, who was taking Susette to the park, they sped away to the river and off into the country. Soon they were talking excitedly.

It was after dark when they returned, and as had been already planned they went to a café to dine, a gay place crowded full of people, music throbbing, voices humming. Ethel wanted it like that. She wanted to be lifted through. Joe alarmed her now. "Oh, don't — don't be so considerate!" she wanted to exclaim to him. "What good does it do?" As they smiled at each other, again and again she had to fight down an impulse to cry — or shiver. She would bite her lips and turn away and watch people, then turn quickly back and start talking rapidly.

At home, alone in Amy's room she sat at the dressing-table there, her movements swift and feverish. She had often looked at herself of late in her mirror in the nursery, but she did not look now into the glass. Her hands were cold. In a very few minutes she called to Joe. . . .

And a little later, on her old bed by the cradle in the nursery, she lay violently trembling and staring intently up at the ceiling.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Whose fault was it? Mine?" With a strange thrill of fear and repulsion, she clenched her teeth and held herself until the fit of trembling passed. "Is this real, Ethel Knight? Do you mean to say this is what love is — just this, just this?" She shook her head and bit her lips. She asked, "Am I tied to this man for life? I am not! I can't be! This isn't real — it isn't *me!*"

The night was a blur and a nightmare. Once she remembered jumping up and quickly locking the nursery door. But that was the beginning of a return to her senses. "I needn't have done that," she thought. "It wasn't fair. It was even rather insulting." This thought made her quieter. And later, as the night wore on, a feeling of having been unjust and foolish little by little emerged from the chaos and began to steady her. All at once her body from head to foot would grow cold and rigid. And the power which a year ago with her sister she had excitedly sensed as the driving force of this whole town, now loomed brutal, savage! The thought rose suddenly in her mind, "Amy. *She* was his wife! Five years!"

It was long till she could quiet herself. She had to do it by walking the floor. Thank heaven for the daylight and the small round face of Susette peering over the edge of the crib. Soon she had the child in her bed and they were looking at pictures.

Later she went back to her husband. It had cost her no slight effort of will, and it was a relief to find him gone. On her dresser he had left a note:

"I am sorry, dear — it was all my fault. I was a fool — a clumsy fool. But remember there is plenty of time — and be certain absolutely that everything will be all right."

She read it more than once that day, and it helped her prepare for the evening. When Joe came home he took her in his arms.

"I've got to be down at the office tonight," was all he said. But in his voice, low, kind and reassuring, like that of a big brother, there was a promise which gave her a thrill of gratitude and deep relief. With it came some self-reproach, which caused her again to struggle, alone, and then go to Amy's room to sleep. She lay listening there for hours, carefully holding herself in check. When she heard his key in the hall door, she sharply stiffened, held her breath. . . . She heard him go into the small guest room which had been hers a year before. . . . And then she cried softly to herself. With the blessed relief of it even her love was beginning to re-awaken.

Chapter X

ONE evening about two months later Ethel was dressing for dinner. As usual they were dining alone, but long ago she had taken the habit of dressing each night as though there were people coming. Amy had taught her to do that, and after the death of her sister she had made a point of "keeping up" for Joe's sake, although often it had been an effort. But it was no effort now. She had been here for nearly an hour, absorbed in this pleasant leisurely art that had such a new meaning and delight. To keep being different, revealing her beauty in new ways, to see if he'd notice, to laugh in his arms and feel her power over Joe, had brought back her old zest for pretty clothes, and she had been wearing all the things she had bought when she first came to town. Last year's clothes, for they still smilingly called themselves "poor," although Joe was doing much better now. Last year's clothes, and the styles had changed, but in ways which Joe, poor dear, was too blind to notice.

The room in which she was dressing had somehow assumed a different air. Although in the main it was just as it had been when Amy had been here, and her picture was still on Joe's chiffonier — still subtly by degrees it had changed. Some of Ethel's clothes were lying about, her work-bag and a book or two, and the dressing-table at which she was sitting had been covered in fresh chintz and Ethel's things were on it. Joe's picture and Susette's were here, and a droll little painted bird was perched above the mirror.

As she glanced into the glass, gaily she thanked herself for the charms which she was deftly enhancing — in the glossy black hair, smooth and sleek, in the flushed cheeks and the red of her lips and the gleaming lights in her soft brown eyes. She nodded approvingly at herself.

"You're a great help to me, Mrs. Lanier."

In the glass she could see her husband; she felt his glances from time to time. This evening after dinner they were going out somewhere. To what, he would not tell her. There had been many of these small surprises. . . . Now her pulse beat faster, for he had come behind her. A sudden bending, a quick laugh, a murmur and a silence. Then at last he let her go; but as she drew a deep full breath and shot a side look up at him, he laughed again, low, tensely, and bent over as before.

Left alone, she smiled again into the glass. It was hard to believe — too wonderful — this amazingly intimate feeling, this living *with* somebody, body and soul. And what a child she had been before, a child in that solemn young resolve to marry Joe, this good, safe man, and raise a large family carefully. It had been like a small girl thinking of dolls. And like a small girl she had been in her panic on the night of her wedding, she thought. How silly, ignorant, funny! No — she frowned — it had been real, pretty ugly while it lasted. But like a bugaboo it had gone. And this good, safe man had become transformed in this amazing intimacy and had become a wild delight; a man to laugh at, tease, provoke, and cling to, silent, in a flame; a man to mother, study out, probe into deep with questions; a man to plan and plan with.

"This love is to be the love of his life! It's to make us work and grow, make us fine and awake and alive to everything worth living for! No laziness for you, my dear, no soft cozy kitten life! You're to be a woman, a real one! Don't let there be any mistake about that!"

In the other room Joe was at his piano, and the music he was playing had nothing to do with — anyone else. She did not say, "with Amy." "This part of him is mine, all mine." She frowned a little and cut herself short, as she so often did in her thinking, these days, when it touched upon her sister. She could feel Amy here at so many points, and she did not want to be jealous.

"I wonder where we're going tonight."

What was it Joe was playing? Music she had heard before. She did not like to ask him and so betray her ignorance. "I ought to know this! What is it?" she asked herself impatiently. "Why, of course! It's from 'Bohème'!" She smiled as she felt he was playing to her. With the thrill now so familiar, she felt her power over him. She remembered little tussles in which she had been victorious. They had all been over his business. Joe, the poor darling, had formed the idea (she did not say from his first wife) that if a man is in love with a woman he must express it by loading her down with things which cost a lot of money, that he must work for her, slave for her! But Ethel was putting an end to that. They had taken back Susette's old nurse, for the child needed someone to sleep with, of course, and it was unfair to one's husband to be a child's slave if there was no need. But she had refused to get other servants. Emily Giles was still in charge, and though Emily of her own accord had gone to a shop on Fifth Avenue and purchased caps and aprons, "the nattiest things this side of France," she wore them with a genial air and spoke of them as "my uniform." Ethel took care of her own room and helped Emily with the cleaning. She had kept expenses firmly down, and she had refused to be loaded with gifts. When Joe had urged that his affairs were going so much better now, she had said in her new decisive voice:

"I'm so glad to hear it, my love, for it simply means you've no earthly excuse for staying late at your office. I don't mean I want you to loaf, you know," she had gone on more earnestly. "I want you to work and do, oh, so much, all the things you dreamed of doing —

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"He's going to like it," she thought, and for a moment she detested him

over there in Paris. But I'm not going to have you make your business a mere rush for a lot of money we don't need!" She had gone to him suddenly. "And just now I want you so."

By these talks she had already worked a change. No more hasty breakfast to let him be off by eight o'clock. They had breakfasted later and later each day; she had made an affair of breakfast. And as at last he kissed her and tore himself away from his home, she had smiled to herself delightedly at the guilty look in his eyes. This kind of thing would cause a decided coolness, no doubt, between Joe and his partner. So much the better, she had thought, for she detested that man Nourse, and in his case she could quite openly admit, "I'm jealous of you and your business devotion! Your time is coming soon, friend Bill!" The office was half-way uptown, and several times in the last few weeks she had gone there for Joe at five o'clock, and once at four-thirty, as though by appointment. She chuckled now as she recalled the black look of his partner that day. Yes, four-thirty had been a blow!

"Where are we going this evening?"

It was delightful to be so free, she told herself repeatedly. Friends? They didn't need any friends. For the present they had each other — enough! "Yes, and for some time to come!" But there always came to her a little qualm of uneasiness when her thinking reached this point. How were friends to be found in this city?

"Oh, later — later — later!"

And rising impatiently with a shrug, she went into the nursery. The nurse had been so glad to get back that most of her old hostility toward Ethel had vanished. Still there were signs now and then of a sneer which said, "You'll soon be paying no more attention to this poor bairn than her mother did before you." And it was as well to show the woman how blind and ignorant she was — to make her see the difference.

"Bohème" was the surprise that night. It was Ethel's first night at the opera. And looking up at the boxes, at the women she had read about, the gorgeous gowns and the jewels they wore, and watching them laugh and chatter; or looking far above them to the tiers of galleries reaching up into the dark; or again with eyes glued on the stage feasting upon Paris, art, "Bohemia," youth and romance; squeezing her companion's hand and in flashes recollecting dazzling little incidents of the fortnight just gone by — her mind went roving into the future, finding friends and wide rich lives shimmering and sparkling like the sunlight on the sea. As that Italian music rose, all at once she wanted to give herself, "to give and give and give him all!" The tears welled up in her happy eyes.

Later that evening in a café she leaned across the table and asked excited questions about "Bohème" and Paris. What was Paris really like? The Latin Quarter, the Beaux Arts? What did he do there, how did he live? In what queer and funny old rooms? Did he live alone or with another man?

"No, I lived alone," he replied. "And I sat at a drafting-board — with a sweater on — it used to be cold."

"Oh, you poor dear!"

"And I worked," he continued, "like a bull pup. And along toward morning I tied a wet towel around my head —"

"Oh, Joe!" Ethel's foot pressed his, and they laughed at each other. "But there must have been," she cried, "so much besides! Joe Lanier, you are lying! There were cafés — and student balls and fancy dress — and singing — and queer streets at night!"

"That's so," he answered solemnly; "the city of Paris did have streets. You walked on them — from place to place."

"Joe Lanier —"

"First you put the right foot forward, then the left — you moved along."

"Joe! For goodness' sakes!"

"Look here. Do you know what I want to do with you?"

"No." And Ethel shook her head. She did know, precisely, and it was her motive for all this talk.

"Take you there — and get rooms in the Quarter — not too far from the Luxembourg —"

"Oh, Joe, you perfect darling!"

He went on describing all they would do, in the cafés and on the streets, in old churches and at plays, and at the Opera Comique, where she must surely see "Louise." They began excitedly planning ways and means, expenses, his business and when he could get away. He sobered at that, and she cried to herself, "Now he's thinking of his friend Bill! Oh, what a detestable, tiresome worm!"

Then a man who was passing their table stopped in surprise as he recognized Joe, bowed, smiled and said something and went on, and joined a hilarious group down the room. And Ethel saw him speak to them and she felt their glances turned her way. Joe had grown suddenly awkward, his face wore a forced, unnatural smile, and he was talking rapidly — but she heard nothing that he said. The whole atmosphere had changed in an instant.

For those people over there were some of Amy's friends, no doubt, amused at Joe and his young second wife, amused that Joe had not had the nerve to ask them to his wedding. Ethel could feel herself burning inside. A mistake not to have asked them? No! What had they to do with it? What right had they, what hold on Joe? They had been a mighty poor lot of friends, with empty minds and money hearts, just clothes and food, late hours and wine! They had been decidedly bad for him, had drawn him off from his real work and plunged him into the rush to be rich! A voice within her, from underneath, was asking, "Or was it Amy?" But she paid no heed to that. It asked, "Are you sure they are *all* so bad? Have you taken the trouble to find out?" But angrily she answered, "I tell you I've got to have friends of my own! I can't be just a second wife; I've got to be all different, new! I've got to be — and I will, I will!" She swallowed fiercely. "And besides — it's what Joe needs — exactly! He's showing already what it has meant to be rid of such friends! Did he ever talk about Paris before, or his dreams and ambitions or anything real? Or think? Or grow?" But the voice retorted sharp and clear,

"Why hide it then? Why let this foolish dangerous habit of never mentioning Amy's name keep growing up between you and your husband? It may do a lot of harm, you know. What are you afraid of?"

"All right, I'll speak. I'll be perfectly natural — ask him, 'Who are your friends over there? Some people Amy used to know?'"

And she grew rigid all at once. Her throat contracted and felt dry. Angrily she bit her lip. . . . But the habit of silence was too strong. . . . Soon, with a carefully pleasant smile, she was attending to his talk and by her questions drawing out more and more of his life in Paris.

"His work," she thought, "that's the strongest thing to hold his mind away from those people." And soon she had him talking of the Beaux Arts, architecture, plans and "periods" and "styles," things she was quite vague about; but she did not have to listen now. "That is always so safe," she told herself. She was even a little jealous of this puzzling, engrossing work, which could so hold her husband's mind. She frowned. That was as it should be; a man's [*Continued on page 59*]

Crooked Cleverness

The Amazing Scheme of the Viscount Champderien — Some Other Daring Rascals

Mr. Post

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Post. They make mighty interesting reading. The names of persons and institutions are, of course, fictitious.

by Melville Davisson Post

Illustration by W. J. Enright

Photograph of Mr. Enright by Lejaren A. Hiller

Everybody in Europe used to know the Viscount Champderien.

In the old days before the War, one found him, always, wherever the fashionable continent was assembled; Cannes, Cairo, Ostend. By fashionable one must think, here, of the gay flying squadron of butterflies, bright hued and indeterminate, that cluster now in one and now in another brilliant corner of the world.

No one knew where the Viscount got the francs for his extravagances.

But one does not inquire how the butterfly gets his wings painted. Sometimes he would disappear for a long period. He explained that he had been on some exploration. His fad he would tell you was archæology. And he used to compare himself to Prosper Merimee, with a trifle of regret that he had no literary talent to go along with the fad.

One day in middle August when the scintillating half-world of Paris was in Ostend, the Viscount met his old friend Edmond Regnier on the Deige de Mer. Regnier was a banker, at the head of the house of Regnier et Cie in Paris. The Viscount inquired about the market.

The banker wrung his hands.

It was a time of financial depression. The banking house, he said, was loaded with securities, and it must have cash. But from whence? The banker put out his hands in a fine expressive gesture — to the sea; to the stars.

He had come to Ostend for a moment of forgetfulness as one might go to the opera before he lay down over a brasier of charcoal.

The Viscount led the banker into the Café of the Nine Kings.

"My friend," he said, "how much would you give me for the use of five hundred thousand francs for one year?"

The banker regarded his companion with a queer whimsical smile.

"I would give you," he answered, "a miniature of King Solomon set in emeralds, and the young princess, my daughter, for a wife."

The Viscount did not relax in his grave demeanor.

"If you will pay me fifty thousand francs," he said, "I will put into your bank five hundred thousand francs on deposit for a year."

Regnier was catching at any straw; even at a rainbow of the unattached Viscount Champderien, and the negotiation began. The archæologist would not reveal his plan, but they came presently to an agreement.

The contract was that the sum indicated should be deposited with Regnier et Cie for the period of one year, without interest, and that the credit of the bank should be used in no way; it should not be included in any venture. It could be named only as a depository of funds, which it would receive and repay according to the custom of banking institutions.

Mr. Enright

That night the Viscount left for Italy, and ten days later an advertisement appeared in the evening papers in Paris. It was an extraordinary advertisement. It began by enumerating the vast treasure supposed to be covered up in the lost ruins of Carthage. Flaubert's Salambo had been gleaned for the catalogue, and the enormous variety of the treasure, even in recital, fired the imagination.

This treasure had never been unearthed; it was covered up somewhere along the coast of Tunis. It had been searched for in vain, because the ruins of the ancient aqueducts had been always taken as the site of the city of Carthage.

This was now believed to be an error, the advertisement said.

The eminent archæologist, the Viscount Champderien, believed that he had indications of the true location of the city. He had got a grant from the government controlling the region and he proposed to make a careful examination in line with the new indications. He had organized a syndicate and now offered shares of stock in the venture. The advertisement then offered the most extraordinary terms.

It proposed that the stock of the company should be offered to the investors under the following conditions:

the purchase money was to be deposited with the banking house, Regnier et Cie, in Paris. It was to be deposited in the purchaser's name; the title to it was not to pass to the company. The sole condition favorable to the company was that the proposed purchaser of stock should deposit the sum of money, which he intended to invest, in this indicated bank to his own credit until the company should have time to investigate the region.

It estimated that it would take a year to make this examination.

It required that the proposed purchaser of stock should put his money on deposit in this bank for the period of one year. It was to be an open deposit, subject to the check of the purchaser on any day that the lost city might be discovered. The terms of the advertisement with respect to this deposit were precise and accurate. The purchaser of stock must be in position to keep his money on deposit in this bank for a period of not less than one year and to keep it on deposit under such conditions that he could pay it over to the company on any day that its investigations might prove successful. But the money should not be drawn out for any other purpose within the period indicated.

It was the most extraordinary offer that was ever made to the adventurous instincts of an investor.

It was a chance to make a fortune without any risk whatever. The money of the investor was in no jeopardy; he sent no dollar of it on this quest for an Eldorado. The company proposed to make all of its investigations itself and to bear all the expenses. It required merely that the person who purchased this stock, if the lost city were discovered, should have his money on deposit with Regnier et Cie so the transfer could be effected on any day within a year.

It was an amazing offer.

Adventurous persons investigated it. They discovered that the territory was in fact controlled by the company; and that the company was organized in the usual legal manner.

They also discovered that the bank indicated was a sound financial institution of good standing in Paris.

Correspondence with the bank developed that it was ready to receive the deposits of persons who proposed to purchase stock in the company and to hold them for the period indicated in the advertisement subject to the check, on any day, of the depositor to the investigating company but not subject to check under any other circumstances. The bank made it clear that it had nothing to do with the company; that it was not acting as agent for it and that it could make no guarantee or representations with respect to it.

It would hold the deposits; pay them on the check of the depositor to the company on any day from the date of the deposit to the end of the year; or, if, at the end of the year no such check were presented by the depositor, then it would permit the deposits to be drawn out on any check that the depositor might send in.

The advertisement continued to run; and, although it was a time of financial depression, a great number of persons all over Europe seized on this amazing opportunity to make a fortune without risk.

It was here this financial venture differed from any other that was ever offered in any country.

The proposed purchaser of the stock held his money in his own name in a reliable bank while the company took the risk of investigating the venture. If the treasure were found, he got his share of it under his option to purchase stock. If the treasure was not found, no dollar of his money was jeopardized.

The advertisement ran and the deposits poured into the bank. It is said that something like eight hundred thousand francs was deposited in this bank under these conditions.

Nothing happened for a year.

The company continued to report that it was investigating the region. And, in fact, it did send out a young engineer who spent twelve months traveling over the territory. No report from the engineer was published until the year was up. At the end of the year, the company issued a statement over the signature of the engineer, that the territory had been investigated and the lost city could not be located; and, in his opinion, it was impossible to locate it.

The bank returned to the proposed purchasers of stock the money which they had put on deposit. Nobody in Europe lost a dollar of this money. Everyone was permitted to draw out what he had deposited.

The company settled up its affairs under the law and surrendered its charter. Every step in its history was legal; it left no debts behind it and no victims.

Everybody everywhere continued to regard the action of this company with amazement.

Those who had set it down as a fraud were astonished. The only explanation was that the promoters of it were a crowd of misguided but honest persons, since they had gone to all the labor and expense of the investigation for no apparent gain to themselves.

He turned over the two hundred pounds to the Spaniard, and an appointment was made when the map, showing the place where the thirty thousand pounds had been buried, should be turned over to the Englishman

The enterprising Viscount knew better. He had got the Government concession under the usual terms to explorers, by the influence of a present of five thousand francs to a minister. The advertisements cost five thousand francs, and it took an additional five thousand to organize the syndicate safely within the law and employ a young French engineer and some Arabs. But he was very well off at that. He had helped an old friend, and he had cleared thirty-five thousand francs!

IT is not always the unsophisticated who are dupes. Sometimes the sharper is the victim.

One recalls the farmer who cleaned up the whole gambling fraternity of an inland city. He exhibited a small gold brick which he explained he had purchased from an Indian at the suggestion of a consumptive engineer who had boarded the Summer with him.

The gamblers laughed and told him the brick was brass.

But the farmer was adamant in his confidence in the engineer and the Indian, and he laid wagers in every direction on his brick. The gamblers crowded one another in their efforts to get their money up. And they lost every dollar of it.

The brick was solid gold.

The farmer had laid a neat little trap for them with a brick that had no more brass in it than a twenty-dollar gold piece.

One day, during the gold harvest of Alaska, there drifted into Dawson a character out of one of Conrad's novels.

He was a tall, stoop-shouldered German of about forty-five, with a gentle, considerate manner. He wore thick myopic glasses, a suit of dirty English tweed and a cork helmet lined with green baize. He was a butterfly hunter. He had been all over South America, and had come up from the Peruvian Coast on a sailing ship.

Roxey Moss was running the Uneda Dance Hall in Dawson. The Baron drifted in. He talked butterflies. He interviewed everybody. The gamblers regarded him as polite and harmless — one of those excessively learned, useless persons that are sometimes found adrift in the world.

One night on his eternal subject of butterflies he got the conversation into Peru.

"Peru!" said Roxey Moss, "that's the place where the old Incas used to send his diggins to the bank on a motor truck; where did he get it, Baron?"

"He grew it," replied the butterfly hunter.

Then in the dreary fashion of German detail he began a long lecture on the thing. It was a learned, profound lecture. He explained with great minuteness just how the particles of a mineral assembled into mass. He explained the chemical elements that made up gold.

These elements were in a variety of common substances. Nature could remove these substances and assemble them with particles of gold; and thereby grow a nugget.

The Baron went on with painstaking minuteness.

He was not interested in gold. But he had visited the places where the Incas used to grow their gold supply and he thought he knew how it had been done. He had never tried it; he never had enough gold for an experiment. It took a certain bulk; then he got back onto the everlasting butterflies.

A little later in the week Roxey Moss called him into the card room behind the bar and asked him what materials he would require for the gold experiment.

The Baron replied that he would have to have a room where he would not be disturbed, thirty days' time and a sufficient bulk of gold to make the "molecular pull" of the metal greater than that of the other materials from which he proposed to draw the required elements for the growth of the gold.

"For you see," the Baron explained, "it will grow by the process in nature which is called 'interstitial absorption.'"

Roxey did not see, but he had made a good deal of money out of "fool chances" and he concluded to stake the Baron.

The only condition upon which the Baron insisted was that his experiment should not be disturbed. Roxey must give him a room which no one but himself could enter. The gambler could guard the room, any way he liked, and search him every time that he went in and came out, but he must not allow anyone in the room.

Roxey had a concrete house about eight by ten where he stored gasoline. It had no windows; it was practically a solid concrete cube with a sheet-iron door. He put this house at the Baron's disposal and furnished him three hundred twenty-dollar gold pieces. He put two modern padlocks on the door, gave the key of one to the experimenter and kept the key to the other; then he set a guard on the house day and night. The Baron put into the house a lot of material in sacks, and some jars of fluid, and the experiment began.

The gambler searched the Baron carefully every time he came out of the house; he kept a guard constantly before the doors and he took no chance.

The thing went on for about three weeks.

The Baron would go into his experiment in the morning, and again in the afternoon. He would remain only a short time, for as he explained it was only necessary to see that everything was in proper adjustment.

And every time he came out Roxey searched him from head to foot.

One day, toward the end of the month, the gold grower failed to appear. Roxey waited a day or two and then he forced the door of the laboratory. He found a bag of bricks, a bag of old iron [*Continued on page 58*]

"ALL IN"

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustration by C. F. Underwood

WITH a tired little sigh — one of those sighs that mark where rush ends and rest begins — the girl sank into the deep corner of the limousine and leaned her head back against the soft cushions.

"Sherry's," said the man; and got in beside her.

There was a tremulous whirring, as the engine started; then they were sliding swiftly, smoothly, over the asphalt.

She was too tired to talk — it was enough for her to rest heavily against the cushions, surveying through deep-lidded eyes the flitting panorama of glaring lights, hurrying people, swift-moving vehicles. And he had sufficient intuition to respect her mood.

They turned into the semi-darkness of a side street, swung under the rushing L, and finally came to a gentle stop before a great, shielded entrance. An attendant swung open the door and the man, alighting, assisted the girl to descend.

She said no word, nor did he, until they were seated at a little table in a corner of the big room.

Then, "What will it be tonight?" he asked.

"You order," she said. She leaned back in her chair, letting dark eyes rest upon the scene about her — on the delicate, soft-hued lights; the bare, white shoulders of the women; the gleaming shirt-fronts of the men; the glisten of glass and the sheen of silver. And then she said, "It is good — here — isn't it?"

He nodded.

"It's very decent," he said; "though the sauces aren't up to those of any one of a dozen places that I know on the other side."

The waiter, soft-footed as a cat, was at his side; and VanVechten told him his wants in a tone of quiet, certain decision. She watched him.

He was young, yet old. Thin, patrician features that, at twenty, might have been, and undoubtedly were, handsome, at thirty-five were grossened and marked by indulgence. The once clean-cut nose was beginning to be vague in outline; the eyes a bit pouched; the chin doubled; and the full, glistening bosom of his dress-shirt was creased over the subtle beginnings of an *embonpoint*. Yet he was still physically pleasing, if one looked at him with eyes that did not penetrate too deeply. For he was tall, and erect, and well set-up; and he bore himself easily, with a certain grace — a certain indifference that remained at all times unruffled.

He had done with the waiter; and he was looking at her.

"Tired?" he said, inquiringly.

She nodded. "Yes," she replied. She laughed a little. "I'm always tired now."

"It's a hard game — the stage."

"Yes," she said, again.

"And yet for some it isn't so hard, after all."

"It's like most things in life," she replied. "For the few who are very clever, very talented, very able, it holds much. For the others, nothing — nothing but a bare living — a hard living. . . . It is very hopeless, sometimes. . . . In other lines, one has a lifetime in which to succeed. But on the stage — unless a girl plays characters, or eccentrics, or unless she is satisfied with a very little — she must make her success before she begins to lose her looks — and that loss comes soon, horribly soon. There is no room, in most parts, for the old and ugly. In almost all work, it is brains that they want, and brains improve with age; but on the stage, how well one looks counts much more than how much one knows."

"You are misanthropic tonight." He smiled.

"No," she contradicted. "It is just that I have been thinking. And there have come to me certain realizations. I have not much ability, you know; I shall never have enough ability to atone for the loss of looks. . . . I shall soon get old — " He raised a protesting hand. "— not really old," she admitted; "just theatrically old. . . . And then — what?"

He took by the stem the delicate cocktail glass that rested before him, twisting it slowly and gazing into its amber sparkles.

"Marriage?" he asked, tentatively.

She shook her head.

"I don't think so," she said. "Nobody wants to marry an old woman — even a theatrically old woman — that is, nobody that she would want to marry. . . . I am tired of it all," she said, wearily. "I am tired of having no home — of living in hotels and boarding-houses — of spending my life in sleepers, and in the dirty dressing-rooms of dirty theatres. I am tired of having no friends — only acquaintances that one may see, if one is lucky, twice a year, spring and fall — or, if one is unlucky, acquaintances with whom one may, despairingly, hopelessly, walk miles and miles of hot pavements, and climb miles and miles of hard stairs, and sit hours and hours in the ante-rooms of managers' offices, only to be told, time after time, time after time, that there is 'nothing doing today . . . . I posed, once, for the movies, this summer. Did I tell you?"

He shook his head.

"Yes," she said; "I, and some others — capable actors and actresses, too — some of them — only old; they had lost the asset of looks. . . . I get frightened, sometimes," she confessed. "What will be the end? A concert hall on the Bowery? — singing pathetic, ridiculous songs into a phonograph horn? — keeping a theatrical boarding-house? — or what other horror of horrors? . . . . For what else is there in view?"

"I have yet to hear you give an adequate objection to my first alternative," he declared.

"Marriage?"

He nodded.

"But even if there were someone that I wished to marry, there is no one that wishes to marry me."

He bent his eyes closely upon her.

"I do," he said, slowly.

She started. One of the little glasses at her elbow rolled slowly into the silver beside it.

"You?" she said, slowly. "You!"

There was a pause — a long pause.

"You want to marry me," she said, at length. Then: "Why? Why do you want to marry me? You don't love me."

"But I do," he returned. "I do love you."

She looked at him, deep, dark eyes firm fixed on his. At length she said:

"No. You don't. You don't love me."

He leaned forward, protestingly.

"I do love you," he said. "Really, I do. Why shouldn't I? You're congenial — you're clever — you're pretty, even beautiful — you're good — you're staunch — you're well-bred, refined. Why shouldn't I love you?"

She shook her head.

"You love analytically, then," she said; "by the reductio ad absurdum method. You reason that, as there seems to be no reason why you shouldn't love me, therefore you must love me. . . . That is not love. . . . And I do not think you are quite honest — no, not quite honest."

"But I am," he protested. "Believe me, I am. . . . It was sprung on me so — so cold-bloodedly, you know — and I'm not as young as I once was. A man of twenty goes down on his knees, with his heart in his eyes — his soul on his lips. But a man of forty gets past that — he can't help it — and emotion must, of necessity, be replaced, at least to a degree, by reason."

She shook her head.

"I, too, am old," she said. "And I know a great deal more than I wish I did — though sometimes I am not so sorry after all. . . . I am as old, in my way, as you are in yours — and that's very old indeed, Van, very, very old. . . You don't love me. You don't want to marry me. You may think you do. But you don't. . . . So let's not say any more about it. What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

"No," he said. "It isn't a bargain. . . . I was honest — I am honest when I say that I want to marry you. You are the first, and the only, woman that I ever have wanted to marry. But I do want to marry you. We — you and I — have gone past the age of mad, unreasoning, hot-headed emotion. We love with reason and we wed with judgment. . . . You have to give everything that I want to be given — I have to give nearly all that you want to be given. You can give me a beautiful, true, talented, well-born and well-bred wife, capable of taking her place in whatever society I may care to introduce her — capable of being to me all that I want a wife to be. I can give you rest, amusement, friends, money, a home as good as any in the country, surcease from poor hotels and sleepers and one-nighters and dirty dressing-rooms and dirty theatres, and an end to hot pavements, hard stairs and managers' ante-rooms — or, if you prefer to gratify your ambitions, a company of your own — even a theatre of your own. I can give you the things that you want. You can give me the things that I want." He leaned forward across the table. "Come," he said. "That is not so bad, is it? . . . Not so bad? . . . What else do you want? What else could you have? What more is there for you?"

She sat for a long moment, gazing into the iridescent stem of her champagne-glass with its constant procession of upward bubbles.

"I don't know," she said, at length, half-helplessly. "I don't know. I — don't — know."

"But I do," he said, almost roughly. "I know. . . . I know that I need you. I know that you need me. . . . Don't give me your answer now. You don't feel right, tonight. You've been thinking too much. You've lost, in a measure, your sense of values. . . . Take time. Think it over. . . . Will you?"

There was an almost imperceptible downward movement of her head. And he heard, so low that he scarce heard at all, a whispered:

"Yes."

II

VAN VECHTEN cast his Inverness across a trunk and laid his hat upon it.

"Saw Clifford outside, in the hall," was his greeting. "She's a pretty little thing, isn't she?"

The girl at the make-up table nodded, indifferently. With one slender forefinger, she applied the rouge, carefully, to her lips — then leaned back in her chair that she might get the effect.

The man, with indolent solicitude, selected a cigarette from the flat, gold case that he had extracted from waistcoat pocket and, lighting it, sank lazily into the second chair that the room held.

The girl before the make-up table was heating over a spirit lamp a little panful of cosmetic. The while she looked at him, eyes half shut. He was tapping the heel of a patent leather pump with the ferrule of his stick. . . . She turned back and, slowly, began to apply the soft cosmetic to her eyelashes, using the uncharred end of a burnt match.

At length she was done. Slowly she rose from her chair.

"Turn your back to me," she said, half requesting, half commanding. "I want to get my gown on."

Obediently, he shifted his chair so that it faced the wall; and continued, measuredly, to tap heel with ferrule. She, taking from a hook behind the door a thing of lace and jet and ruffles, allowed her peignoir to slip to the floor. Then, with a deft twist of bare white arms and shoulders, she slipped the gown over her head and allowed its rustling folds to settle about her lithe form. Her underskirt she caught as it fell about her ankles; and, picking up the peignoir, and it, she carelessly tossed them across a second trunk, and turned again to the mirror.

"All right, now," she said.

He swung back again, facing her.

"These gowns that fasten at the side save one a lot of trouble," she said. "The third-act gown I have to get one of the girls to button for me."

"Why don't you get a maid?" he asked. "It would make it much easier for you."

"I can't afford one," she returned.

"But I — — " he began.

She interrupted him. "We've discussed all that before," she said. "Please let's not go over it all again."

He nodded. "As you choose," he replied. "Only I should think you'd rather. It won't cost you anything; and what it would cost me is nothing to you, or to me either."

She did not reply.

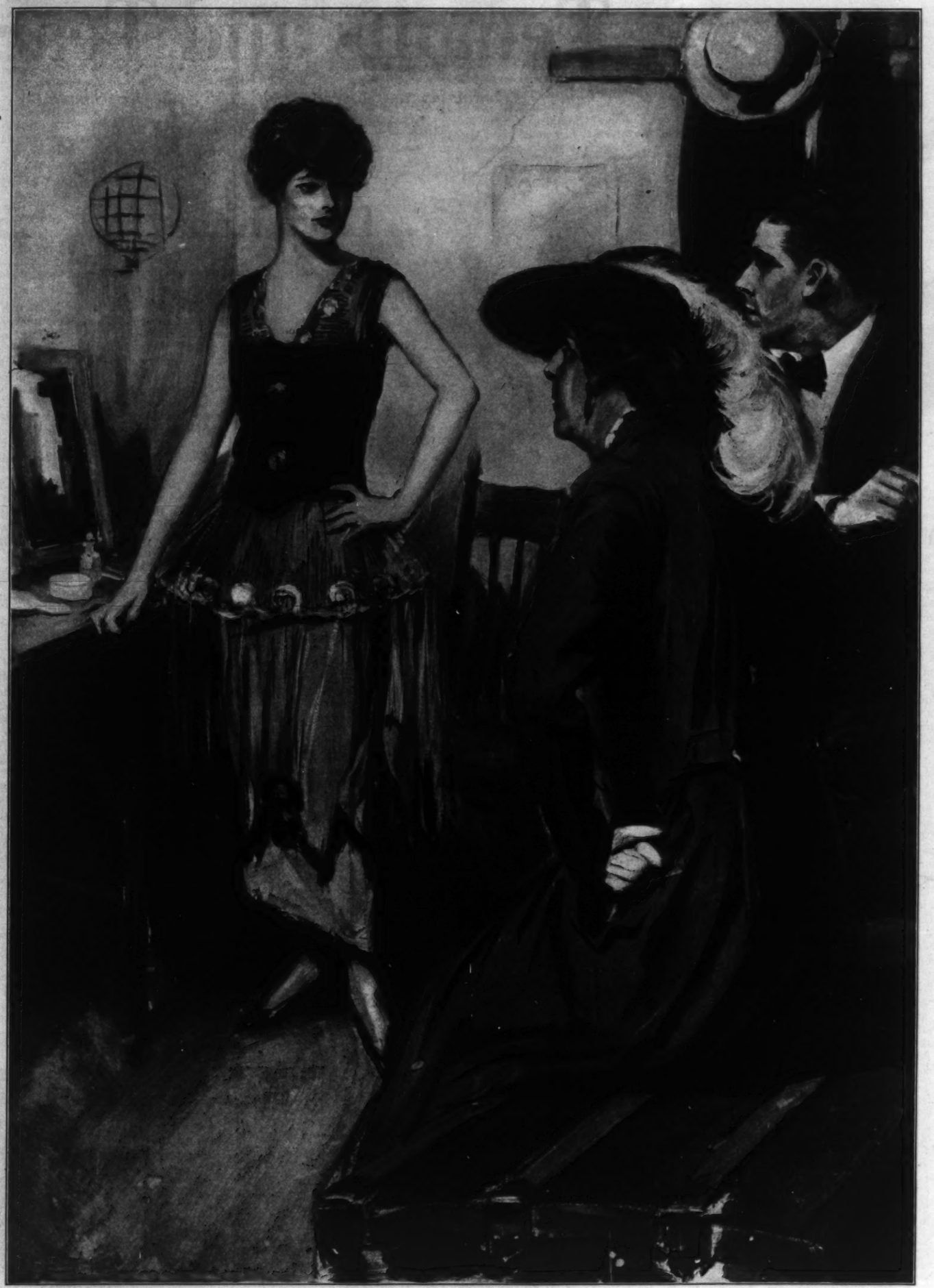
A shrill voice came dinning down the corridor and through the quarter open door.

"Half hour!"

The man carelessly tossed the end of his cigarette into a corner of the room and selected another, deliberately.

"You get here in plenty of time, don't you?" was his comment.

She started to make reply; but, suddenly, there were steps in the hall; the door was thrust open; and a woman entered. Possibly fifty years of age, she looked sixty and was dressed for thirty; for she wore a long, tight-fitting coat of some fawn-colored material and an enormous hat with pendulous feathers. Her skirt, held in both hands, was elevated above the floor sufficiently to reveal more than a glimpse of silk stockings, and French-heeled shoes. [*Continued on page 38*]



"I shan't marry him, mother. I probably shan't marry any man at all."

Tenants and Tears

Continuing the Adventures of Mrs. Sadie Kirschbaum and Her Children, Rosie and Herman

by

Leon Kelley

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

"Say — cut it out! Them tears can't fool me! I know you tenanters!"

TENANTS of whatever class are at their worst when they have children. As evidence of this statement, witness the "for rent" column of your own favorite newspaper next Sunday, and count up the "apartments to rent" advertisements that read somewhat as follows: "For rent, 6-room apartment with bath; all improvements; terms reasonable; No Children."

It is safe to say, however, that the tenant with children is least desirable. At any rate, that is what Herman Lichtman's mother-in-law, Mrs. Sadie Kirschbaum, thought when she learned that Herman had rented her bungalow in Pearl Street and by his overly hasty negotiations with Ben Aaronson, the agent, had secured for her a tenant with five of them! Her shock was only increased by the fact that the Goldie family, her new tenants, had moved in before she even knew of the renting. Their advent was on the first of October, the autumn following Rosie Kirschbaum's marriage to Herman Lichtman and their summer of "honeymooning at home."

Samuel N. Goldie had attended a law school in New York City at the night classes, working by daytime in a busy law office and sleeping the rest of the time, about four hours a night, in a tiny East Second Street bedroom, piled high with old law books, sheaves of papers and stacks of notes, furnished with a ramshackle bureau and an iron cot.

For these reasons, and because since graduation from the law school he had acquired a wife and five children, Samuel N. Goldie's hair was sparse, his *pince-nez* was fitted with extremely thick lenses, and his face was wrinkled. His nose bore always an expression that may have resulted from a lump of *liederkrantz* strapped beneath it. Of course, there wasn't actually cheese; there was a bristly mustache, but that wasn't the cause of his expression — it was just plain worry and the ambition to do better for his family.

He had once aspired to become a leading New York attorney. He had cultivated a more or less matter-of-fact personality in the attempt; but that was all. Now he realized that if ever he could earn an income of more than three thousand a year, he would have reached the height of his hopes or his ability, since the very want of efficiency, and perhaps opportunity, too, for they are both factors of success, had kept him a little man, still a law clerk.

Mr. Goldie and his meek, hard-working little drone of a wife considered Mrs. Kirschbaum's bungalow a veritable paradise when they were once settled. Great plans were evolved. The children were to enjoy the big out-of-doors, and the high-standing public school. (The children: Sidney, a five-foot boy of fifteen; and the others, in order of their first appearance: Ruthy, Hannah, Miriam and the baby, Abram, already gifted with its father's oratorical powers.) Sophie Goldie was to regain her gown-model's figure — now a mere memory of their early married life. And Samuel N. was to become a good citizen of the little town.

Of all the new life's details, it was most difficult for Samuel N. Goldie to accustom himself to commutation to his Nassau Street offices on the trains. Running for the seven-thirty in the morning and just catching the five-fifteen home soon gave him an unprecedented disease — dyspepsia. Changing cars the several times necessary during the short trip from the little Long Island town to the city always gave him the grouches.

Clicking along homeward rails in the fall evenings, Mr. Goldie would watch the unlovely landscape slip past, broken regularly by multicolored billboards and realty displays; and, succumbing to that American weakness of reading every sign swimming into its vision, his mind frequently became a riot of imaginative color and motion unequaled by the cubiest mental spasm any cubist ever had.

For instance, reading the signs one evening, Mr. Goldie's thoughts ran: "I hope Sophie don't warm up that soup again tonight; fourteen and *three*-tenths miles to Abramowitz and Stearns, The Big Store; red and yellow — what a sign! The Wanderlust Development Co., Lots — Ten Dollars Down — Build a Home on Long Island; why didn't I build instead of making that lease with Mrs. Kirschbaum; Bell-Camp's Soups — Always Ready For — ; For Your Auto — Clutch-Tread Tires; her rent's too high, anyhow; The New Motion Picture Serial Divine—; Heatum-Wheatum, A Cereal You'll Like; well, the country's better for the kids, if the trains kill me; fourteen and *five*-tenths miles to Abramowitz and Stearns, The Big Store!" And so on to his station. The rapid motion of the train often prohibited the reading of a whole sign.

It was in the late afternoon of one of those October days which smack of the tang of crisp leaves, yellow pumpkins and corn stacks, which make veteran football men pine for the heavy turf, and which send the summer girl scurrying to the modiste for new winter frocks and more-than-ever shocking evening things, that Mrs. Sadie Kirschbaum was informed about her tenants. It was in the second week of the month, and Samuel N. Goldie and his family were quite established.

The Slackard-Twelve, owned jointly by Mrs. Kirschbaum and Herman Lichtman, had been delivered by Ben Aaronson, the automobile agent, and the quarrel between Herman's mother and Rosie's mother about Max Finkelstein's moral influence upon the Lichtman household had been smoothed out on the receipt of a part-payment check from Max, the deceased stockbroker's son, now a motion picture producer in California, for the amount which he had embezzled from Rosie Lichtman (*nee* Kirschbaum) and her mother during the preceding winter. And everyone was happy, particularly so because that day they had all been motoring in the sleek, shiny twelve-cylinder.

Herman had proudly steered them over Long Island paths; they had been ferried across the Sound; they had spun up the Post Road into Connecticut. Even the paralytic, studious Mr. Lichtman, with his mute smile and his plaid blanket covering him, had gone along with the others. It was a family affair.

They all bustled into the house, laughing and jabbering, the stocky Herman carrying his helpless father, when the twelve was finally stopped before its own little garage, at the rear of Herman's big home.

Somehow or other, Herman's family was of that sort so unfortunate as to have most matters of disagreement arise at mealtimes. The hungrier they were, it seemed, the more ravenously they attacked their meal; the faster they ate the faster they talked; and politeness growing negligible under such circumstances, conversation inevitably drifted into a give-and-take variety — which is a dangerous variety when several excitable personalities are present. And who is so hungry as he who has just returned from a long motor ride in the freshness of October? Supper awaited them.

Arranged in usual order at table, they assailed their viands diligently and unanimously. Mrs. Lichtman chanced to remark upon a pretty green bungalow they had passed in Connecticut, earlier in the day. As a result, two things happened. Herman's spoonful of soup paused midway to its destination and he stared at his mother-in-law; Mrs. Kirschbaum smirked at Herman's mother and said:

"Well, maybe it was, but it

She hastily sketched her troubles to Mr. Jacobsohn

ain't got a thing on *my* liddle bung'low *über* Pearl Street!"

Herman's spoon splashed. "S-a-y!" he gurgled. "Say, *schweiger*, didn't I tell you about the bungalow yet—I didn't, did I? Gee whiz! What's today — the tenth? Gee, they must be in by now, and I never even told you. Say, ain't I the nut, though? Didn't you tell her either, Rosie? Remember — I told you about it that day last month we were over at the bungalow getting them two old scrappers apart after the fight? Remember?"

"What, Herm — tell her what?" his wife wondered. "What on earth you raving about? I don't get you a-tall!"

"About the new tenant!" he exploded. "Ben Aaronson's friend, of New York, that rented *mutter's* bungalow!"

"*My* bung'low rented? *Ach*, Hymie, ain't that fine, now! You're *such* a good son-in-law to have — like as if he was my own son he acts! Rented furnished and all, Hymie?"

"No, no, no! I had them storaged. Mr. Goldie, your tenant, couldn't afford it furnished, so I thought: Better than have it empty all this winter, I should rent it to him without furnishings — and he brought his own!"

"We-ell — that ain't so *bad*. Only I wish it had been able to 'av' been rented furnished, because that's more rent. Who are they — young?"

"No — no! Not so old, neither. They can't be — their oldest child, it's only fifteen!"

"Oldest *child!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum gasped. "*Kinder! . . . Ach Himmel!* they got *kin-der?*"

"Why — now — sure! They got *five*!"

"*Gott!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum moaned. "My bung'low — my liddle bung'low!"

The circle of hitherto happy faces concentrated upon the suddenly grief-stricken Mrs. Kirschbaum, and a serious expression shadowed them, like an unexpected storm scudding loweringly across the faces of the stars.

Before her daughter Rosie had been married to the successful young motion-picture-theatre owner, Herman Lichtman, Mrs. Kirschbaum had lived alone with her in the Pearl Street bungalow for a number of years, and that period had been one of the happiest of Mrs. Kirschbaum's tragedy-ridden life. Conscientious living in it had made it "home" — the sort of living that acquaints the fonder cells of the mind with every crevice, loose board, door-creak, and every wrinkle in the windowpanes. As the old gardener comes to love the soil and pathways of the garden wherein he has raised many flowers, so Mrs. Kirschbaum loved the bungalow wherein her flower, Rosie, had bloomed from girlhood into womanhood.

"Ma," Rosie pleaded; "ah, ma — what's the difference? Children won't make any difference, the dear things!"

"Don't make no diff'rence, *ha? Children!* Why, they'll spoil it — they'll spoil it!"

Herman was grown quite red. Had his own mother said these things, he might have told her to stop and so save his own embarrassment; but he could not afford to offend Rosie by telling *her* mother to "shut up"! The alternative was to find a reasonable excuse for himself.

"Well, how did I know —— " he began.

"*Know!* I wouldn't *have* such a son-in-law! Know! *Dumkopf*, would you rent this — *your* — house to a tenant what has children? I ask you!"

"Why —— "

"She's right!" Mrs. Lichtman affirmed with conviction in a resounding, masculine voice, her sharp brown eyes piercing Herman. "Hoim, you know it yourself, tenants what have *kinder* are *shlecht!*"

"Shut up, ma," Herman warned; "this is my business, and there's too many in this here argument already."

And at the same time thin Mr. Lichtman in a clear, distinct stage whisper from his wheel-chair across the table feebly protested: "Rachel, 'sh — 'sh! Do desist!" — rendered with a burdensome motion of his one good arm, which rested always elbow to table while eating, swinging like a miniature hoisting crane.

Mrs. Lichtman sulked, and was silenced.

Herman cleared his throat for a final spurt of words, and met Mrs. Kirschbaum's waiting eyes gleaming angrily behind her spectacles. "You see, *mutter*," he began again, "it's like this: The day I buy the twelve-cylinder from Ben Aaronson, he says to me, 'Herm, I see your mama-in-law's cottage on Pearl Street ain't rented yet since she moved to live with you and your wife. She goin' to rent it — or ain't she?' So I said yes, and so he says he has a customer for us, a feller from New York that he knows as a young man, and I tell him he could have it for fifty a month, furnished. You *know* it yourself, ma, that when you moved over here with Rosie it was made an understanding that I should rent your bungalow and for you two to have the rent for pin money. Them were your own doin's!

"Do you know, Mister Smarty, it ain't insuranced yet? Maybe you better think about that!"

"Well — so then Ben said his friend couldn't afford that much, and I said to have it rented I'd be glad to take out the furniture and take thirty-three and a half a month for it. Then we called up Mr. Goldie — that's your tenant — and it was all right, and the next day out he comes on the train and rents it! Mr. Goldie's sort of a good guy — he's a lawyer.

"I been so darn busy ever since — you know it! — getting things on the Island circuit ready for a big vaud'ville-and-picture winter season, I didn't have the chance to tell you about it — that is, I mean I — now — forgot — thinking," he added with a reproachful glance at Rosie, calculated as a final blow toward freedom from blame, "— thinking Rosie'd tell you, maybe — seein' she knew!"

"Why, Herm! You only said it to me that once. I s'posed you'd tell her yourself. I never thought of it again, naturally. . . . Isn't that just like a man, now?"

"He's a — he's a lawyer, *nit?*" Mrs. Kirschbaum asked, tearfully.

"Yes — works for a big New York law firm."

"Oh — not for himself, *ha?* . . . A shyster! a roughneck! — and I s'pose his whole fam'ly's roughneck, too, and they'll spoil my bung'low, too!"

"No — not a shyster; no roughneck, neither! He's, all right, *schweiger liebe!* He's got his LL. B. and all," Herman replied impressively.

"His what?"

"LL. B. — and that means lawyer graduated out of law school!"

"It means," Rosie intruded, grinning mischievously, "it means: Leave Law Be!"

At which Mrs. Kirschbaum laughed so merrily, since it seconded her very own motion to brand Mr. Goldie as an unfavorable person, that she momentarily forgot her anger for Herman, who thanked his wife with his eyes for her ready aid.

But even so, throughout the remainder of the meal and the evening following it, Mrs. Kirschbaum broke out periodically with self-addressed exclamations of: "Five children!" or, "A tenant with *kinder!*" or, "They'll spoil it!"

AFTER a bad attack of insomnia Mrs. Kirschbaum stole away next morning. She waddled to the business section of the little town and up the stairs to the offices of her own lawyer, Mr. Nathan Jacobsohn, a vise-like clamp to her jaws, her eyes gleaming potentially with rage.

She hastily sketched her troubles to Mr. Jacobsohn.

He was a small, white-haired man. He had enjoyed near-luxuries so young that unfamiliarity with want had taken all the fire from his soul, and hence he had always remained an over-careful, easy-going, little-town attorney. His chief characteristic of manner was to hold his hands in the timid embrace of one another, both resting on his chest, as if they had been suddenly suspended in the motion of wringing them over some shock of fright. This gave him a decidedly effeminate air; but age always lessens the ludicrousness of an effeminate male.

"A-ah, my dear Mrs. Kirschbaum, we'll see what could be done!" he promised as he helped the old woman from his office. "And that qvickly, I'll promise you. Don't worry, now, and perhaps we could get this tenant of yours to surrender the premises. I must see your son — I must see this Goldie person — I — oh, dear, I must do *so* much before I could tell. It's qvite a case — qvite a case, I'm sure. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Kirschbaum. Good-day. I'll let you know by 'phone how it comes."

His habit was to make much ado about little. It made cases look so much bigger to clients, and thus warranted the exorbitancy of his fees.

"Very well," Mrs. Kirschbaum replied, pausing at the head of the stairs. "Only," she insisted firmly, "don't bother Herman too much. I wish you wouldn't speak with him about it unless you have to, maybe — huh?" She gave a tiny wink which betrayed her desire for secrecy. Mrs. Kirschbaum was plainly taking the initiative in a matter she herself realized would have been better disposed of by consultation and coöperation with others.

During the next week Mr. Jacobsohn corresponded with Mr. Goldie. Several letters passed between them, each hotter than its predecessor. Mr. Jacobsohn's first pointed out that Mrs. Kirschbaum's son-in-law had rented her bungalow to him without her knowledge; she had desired a quiet tenant without children; she hereby, through her attorney, gave full notice to Mr. Goldie to pull up stakes at the termination of this, his first month of tenancy. It further slyly hinted that Mr. Jacobsohn could rent Mr. Goldie a nice little house for thirty a month; but if Mr. Goldie chose not to do as bidden, eviction would immediately be instituted against him.

But he reckoned without Mr. Goldie's temper, and he duly received a reply as follows: "Mr. Nathan Jacobsohn, Sir:—In answer to your uncourteous letter, wish to say I did *so* pay rent for the first *two* months in advance to Mr. H. Lichtman himself, and besides that we made a lease together for one year and six months, beginning first this month to run to a year from coming March and besides I *have possession*. If you are any decent kind of a lawyer you would recognize the elemental law school proposition that any student knows, that you can't put me out in that case. Yours, Sam. N. Goldie." (This latter a flourishing scrawl.)

His hands clasped before him, Mr. Nathan Jacobsohn read this letter as it lay before him on his desk. He sighed and reread it. Then he daintily brushed the back of his head. Then he arose and paced timidly to the open window, through which drifted the drone of the business street outside and the dusty warmth of an Indian Summer day. He read it again, pacing. Then his eyes twinkled, and he reached for his telephone. He talked with Mrs. Kirschbaum for about fifteen minutes. He summoned his stenographer and dictated a letter to Mr. Goldie. Like many another legal practitioner, Mr. Jacobsohn thought in steps as his case progressed, instead of taking a bird's-eye view of the whole and and then delving into the details with the analytical knife of a surgeon of the law.

In his letter Mr. Jacobsohn told Mr. Goldie very curtly and sharply that, as he had just learned over the wire, his client was in possession of no written paper whatever concerning the lease. Mr. Goldie had admitted a lease of over one year's

[*Continued on page 44*]

Chopping Up Our Country

The True Story of a Shameful Piece of Legislation Which Every Magazine Reader Should Know

by Rex Beach

A BILL — an infamous Bill — was rushed through Congress at its last session as a part of the War Revenue Bill. It is now a law. It was a Bill providing for the "Zone System" of postal taxes on second-class mail matter, and on its face it purported to be merely a war tax on magazines and newspapers — an effort to make them do their bit towards financing our struggle to make the world safe for democracy. In reality, it was perhaps the most amazing, the most shameful piece of legislation that has occurred in our time and it dealt a death blow at that very democracy in the defense of which we have put on our armor. The Bill was unjust, it was discriminatory. It conscripted not merely the war profits of the publishers but their capital besides. When it goes into effect it will put many of them completely out of business.

At first glance, this "Zone System" of second-class postal rates seems to affect only the pockets of the periodical publishers; as a matter of fact, it goes far deeper than that, and if its real significance had been sensed it is incredible that any body of sane and sensible men could have voted for it.

This innocent-looking but pernicious Bill, increasing the rate on second-class mail matter, was introduced in the House by the Honorable Claude Kitchin, rejected by the Senate, and later shoved through Congress after the Conference Report, at such lightning speed that few realized it had passed. As a piece of outrageous and vindictive lawmaking it stands alone. It is not even in the class with that eight per cent penalty upon industry which was added to the income tax and which has occasioned such a sullen roar of protest from the country at large. This "Zone System" of postal rates means the end of the national press of America and will result in a sectional press. It means the end of the home reading circle, inasmuch as it carries a death sentence to the majority of American magazines. It spells the destruction of a splendid educational force and effects a censorship second only to that of Germany. It will result in the ruin of American writers, and it constitutes a threat leveled at the vast reading public of this country.

That means you. It is well that you should know and meet the facts.

This new postal rate upon magazines and periodicals will make the cost of transportation to subscribers in various sections of the United States almost prohibitory. Most of the great publishing houses are in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. A few are in Chicago and other parts of the Middle West; a few on the Coast. No longer will magazines and periodicals sell for the same price in the West and South as in the East, for the War Revenue Bill increases the postal rate no less than nine hundred per cent for those western and southern sections of the United States.

Magazine publishers have never protested and do not now protest against any proposed war taxes that affect all businesses alike. They are willing and anxious to pay any excess profits taxes, income taxes — any and all that Congress sees fit to levy. Many of them have offered to give all of their profits while the war lasts. This Zone Postage Bill, under the guise of tax raising, unfairly singles out a certain percentage of publishers to be specially taxed — a class already heavily burdened. It demands of them not a five per cent tax on their profits, not a sixty per cent tax on their excess profits during war times, *but more than all the profits which these publishers derive from all sources whatsoever!*

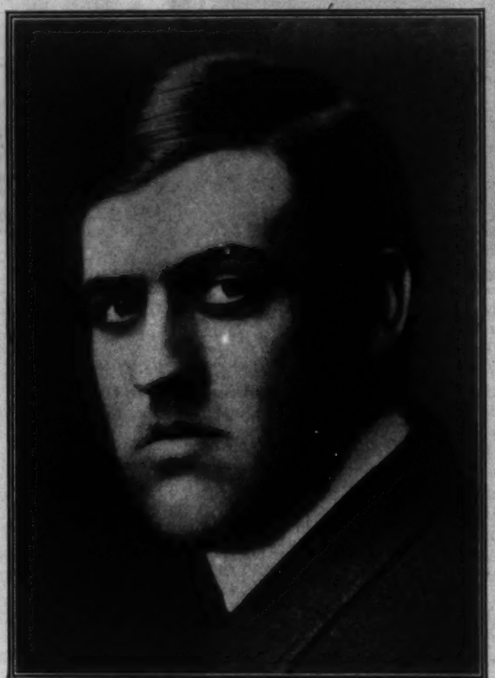
To repeat, it will mean their destruction.

America is approaching a crisis that will test her strength, her courage, her solidarity; a crisis upon which may hinge her destiny and the destiny of the world. Now, above all times, you, Mr. General Reader, must be assured of a free and an independent press, for this is your war. Your son's life, your own existence is in the scales. Our great newspapers and our national magazines are the finest, the cleanest in the world. They constitute the greatest force for good, the greatest medium of education that we possess. They are the cement that holds us together. Any attempt to throttle those magazines and newspapers is a matter of such sinister importance that I, for one, do not believe you will tolerate it.

Now, above all times, we must be assured of a press that is removed from all political influence or prejudice. In working the destruction of a large portion of that press the new Zone Postal Rate is a monstrous example of short-sighted legislation.

Speaking frankly, it is out of that very freedom from political influence that arose the vindictiveness which resulted in this iniquitous measure. The Bill was not — could not have been — designed as an honest effort to raise war revenue, for at the time it was before Congress the true facts concerning its effect were made known in a bold and unassailable manner. Those facts were disregarded. It was jammed through Congress as a part of the War Revenue Bill and members were compelled to vote upon the Bill in its entirety and either accept this measure as framed or hold up the passage of the entire War Revenue legislation.

No, this death blow at the publishers was the result of persistent animosity on the part of certain public men, the genesis of which can be traced back to the first muck-raking magazine articles. For a long time vengeful members of Congress — as unforgiving as Indians — have openly declared their intention of "getting" the magazines, especially those with the temerity to expose corruption. In this War Revenue Bill these members of Congress saw their chance and they made good their threat. Yes, they "got" the magazines and the big newspapers, and they "got" them good. Then in their triumph they boasted about it.



REX BEACH says: "An innocent-looking but pernicious Bill was shoved through Congress at such lightning speed that few realized it had passed. As a piece of outrageous and vindictive lawmaking it stands alone. It means the end of the home reading circle. This is no time to divide America. Now, above all times, you, Mr. General Reader, must be assured of a free and an independent press."

But in addition, they got *you*, they got *me*, and they defeated their own efforts to increase governmental returns, in that they killed the goose that lays the golden egg.

Do you want to see your favorite magazine destroyed forever as a result of a vindictive effort to punish it for its fearless defense of your rights? That is what will happen unless the outrageous Zone Rate Bill is repealed or greatly modified at the next session of Congress. Some few magazines will survive in case it is not repealed — those which are strong enough to absorb into their general overhead expense the tremendous increase in postal rates. The influence of those few magazines will be strengthened, a monopoly will be created, but the majority will go under and never come up. *Do you want to see that?*

The Constitution of the United States was drafted with the announced purpose of fostering the Arts and Sciences. Under it, America has built up a literature to be proud of and has developed a body of honest, honorable, self-supporting men and women who live by their pens. When Congress destroys the magazines of America it destroys the men and women who make those magazines, who help to mold the thought of the nation and who help you to interpret the many problems of our complex existence. Do you wish to see the writers of America destroyed? That is what will happen when the Zone Postal Rate goes into effect, for we writers — the most of us — derive the largest part of our living from the periodicals. Without them, few of us could survive.

Do you realize what a large part the periodicals and the writers of America are playing in the conduct of this war? They have brought it home to us, they have welded us to our Allies. Without propaganda we could not fight. All are doing not only their bit, but their utmost, and the power of their printed words is incalculable. What of our two Liberty Loans, not to speak of those to come? In floating the first and second loan the government sought publicity; and it was given. We authors gave freely of our time, our energy, to promote the sale of bonds, and articles from our pens appeared as reading matter, not as advertising copy, in all the publications of America. Newspapers and magazines gave freely of their space, they devoted their highest talents to the cause. As an instance, the editor of McCLURE'S acted as chairman of a committee to secure space in the October and November issues of every periodical in the land to help the government float its bonds.

All of this was done without charge. That the government should ask this assistance merely proves that it needs the aid of the far-reaching arm of the magazines and periodicals. Nevertheless, while it is calling for that aid it deliberately paralyzes that strong arm by this malicious Zone Rate. What process of reasoning lies behind such legislation?

This is no time to divide America, to create zones, to draw boundary lines that separate one state, one territory from another. If ever the East needed to know the trend of thought in the West, now is the time. If divisions and sub-divisions in our country are to occur, surely that should be postponed until we have passed the present crisis. Maine must know about Wisconsin; California must hear news from Georgia. Yet how, except through the thundering presses of the land, is the trend of our national thought to be disseminated?

If this Bill is allowed to stand, a burden will be placed upon the backs of magazines of national circulation so heavy that few will be able to bear it. Even farm journals, the women's papers, and trade papers of many kinds will be forced out of business. In seeking unwisely to gain greater revenue by an increase in postal rates, less revenue will accrue, for the periodicals through their mere existence open up endless avenues for governmental profit and taxation. They *are*, therefore other things are.

Numerous efforts have been made in the past radically to increase second-class postal rates. Commissions were provided by Congress to study the problems involved. They reported against the "Zone System."

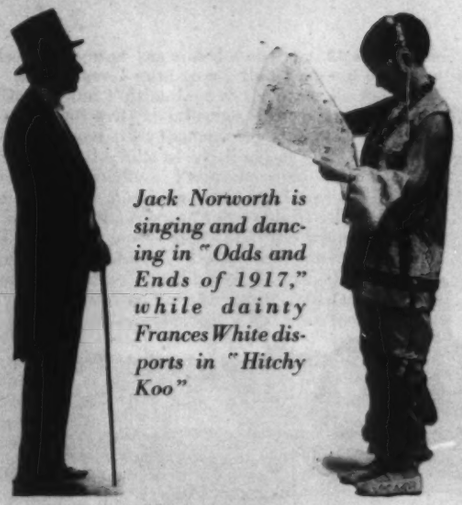
In an interview given on the occasion of the last effort to increase the postal rates on the advertising sections of magazines, Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, was quoted as saying:

"It must be that those who are proposing this change of rates do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions.

"They obtain their circulation by means of their direct appeal to the popular thought. Their circulation attracts advertisers. Their advertisements enable them to pay their writers and to enlarge their enterprise and influence.

[*Continued on page 63*]

New York has gone mad, as London did, over "Chu Chin Chow"—a riot of color, beauty, fragrance and joy



Jack Norworth is singing and dancing in "Odds and Ends of 1917," while dainty Frances White disports in "Hitchy Koo"

A Review of Revues

Photographs by White, Pach and A. C. Johnston

Everyone says Mrs. Vernon Castle is lovelier than ever. She is. This, her latest picture, proves it beyond doubt

Midnight frolics are still the rage in the metropolis. "There are always quelque shows," said a witty visitor

Incomparable Fred Stone, and his laughable legs

She can "put a song over" as no one else can, can Nora Bayes

Indispensable Frank Tinney, who makes the Winter Garden rock with mirth

Seattle's striking sky-line — almost as thrilling as New York's

Seattle: Wonder City of the West

A Miracle of the Pacific Coast; Seen by a Rip Van Winkle

by Edward Mott Woolley

Illustrations by W. T. Benda from Photographs

I STEPPED off a transcontinental train at Seattle in September of this year 1917, with something bordering close on emotion. I was a Rip Van Winkle, awaking after a twenty years' sleep. When one has lived in a town and comes back to it after an absence of more than two decades, he feels something stirring down in the inmost depths of his heart.

A long journey I had traveled in those twenty years, with wanderings that had taken in all of our forty-eight states, and many foreign lands; but always there had lingered the memory of a misty and melancholy day when I came out of Seattle and no longer had the right to claim it as home. But at last I was back again; back in the old town I knew so well — or thought I knew. Every hill and ravine of the old Seattle was clean-cut in my recollection. I well recalled the spot where the big cougar came out of the jungle one morning and was shot while cleaning up Pike Street. Nor had I forgotten the mother bear and two cubs who blocked traffic on Madison Street.

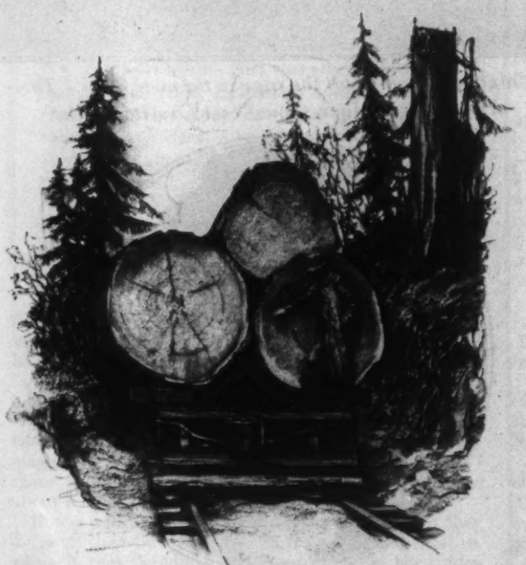
But I stood bewildered, like old Rip Van Winkle. This was not Seattle! In place of the little wooden depot stood a great and beautiful station, and near by another. Instead of the muck of a paveless street was a superb city highway. The old shacks were gone, and my gaze roved along rows of splendid buildings and up toward the tops of mighty sky-scrapers. Twenty years before, close to that very spot, I had brushed the mist from my eyes and turned my back on this town that had so strong a hold on me; and now the cobwebs were there again, but where was Seattle?

I had seen cities change, but never a transformation such as this! What magic had hit my little old Seattle, with its 50,000 people, its panthers, bears, Indians and primordial forests? I remembered that when I left Seattle quite a number of those 50,000 persons had a doleful habit of predicting that the community had attained its maturity. It was too far from New York! Yet here I found myself in one of the most ultra-modern of American cities — holding almost 400,000 people! It seemed incredible.

In a daze, I rode to a huge and elaborately beautiful hotel, where I remarked to the clerk that the old Rainier Hotel—a rambling wood structure—was the leading hostelry I remembered. He observed that I must be mistaken. He knew of no Rainier Hotel. I pinched myself to make sure I had my normal sensations.

No doubt it was a sort of instinct that turned my steps first of all toward a precipitous hill at the top of which I had lived. It was the sort of yearning I suppose every man feels to gaze again on the old homestead, but I was quite unable to find the hill. It was gone. With the aid of my pocket compass and some impromptu leg surveying, I finally located the place where it should have been. A man named Thomson, about whom I shall tell you, had moved it down into Puget Sound. Then some other desecrater of sentimental ties had stuck up a skyscraper on the ground Thomson left.

Back of all the magic of Seattle's city building lie first and foremost those overwhelming forests that still surround her. Today, as never before, we appreciate these stupendous reaches of wooded wilderness, because here is one of the main resources that is going to help us win the war. In Birmingham we found steel, but around Seattle we discover lumber in such amazing quantity that we are staggered. And just as Birmingham is bending all her titanic energies toward the production of metal, so Seattle is putting her Cyclopean shoulder to the transformation of the trees into material for ships, aircraft, cantonments, and a hundred sorts of war supplies. Seattle today is the chief center of this kind of feverish war activity, so we may study the city with timely interest.



Fir timber on its way from the forests to the mill. Seattle is helping to win the war by building ships

The lumber industry no longer comes into the literal contact with Seattle that steel does with Birmingham, but here in Seattle we find the brain center and financial pivot; moreover, here has sprung up a shipbuilding industry that is being extended as fast as facilities can be provided. Fifteen thousand men were building ships when I was there — not only of wood but of steel, and the fringes of Elliott Bay were lined with monstrous skeleton-like ways. A score of bare new ocean hulks were floating, in readiness for the final equipment.

It is estimated that a hundred million dollars' worth of ships are being built on Puget Sound today, and hundreds of contracts are pending.

Before I attempt to convey to you my new impressions of Seattle itself it seems logical to draw something of a word perspective of the city's settings. I make no attempt, however, to picture those forests and mountains. They are too big and too wild to go into words; the artist alone can give you a conception of their grandeur. But I ought to say something, however weakly I say it, about the mammoth mills that are making our war lumber. These sawmills are all around Puget Sound, some of them adjacent to the city or within its limits. I went out one night and stayed until dawn in the fiery trenches of the saws.

A sawmill at night has to me always been deeply inspiring. The sky at times is aflame until the mountains wear crimson foliage. There is no industrial music more inspiriting than the song of those endless saws as they tear the great logs to pieces, and no aroma so charged with the bigness of Nature. Then at times when the super-boilers release some of their inconceivable power their voices are terrifying. In the red glare the machinery looms huge and fantastic, and the men seem small and feeble. Through this blazing night

picture I saw sailing the majestic ships that are to carry our cause to victory.

In the Pacific Northwest stand over one and a half trillion feet of timber. A contractor tells me that this would build a bungalow for every man, woman and child in the nation. Up on the north Pacific Coast are eighty million acres of forests. It is estimated that the State of Washington alone has about four hundred billion feet of standing fir, cedar, pine, spruce and hemlock. In Oregon and Idaho there are seven hundred billion feet. In 1916 the distribution of Washington lumber by ocean carriers was nearly nine hundred million feet. Yet it is true that the lumber business has had hard sledding in recent years. The causes are involved, and I shall not discuss them here. The investigations of the Government show no lumber trust, but suggest more co-operative work and standardization.

I cannot make a fair estimate of the money that lumber brings to the Puget Sound country in a year. I might guess it at several hundred million dollars. I have seen it estimated that the Washington lumber and shingles shipped by rail alone are worth fifty millions. Lumber last year represented fifty-six per cent. of the tonnage furnished Washington railroads. Of the wage earners in Washington and Oregon more than sixty per cent. are engaged in lumbering operations. Wages paid in Washington and Oregon for work connected with lumber stand for fifty-nine per cent. of the total. Some mills have an output of a hundred and fifty million feet a year.

The evolution of the Pacific Coast lumber industry has been in keeping with the general development. Giant machinery now handles both the logs and lumber. Steam loggers and skidders do heroic work in the woods, and steel cables lower the big logs down perpendicular mountain slopes. I heard of an ocean-going log raft nine hundred feet long, drawing twenty-four feet of water.

Lumber undoubtedly will be the main asset of Puget Sound for a long time to come, and Seattle will not only be a center for the lumber itself but for a great number of wood products not made there now.

But we must not fall into the error of seeing Seattle wholly through the dust of the sawmill. It is no sawmill town that you find, but a metropolis. I am tempted to characterize it as a metropolis de luxe, but at any rate it stands for the last word in city building. In both its business and residential sections it bears a distinction that I find hard to hit in words. The bigness of its city ideals, the scope of its harbor achievements, and its industrial aims, fill one with amazement — especially when contrasted with the want of these things which one finds in many lackadaisical communities.

Today there is no outward evidence that connects Seattle with primeval forests. Second Avenue, the main business thoroughfare, has more of the aspect of Fifth Avenue, New York. There is a lavishment of imposing buildings, high-grade retail activity, people, automobiles and general congestion, so that you feel yourself carried along in the rush of a great and restless city.

From the Sound the city slopes up in terraces to a series of ridges overlooking, in the other direction, three bodies of fresh water within the municipal confines. These are Lakes Washington, Union and Green. On these slopes and crests are the best residential districts — and perhaps the best expressions of Seattle's idealism and spirit.

One thing that impressed me — and I covered the city thoroughly in automobiles — was the artistry I saw in the little houses as well as the big ones. The great majority of homes built within recent years bear the touch of architectural fancy. The bungalow atmosphere is popular, although not so pronounced as in southern California.

But it is not only the beauty and refinement of the houses themselves that make Seattle so attractive. In the great majority of instances these home owners have given as much attention to the settings as to the houses. The yards are bowers of roses, with shrubbery and vine-covered trellises. There are only a few cities in the world that have such a wealth of native trees and vegetation, and here in Seattle the skilful hand of the landscape engineer has added a charm that is irresistible. Right here I want to say that I am not oblivious to Tacoma and Portland, or to the other Pacific Coast cities. I shall write about some of them later.

For miles and miles the parkway streets wind around the slopes of the hills overlooking, in places, both the Sound and the lakes. From the windows of many a home in Seattle may be seen the reaches of the Cascade Mountains on the east, on the south Mt. Rainier with its snows that never melt, and the whole Olympic range on the northwest. I well recall the Puget Sound sunsets I saw when I lived in Seattle. From my window I have often watched the water turn from deep green to blood red, while the colorings of the western skies were beyond description.

A resident of Seattle said to me on my recent trip that the people of that city were obsessed with home building. The settings were so beautiful that even the men with the smaller incomes were continually tempted to invest more money than such men in the average city usually put into homes. But he added that this idealism of itself had paid out financially. Very few home builders in Seattle failed to see the thing through, and the enhanced value of property far more than offsets the original cost.

The hills of Seattle are linked forever with R. H. Thomson, of whom I have spoken. Steep as the hills are today, they are all accessible by automobile and street car, although in places the trolley gives way to the cable. But in my years in Seattle there were hills so precipitous that to get up them one had almost to climb like an ape.

Thomson was city engineer. He was more than an engineer; he was a dreamer of city dreams. I suppose he might have gone on merely digging sewers and laying out streets, as most city engineers do; but he had the dream habit, and his visions of the future Seattle were so incredibly big that he was not taken seriously. But he kept on dreaming, and kept on submitting his impossible plans to the city council, until finally those city fathers themselves began to dream. Then they turned Thomson loose upon those inaccessible hills that stood in the way of city development. He took great streams of water up there and built long sluiceways through the air over Seattle, and he washed those hills into Puget Sound. This was the famous Seattle regrade, which was done between 1906 and 1909. It was the most daring job any city ever undertook. Yet when it was finished and the streets graded and paved, it was worth millions and millions of dollars to Seattle.

I heard many stories about the effect of the regrade on Seattle's development. One of the churches happened to be on a street in the line of a deep cut, so it was considered wise to get out from under. The property was sold for $75,000, and the price was thought a good one. After the regrade the same property sold for $150,000, and later for $350,000.

Seattle has not been free from real estate depressions and troubles. Non-income land has brought losses. But the people out there have gone ahead with an optimism that has built one of the most beautiful cities in the world. On a street car I conversed with a man who told me that in 1908 he bought a lot, overlooking Lake Washington, for $500. On this he built a house where he has lived ever since. The present value of the ground, based on the assessment, he said, was $5,500.

When I left Seattle years ago the town was in the midst of the deepest blues. Croakers croaked. And indeed there wasn't much doing there. Often in erstwhile years I wandered and fished and watched the Siwash Indians in their dug-out canoes. There were a few docks, built parallel with the shore, but not a single pier or slip.

On awaking from my twenty-year sleep I found my way back to the water-front, and contemplated it in awesome incredulity. For miles up and down the bay were jutting piers and immense warehouses. And then suddenly my disbelieving eyes fell upon the only familiar object in all that panorama. It was the lank figure of a one-time fisherman I had known before I slept. I seized him, but he had forgotten me. Nor could I awaken a gleam of recollection in him.

"Tell me where those piscatorial Siwashes are, who camp on the shores hereabouts?" I said to him. "And where are the shores?"

"Hey?" he inquired. "Siwashes? You got the wrong number! If you want to see a Siwash, go up to Pioneer Square. They got old Chief Seattle there, cut into stone."

I tramped a few miles up and down the water-front, and then, not finding the end of it, I let a guide take me into his automobile. He said he would show me the sights of the harbor — and he did. We dodged for miles through the traffic of Railroad Avenue, and he told me about the warehouses and wharves. Most amazing of all were the six municipal docks, representing six million dollars.

Seattle's habit of advanced thinking is exemplified in these gigantic public wharves. The more common city practise is to allow private owners to grab and hold the water-front, on which so much of the public's welfare depends.

One of the arguments used in putting through this great project was that two or three ocean-going ships mean as much to a city as one railroad; that therefore a port city should have the facilities for handling the traffic of as many ships as possible, because possession of these facilities naturally brings the ocean business.

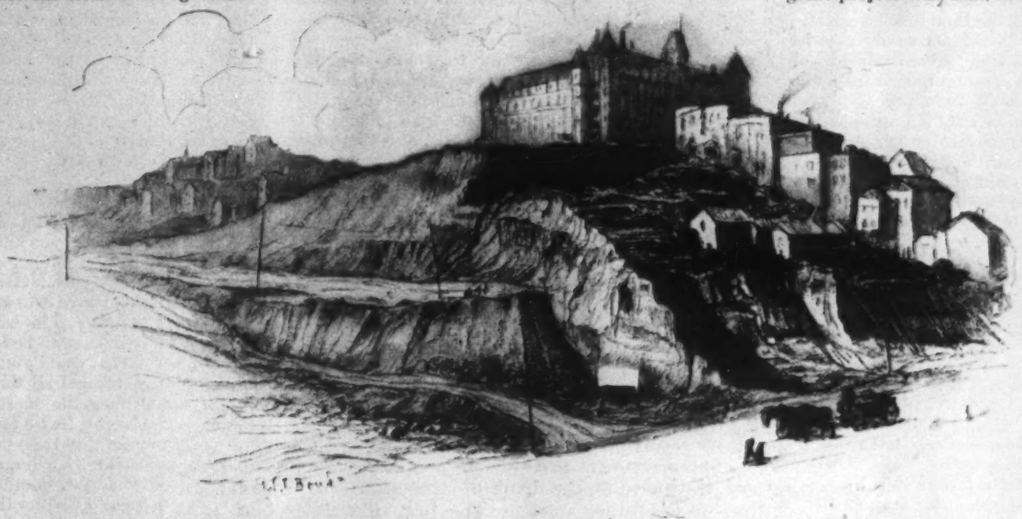
The municipal docks are operated in direct competition with the many privately owned docks of the city. They are not intended to kill individual industry. The Port Commission has a traffic man who goes out and solicits business.

My guide had been getting off a rhapsody on the climate of Puget Sound, which is practically a winterless one. It rains a good deal in the winter, though the sunshine has been more evenly distributed since so much of the near-by timber has been cut. Forty above zero, my companion remarked, was about as far down as they needed to mark the thermometers out there. Just then he got me a pass into a great concrete building which he observed was the municipal-operated warehouse and dock for fresh fish. A man with a chunk of ice in his whiskers opened an inner door, permitting the escape of an icy blast that cut through me in demoniac glee.

If anyone had told me that a Seattle thermometer would go down to twenty below zero, I would have done some croaking myself — twenty years ago. But I saw it, and felt it. After being in there ten minutes they walked me at a six-mile pace around the docks and up many flights of stairs, to get my blood going again; and they apologized because they couldn't buy me a drink. They said Seattle was dry! I could believe any change, after that!

This municipal fish warehouse is of itself a stupendous project, of special interest just now when meat is a war-needed food. Here may be stored unbelievable quantities of fresh sea food for shipment in refrigerator cars to the interior, and even to the Atlantic seaboard. I saw hundreds of tons of cod, halibut, sturgeon, mackerel, sea bass, salmon, and even the evil-minded octopus, frozen and piled as high as a room.

The fishing industry of the [*Continued on page 38*]



Denny Hill, showing the Washington Hotel during the tremendous process of regrading Seattle, the miraculous city of the West

Wild Apples

Everybody Wants to Know Who Wrote This Novel. See the Letter Below

Chapter XVI — Contention Therewith

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

JULIAN came to himself standing at a window up in his father's room, looking out into the side yard; at the back the attic cut the third floor off from any view in that direction. He glanced around; his father, pacing the room, was looking at him so keenly that it was embarrassing. The ringing of the telephone was a relief to both. His father crossed to it and listened, then turned to announce carelessly:

"Ishi says our breakfast's on."

When they got to the head of the stairs there below was his mother — in a delicate, trailing morning dress, early as it was — just coming out of his door. She looked startled and angry, as though the sight of him walking along by his father offended her sense of the appropriate — of the dramatic — the sentimental.

"Julian," she questioned sharply, "what am I to understand by your trunk being removed?"

"Now, Nettie," his father spoke up very quickly, "no cutting in. Wait till after breakfast."

"Breakfast!" She turned and walked with them. "Oh — is that where you're going?"

Julian felt his father's hand shoving him not unkindly along. They moved past her. Over a shoulder McCulloch spoke.

"Certainly. Julian's hungry. So am I. If you don't want anything — don't come down, Nettie."

"I'm going with you."

All the silent way down the wide, padded stairs, hurrying mechanically to open the door for his mother, drawing back to let her pass, Julian was remembering something he didn't know at the time that he had seen — the little, hot Willis kitchen; its smoking stove, clean-scrubbed sink, and oilcloth-covered table primly set. You could have lost it in one corner of this great, quiet dining-room. You could have put the whole Willis house into this room, with its imposing fittings.

He and his father sat down. His mother stood, tall and dissatisfied, at the end of the table.

It was a miserable moment. Miamotu, who had brought in his tray with the two breakfasts, finally set her a chair, at the end of the table, standing by, watchful-eyed, bowing.

"Madam have breakfast, too? What I bring, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," she answered. "I don't want anything." But the instant Miamotu turned to go, "Well — tell Ishi to make me a cup of chocolate. Rolls with it. Where's the fruit?" glancing at the two places already laid.

"I didn't order fruit," impatiently. "Jule said he didn't want any — and I didn't. Have the boy bring you some, Nettie. Give him your order and let him get out."

Julian sat and looked at the table in front of him while she debated the question of grape fruit or oranges, agreed to a cereal, thought she would — then thought she wouldn't — and finally took — eggs. When Miamotu bustled out he heard his father mutter as he attacked his bacon:

"I suppose you can't bounce those fellows — yet a while."

"Why should I discharge them?" she flared at him.

"You shouldn't," he returned concisely. "But I'm not going to be sorry when they're out of the house. They'll go. Japs don't last very long with you. You've never kept any servant a year, have you?"

"I've had Ben Dye on the ranch for seventeen years," coldly. "I kept Thatcher Dye here as chauffeur till it became impossible — on account of Julian."

"I'm not speaking of people like the Dyes. Better see to it that old Ben has his place for life, too — now. As for Thatch — foolishness firing him in the first place ——" he broke off and glanced at Julian who, as a sort of defense, began to eat his breakfast. "I'm going to put some money into the garage. That'll keep Thatch quiet."

"Oh!" Sudden understanding evidently silenced his mother. How stupid his father's cynical estimate was! Didn't he know a real man when he saw one and heard him talk? Well — it was an ill wind . . . Grotesquely the thought came to Julian: so this was how Thatch was to get the needed capital. He had wished — down there in Siloam — that he could provide it; and here he was at least indirectly providing it. He stole a quick glance at the man over there, eating away. The beating, yesterday evening . . . But there was no use saying that his father wasn't more a father now. He was. . . . The road in front of "Restlands," where the track took off for the little hollow . . . himself telling Lynnie that he believed he'd like to go in partnership with Thatch Dye. Under his brows he took another look at those two. His mother was out of the question. His father . . . his father . . . Oh, what was the use? He was going to leave home. Help him? Provide for him? Why, they'd never even let him go in any peaceful way. He was going to marry Lynnie, if — if she'd have him. Better just get out with as few words as possible.

His father was breakfasting with relish.

"Now about those shindigs you're having at the house, Nettie: one today and one tomorrow — isn't it?"

"Oh, Stephen" Julian, determinedly negotiating a bit of bacon, followed her movements as she fussed with her chocolate, complaining, accusing, driving Miamotu into a fluttering frenzy —"you knew I'd called off the one for Julian — you knew it."

"I didn't," sharply. "I understood last night you were going to put them both through on schedule."

"With his face in that condition? You yourself made it impossible, Stephen."

"Piffle!" but his father reddened under the taunt. "No trouble accounting for a bump like that, on a fellow who drives a car. Those two parties — er, receptions — here — good cover to our movements — none better. I depended on 'em. Let the public in. Play a plain hand. If you begin running and hiding you'll get into the papers with this; that's what you'll do."

"Well, I'm going through with the breakfast concert today. But I've called off the birthday luncheon for tomorrow," his mother said. "It's done now. It's too late to change that. And from now on I shall spare myself the trouble of making any attempt to see that he has a proper social set. The ranch is certainly the place for him — until he's fit to be seen. Uncle Ben's devoted to me. He won't ask questions."

"I'm not going to the ranch." They might as well know it.

"Well! Where are you going, then?"

"You can't keep your nib out, can you, Nettie?" his father put in before there could be any reply. "He'll stay till after ten o'clock, anyhow — probably till noon; won't you, Jule?"

"Ten o'clock? Noon?" She raised her voice, full of anger; then glanced about and dropped it suddenly. "I tell you I can't have him here — with a house full of guests. And I'd put him on the program — for the Peer Gynt suite. Everybody'll be asking . . . I shall have to be explaining . . . making up excuses ——"

"That's your part of it, Nettie. You've got to look after the social end — with Calkins to help you. Fix up whatever story you think best. Jule and I'll keep out of your way. Your breakfast's at twelve. We have those folks here at ten o'clock; probably get through the whole matter before your gang begins to arrive."

Julian's eyes were on the clock face. Eighteen minutes of nine.

"People here? What people?" cried his mother. "You didn't tell me about any engagement."

"It just came up this morning," an uneasy glance in Julian's direction. "I'll take care of it. It'll be in the library — again. Out of the way of you and your guests. May want you in — for a minute, Antoinette — that's all."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Julian wants to have a final word with — the — the girl."

"Not in my house!" she cried.

It flamed through Julian like fire. He was half out of his seat before his father began to speak, not loud, but with visibly tense jaw muscles.

"Yes. In your house." He let a browbeating gaze rest on her while that soaked in, then added, "Or, rather, in your house and mine."

"I call it horrible!" She sank back in her chair, not looking at him as she spoke, but not done quarreling. "I think you might have spared me —" she choked a moment, then went on —"the humiliation of bringing that creature into my home!"

Julian was out of his seat at a spring. It took him about three long strides to reach the door. There his father's tone, invincibly, resolutely commonplace, checked him.

"Now, Jule, don't fly off the handle. Where're you going?"

"Up to get my suitcases and put them on my machine."

"Where then, if it's not asking too much?"

"Stephen, you know well enough! Don't let him go!"

"Keep cool, Nettie. Jule'll not do anything rash. Leave it to me."

"I tell you he will. If you let him go now — he'll have to be followed and arrested."

"What could you arrest me for?" A queer fury thrilled all through Julian as he turned and flung the question at them both.

"Nettie, I wish to the Lord you'd be still! If you can't control yourself, leave the room. Y' understand I'm not making any threats, Jule — but what your mother means is that you'd have to commit perjury to get a license. You're not of age. Such a marriage could be annulled."

"I've got to stand by Lynnie," Julian broke in. "Whatever she wants ——"

He looked at them — turned and went with out a word.

Up in his room, alone, he got the full force of what had been said. He could leave home; but he couldn't marry Lynnie till he was twenty-one. Well, an honorable, acknowledged relation, then — an engagement. He picked up his suitcases and went downstairs. He hadn't a friend in the world. Crossing the hall, passing the library door, he heard his parents' voices still raised. On impulse he pushed the door half open.

"Stephen — don't speak so loud. I'm not objecting to anything you've done — or are going to do. I — I'm glad to have you — to — take charge of the situation and handle it."

"Yes. I get you. And when I'm done — you're done with me again. For twelve years we've been barely on speaking terms. Now that you need me, you think you'll whistle me up — and then send me to my kennel again when you're done with me."

"Stephen! Stephen! You're so hard. You blame me . . . with everything. I've certainly brought him up a gentleman. He certainly is that."

"Good Lord!" insultingly. "Your idea of a gentleman! He wasn't fit to run the streets by himself. That's how you brought him up! And he's my son, too — get that!" With a flash [*Continued on page 51*]

To the Editor

FROM THE MYSTERIOUS AUTHOR

YOU ask whether the author of "The Straight Road" and "Wild Apples" would wish to make acknowledgment of the abundant, heart-warming response these stories are receiving in the way of letters. Yes. Certainly. Such appreciation is priceless to any author; it is the reward, the guerdon, the drink of strength, the arms and equipment for future work. The best of writing — of doing your best — is to know that somebody found it good.

Among these letters you sent me, the one from M. C. Hoff, Beach, North Dakota, suggests that if I am not in a position to disclose my identity, readers might at least be told the reason. But there's just the point! If the reason were told, the identity would be practically disclosed. And so the only return possible to those who have been kind enough to question seems to be through this secret channel of effort, already adopted perforce.

I shall find my presentation in the spirit of Walt Whitman, who bade his readers feel, holding his book in their hands, that they held not a book but a human being.

THE AUTHOR

of "The Straight Road" and "Wild Apples."

"What could you arrest me for?" Julian flung at them

The Prize Letters

In the W. S. S. U. Contest, Which Was Suggested by

Cleveland Moffett

Some time ago Cleveland Moffett in his remarkable series in McClure's wrote an article called "How to Have Better Children." In it he raised the question of a Women's Sex Solidarity Union, and we offered several prizes for the best letters on the subject. Mr. Moffett contended that the future welfare of the race was in the hands of the women; they could make life better—if they only would. All that they had to do was to band together, and try also to force sex-complaisant women to join them! It was an original idea, to say the least, and brought forth hundreds of letters from all parts of the country. Those printed below were awarded the prizes. Each was written by a woman. Read them.

First Prize

IN his article on "How to Have Better Children," Mr. Moffett gave one of the most brilliant and searching discussions of the year. His suggestion for a Women's Sex Solidarity Union is splendid, in that it will awaken a great many to a realization of actual conditions. We owe a great debt to McCLURE'S for publishing such an article.

However, Mr. Moffett's suggestion is open to question in two vital ways. First, would the sex-complaisant women join such a union? How much good would it do for all the other women to join? Isn't it as futile to try to check this mighty evil by attempting to change the sex-complaisant, as it was to start white-ribbon societies among the drinking men, while every year saw new generations being trained to the use of alcohol? The status of sex morality is just about where the anti-alcoholic campaign was twenty-five years ago. Then we heard citizens, economists and even physicians, agreeing that the licensed saloon was a necessary evil because of the necessity and demand among men for alcohol. A knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol has absolutely changed the belief in its necessity. At present one of the bulwarks of immorality is the honest belief of many in the physical necessity of sex irregularities. What is needed imperatively is a knowledge of the effect of this irregularity upon us as a race, which will inevitably cause the bugaboo of so-called necessity to depart into the limbo of things no longer able to frighten us.

The second difficulty is that such a union would imply that all men are erring creatures who must be made to do right by means of a club held over their heads. It would put all men on the wrong side just because they are *men*. Neither sex is ordained by Nature to be the high keeper of morals for the race, and neither sex should be held responsible. We are fellow human beings, as well as men and women. If we have an organization, let it not encourage a strife between men and women as such. But let us rather have a *Race Solidarity League*, in which both men and women pledge themselves to sex refusal except under right conditions.

And the reformation of the present day transgressors would be only the *incidental* work of such a league. Its great work would be the awakening of our entire country to the prevalence and evil effect of immorality, to cleanse our minds of inherited false belief, and to educate our children aright.

With a Race Solidarity League to carry out a widespread educational campaign, we will soon have a generation of men and women who will stamp out, not only sex-complaisancy, but prostitution with all the attendant evils of disease and crime, just as China stamped out the opium evil, and the world is stamping out alcoholism. Again will be demonstrated the verity of "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." J. L. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Second Prize

THAT Cleveland Moffett is right as to one, at least, of the reasons for the great number of unmarried women, few have reason to doubt. Most of us who have reached our thirties, still unmarried, have had ample opportunity to prove the selfishness of those men who demand so much and give so little. From the time when, a high-school girl, I refused to allow any liberties from my boy friends, and was told that "the fellows won't go with you unless you do as the other girls do," up through the years, I have had proof enough that many men in many vocations demand, and many women allow, privileges that no truly self-respecting woman may give.

But why does Mr. Moffett lay the blame of all this upon the sex-complaisance of many women, and why should reform come only through our sex? Does he or anyone think these supposedly respectable and self-respecting women will do for their sex what they would not do for their own honor? Not to mention those other women who put bread in their mouths and clothes on their backs by sex-irregularity. Why should we expect them to do more for their sex than the other sex is willing to do for the race?

Why not form *Men's* Sex Solidarity Unions, to clean up the lives of the men, and make possible more happy marriages, fewer crippled, diseased children, a more efficient race? Why not ask the men to clean themselves up, rather than ask the women to force them to honorable, normal sex-relations?

We all grant that, were this sex-complaisance withheld by all women — the supposedly respectable, and the admittedly disreputable — all men must, perforce, be clean in body, if not in mind, and that, in all probability, they would seek in marriage what they cannot find outside it. Most of us admit that the greatest happiness of womanhood is denied to the husbandless, childless woman; but we also contend that the greatest misery possible to womanhood may come through an unworthy husband. If we miss the best, we also escape the worst. A man who offers me his name and his home, only because he must in order to have what he would, if possible, get without these in return, is, in substance, asking me to put myself on a level with my sisters who now give them themselves with no such return, and this fact gives me no assurance that in marrying him I should "escape the worst." When clean, intelligent, refined womanhood, appeals strongly enough to a man, he will want a home, a wife, and children, and will keep himself clean for the sake of them; if these have no such appeal, we do not want to force him by any such method as Mr. Moffett suggests.

There are those of us who, having kept ourselves clean, expect the man whose name we are to bear to be as clean as we, and for the same reason — because he prefers cleanliness. And to us a Woman's Sex Solidarity Union offers no solution of our problem.

A. W. K., IOWA.

Third Prize

THE greatest teacher of the world asks the question, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" He himself answers His own question in this way: "Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

Back of the problems of happy homes, better children and the science of eugenics, lies the problem, old as life itself — the problem of sex. By almost universal agreement its discussion has been relegated to darkness. It should be brought into the light, for light, "whether it be material or moral, is the best reformer."

As we study life in its relation to what has preceded we see that "whatever is, is in its causes just." The incapable human being, like the worthless plant, is born incapable and worthless because of fixed laws and processes of life.

> "Nature in her productions, slow, aspires,
> By just degrees to reach perfection's height,"

and the plants and unspeaking animals are constantly, through careful and painstaking study, being reproduced so as to reach perfection. What of man? Would the organization of the womanhood of the world into a great body similar to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, with small local unions in every city and hamlet and countryside, do anything toward changing present conditions as they relate to sex? I believe it would.

Charles Darwin, that most careful student of life processes, says, "We, the living generations, are like the living fringe of the coral reef, resting on an extinct basis formed by our forefathers." If women would indeed be like these little coral insects — working deep down under the waters while the waves of public sentiment roll tumultuously above their heads; working everywhere to establish the truth that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, that children shall have health and happiness whose parents have lived according to the law of life which is the law of God — another basis of life would be created.

Thought with reference to sex is needed more than thought with reference to almost anything else in the world. Many years ago I was associated with Frances E. Willard in the White Cross and White Shield Department of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It was the department of sex purity in our schools and colleges. Later I visited with Dr. Kate Bushnell the places of vice in the northern parts of the states of Wisconsin and Michigan. In both places the darkness in which the sex problem is enveloped was equally deep.

Why should not women band themselves together in a great crusade to bring light on the question of sex to every living soul as they have banded themselves to bring light on the temperance, suffrage, and many other questions?

A National Women's Sex Solidarity Union, whose purpose would be to reclaim humanity from sexual sin and to establish the laws of righteousness in the relations of men and women, would reach far in bringing about the Kingdom of Heaven on the Kingdom of Earth. MRS. E. S. D., WISCONSIN.

Fourth Prize

WHILE we acknowledge Mr. Moffett's novel article to be exceptionally well written and intensively interesting, we ask: Would it be possible or practical to attempt to put into effect the methods he suggests in order to bring about the desired result?

Apropos of his reason given for the present dearth of husbands, is it not true that the woman who enters into irregular relations with a man (supposedly the prospective husband of some other woman) proclaims herself lacking in certain moral qualities? However, according to the author's logic, it is to this woman we are directed to look for a strength of character which is to overcome her natural weakness or desire for the sake of loyalty to the *sisterhood*.

Is it reasonable to suppose that where common morality is lacking we will find such a high sense of honor?

The main subject of the original article is "How To Have Better Children." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the men who have avoided the high duties of matrimony for the reasons set forth are not fitted to become husbands, and least of all fathers, since in the first place they lacked the moral courage to assume this responsibility.

If the good women of the country must depend upon a condition which finally drives these men through desperation to assume these duties, would not these women be better off to remain unmarried to the end of their days?

And what of the children? We note the author has laid great stress upon the subject of heritage, both mental and physical. Would not the children of such a *forced marriage* (as it might well be termed) reflect the father's moral defectiveness?

Few women, I dare say, would care to admit that they had acquired husbands through any such method as the one outlined. The woman may exist who cries, "A husband at any cost!" but the majority of us, thank heaven, have too much backbone to care to pay the price. Regardless of the fact that this is an independent age, most of us still cherish the very feminine desire to be sought as helpmates through personal regard founded on the love and respect that is the basis of every true marriage — and *not* as a last resort — the only alternative left through the rigid enforcement of a disagreeable condition. G. G. R., INDIANA.

Fifth Prize

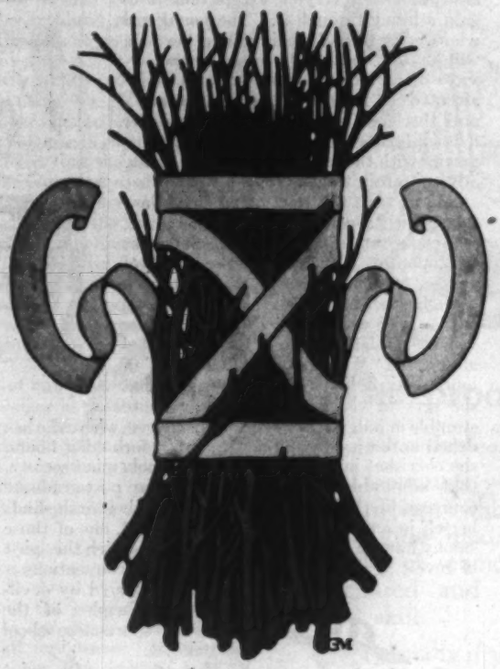
IN considering the prospects for better children, why not leave the recalcitrant, rebellious, stiff-necked bachelors who seem bent upon extinction, and the unfortunate ladies who have failed to secure husbands, and turn our attention [*Continued on page 32*]

Tying the Bundle of Sticks

A New Way of Changing Sectionalism Into Nationalism

by **James H. Collins**

Decorations by Guernsey Moore



FLORIDA is a state with a peculiar appeal to the imagination of people in all the other states. Each finds it a symbol for something that fits his or her own fancy. To the housewife, Florida stands for sweet oranges, luscious grapefruit, juicy pineapples. To the boy, it is a romantic region of sand keys, wrecks, turtles, pirates, buried treasure. With others, the symbol is, variously, an alligator, or a Seminole Indian, or a stretch of Everglades, or a leaping tarpon, or sponges, or phosphate, or bears, or peacocks — the social birds of Palm Beach. To sensible people generally, a quiet dream of middle age, and retirement, and ten acres of citrus grove, and liberty in a lasting summerland.

But these are ways in which outsiders think of Florida!

Inside the state you will find folks thinking of something that might astonish you—nothing less than the separation of Florida into the two states of North and South Florida!

You see, Florida is not altogether a land of oranges and summer.

Only its southern two-thirds has a sub-tropical climate. The northern section is one of frost hazards and general farming — tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, range cattle, lumber, turpentine. And this difference of climate has created sharp differences in politics and citizenship.

Through its appeal to the imagination, as a land of oranges and palms, Florida has been drawing people from other states for more than a generation. The keen Yankee from New England and the hustling Middle Westerner have gone there for health, or retirement, or investment, or a winter vacation, settling chiefly in the south, where the sub-tropical attractions are found, and planting fruit groves, and building homes, and putting their capital into various enterprises.

These immigrants found an older population — that of the Florida "cracker," who had been there for generations. Back in the wilderness the cracker folk got an easy, primitive kind of living, in a climate that made few demands in the way of food, clothing and housing, and hardly any at all in the way of ready money.

When the hustling Northerners arrived, and planted groves, and built towns, and wanted schools, roads, drainage and other public improvements, the easy-going, conservative cracker was frightened by the prospect of stiff taxes, and stubbornly opposed the new standards of life.

It was not long before these matters were put to the test in politics, and then the newcomers discovered that Mr. Cracker held the balance of voting power. Florida's capital is at the northern edge of the state, in a solid cracker constituency, and the proportion of older residents everywhere was sufficient to put brakes on the wheels of progress.

Two examples can be given, briefly, of the issues that cause friction between the old and the new residents of Florida — one the "no fence" situation and the other the Everglades drainage project.

In most states, a farmer who keeps livestock is bound, by law, to fence in his animals. If they get out, and attack the crops of a farmer who is growing things, the latter can collect damages — he is not required to fence crops against neighbors' cattle. But in Florida it is just the other way round. Livestock roamed at will in the wilderness. There were few crops to protect. The burden of fencing was put on the man who planted. This practise still prevails in all but one or two counties far south. The fruit-grower and truck-farmer must protect their crops with strong fences. If cattle get in and do damage, they lose, that's all. If they hurt a cow or hog in driving them out, the livestock owner can collect damages. For years, those who raise crops in Florida have tried to have a state-wide "no fence" law passed, putting the burden of fencing on the livestock owner who owns cows and hogs, but no land. But the conservative cracker vote has steadily defeated such measures at Tallahassee.

The Everglades drainage project is somewhat similar politically.

Southern Florida has five million square miles of rich muck land, with Lake Okechobee at the northwest corner. The lake is forty miles wide, and only a few feet above sea level. Sixty-six inches of rain falls on those lands every summer — more than the rainfall in any American city, and three times that of London. The slope of the land is so slight that a month is required for water to run off after rains stop. And so the Everglades are swamp part of each year, and on that account were long regarded as worthless. But, at a cost of about five dollars an acre for drainage, this great tract of land could be turned into farms as fertile as any in the world. Thousands of people, anticipating a comprehensive state system of drainage canals, have bought Everglades land. But, again — politics! Instead of carrying out a sound engineering development of this whole section, the Florida legislature has nibbled at it suspiciously. Small appropriations have been made from time to time. Sectional jealousy has made the northern counties unwilling to pay taxes on an improvement that apparently benefits only the southern part of the state. There has been job-making, and complications such as separate canal projects by private interests — in other words, the familiar political muddle of a big opportunity.

Now, with difficulties of this sort to contend with, the hustling new residents of southern Florida have thought of a surprising remedy.

"Let us cut the state in two," some of them propose. "Let South Florida go ahead unhampered by the conservative vote of the northern counties, while North Florida could be a state to itself, and work out its own destinies."

Of course, not everybody in southern Florida is in favor of such a radical plan. But it has been seriously advocated as a way out of political difficulties, and there are some very plausible arguments to support it.

This idea of securing a divorce for sections of a community that cannot live happily together in all public matters is being advanced in other parts of our country.

Take California as another example. It is the second largest state in the Union, and extends over nearly ten degrees of latitude. That gives wide differences of climate, crops, people, political aims and ideals generally. The southern and northern parts of California are so far apart on many questions that there is always considerable friction, and separation into two states has been advocated as the cure for this incompatibility.

Montana shows the same unrest simmering. This is the third largest state, with a free-handed, liberal-spending mining population in the west, and rather a straight-laced farming population in the east. At the last election, the farmers had sufficient voting power to take away the miners' liquor. If there had been two states, East and West Montana, their wishes in this, as well as other matters, might have been quite different.

The same difficulty is found in the political relations of the state of Illinois and the city of Chicago. This big city is badly administered, with paving neglected, employees' salaries sometimes overdue, and other difficulties to obstruct good municipal housekeeping. The trouble is rooted in an inadequate charter, granted Chicago by the state years ago, with borrowing power for an ordinary country town. State and city have never been able to agree on a more modern scheme, because the heavy country vote in Illinois, coupled with suspicion of Chicago as a wicked place to be kept within limits, has set up incompatibility that almost justifies absolute divorce with alimony.

The family relations of New York City and New York State are full of similar discords and misunderstanding, and over the United States as a whole, especially in the West, one can find identical tendencies. In the end, they all come down to the simple principle that towns, and cities, and sections of states, have gone through vigorous local development the past ten or fifteen years, stimulated by the "booster" spirit, and the local superiority idea has been rather overdone, and there has been neglect in cultivating friendly understanding with neighboring communities — indeed, often actual hostility, cultivated in mistaken sectional pride. Now the time has clearly come for broader development — the welding together of sections into states, and the states into groups, and finally the disappearance of sectionalism in nationalism.

There is an old story:

A rich man lay on his deathbed. To impress upon his sons their responsibilities in inheriting his wealth, he called them together and handed them a bundle of sticks, asking each in turn to break it. Not one of them was strong enough.

"Untie the bundle and try breaking the sticks singly," he directed.

They did, and that was easy.

"Let this teach you that nobody can break you as long as you hold together," he said. "But you will be broken quickly if you fall out among yourselves."

That story furnishes a sound statement of policy for communities suffering from "incompatibility of temperament:"

The bundle of sticks cannot be made stronger by taking it apart — tie the string tighter!

Leadership is needed, usually. Incompatibility arises from lack of acquaintance between conflicting sections. They must be brought together on some human basis.

One excellent illustration of how to tie the string tighter comes from Florida itself.

When the East Coast Railroad was extended, twenty-odd years ago, Henry Flagler selected a place in the tropical forest, with one general store, an old fort and a village of Seminole Indians as the site for a winter resort. Hotels were built, tourists came, and the climate led wealthy visitors to buy land and build homes. Today this place is Miami, with twenty thousand people, and such enterprise that it might well be called "the city of stunts." There is a spirit of enterprise about Miami that makes its real-estate values [*Continued on page 34*]

Posing, Posing!—*by* James L. Ford

Cartoons by James Montgomery Flagg

THE young woman who desires to put her youth, education and talents to practical account rather than use them as bait in the ancient big, or little, game of husband-hunting has commanded my respect and sympathy ever since she first came within my ken.

The real "new woman," or "bachelor maid" as the Sunday supplements have dubbed her, is the legitimate product of modern conditions, the graduate of a college instead of a ladies' seminary and working under many handicaps, one of the least of which is her physical weakness. She is so new to this world, so wanting in background, so hampered by conventions devised for the guidance of her great-grandmothers, that the mistakes she makes from time to time are not to be wondered at.

Experience is the very best of teachers, but, while a young man enjoys the priceless privilege of making a fool of himself in early life, the young woman is deterred from taking that so-called educational course. The sowing of wild oats has no place in her curriculum, though she must frequently reap the bitter harvest.

The counsel that she has received, both at home and in college, has been, largely speaking, from the lips of those but little wiser in modern worldly lore than herself. The worthy clergyman, the writer of "women's stuff" in the daily prints, the home-staying parent, the college professor, have prepared her for the struggle with conditions in which they have never had a part. And the graduating class of a modern woman's college is addressed very much as was the Young Ladies' Seminary of forty years ago, despite the fact that the feminine world has undergone tremendous changes since the early seventies. Platitudes about "contentment in the home" and the best employment of the "rosy hours of maidenhood" do not satisfy the spirit that dominates the thoughtful and ambitious young woman of today. She has received an education and wishes to turn it to practical account in the affairs of the world.

She is indeed of recent growth — this girl who wishes to do something; but none the less surely has she come amongst us and come to stay. The time for pounding on the table and wanting to know "what has come over these young women that they must needs go trapesing off to make a living," has long since gone by. Life has come over them and the desire for independence. Stirring within their breasts is the same instinct that leads the young robin to slip over the edge of the home nest and try its feeble wings in a flight for which it is ofttimes as ill-prepared as is the young girl journeying to the city and dreaming of her "career."

To our innocent young friend who comes to her for the purpose of describing in newspaper or magazine her most recent activities, the semi-public woman turns a smiling face

And this notion of a career plays a much more important part in the mind of the college-bred girl than in that of her brothers, whose ambitions, largely speaking, are confined to money-making. Possessing a livelier imagination and having in mind the many notable achievements of her sex in the various fields of art and letters in which she can compete with man on almost equal terms, her thoughts turn quite naturally to the pen, the stage or the brush, all of which offer fame as well as livelihood. And it is of these worthily ambitious ones, rather than of their sisters of the ledger, the shop-counter, the typewriter or the always becoming nurse's uniform, that I wish to speak here.

Working for a living does not harden a woman. If she has obtained a position in a newspaper office she will be told to write only what she thinks — which advice, scrupulously followed, will lead to her discharge at the end of the first week. If she desires to become an artist or a writer of fiction she will be solemnly warned against every association, every experience in life that might fit her for either of those callings.

But the greatest volume of bad counsel is reserved for the embryo actress, as the amateur counselors know less about that profession than any other calling. The stage is a sealed book to everyone except those who gain a living through it. The young girl who wishes to make this calling her own will be told, first of all, to secure the services of a chaperon, and will also be instructed to "remember that she is a lady" and therefore to hold herself above her fellow-players and not form any intimacies with them. Here is enough idiotic advice to ruin the career of a Rachel!

Let us take the case of an imaginary young girl, a concrete type of her kind, who sets out from college on the great metropolitan adventure — she will, of course, turn her footsteps to New York — high hopes in her heart, her ears ringing with advice well designed to obscure her vision. In fancy she sees herself enrolled among the "Women Who Do Things" of journalistic fiction which is a sure sign that she errs in vision and is quite sure to stumble in judgment. Fresh from college, where she has defied authority by making fudge in forbidden hours, she cherishes in her soul a desire for bohemian society, that admirable elective study in the post-graduate course of life. It will not be long, then, before she finds herself in a cheap table d'hôte restaurant, one of those smoky haunts of self-assertive genius in which the spirit of revolt against established ideals and conventions is devoutly fostered by devil-may-care disciples of the share-and-share-alike school of thought.

Her mentor will point to "some of the brightest men on the press" and perhaps summon to their table and present to her a gentleman who "would rank with de Maupassant if he lived in Paris instead of in this Philistine city. Brain of a Webster, pen of an Addison and a heart of pure gold!" And the Crichton will proceed to demonstrate the golden qualities of his heart by fierce denunciations of every prosperous toiler in the literary vineyard. Other neglected children of genius will flit by her and from one of them she will learn that there is but one place in all the town where it is possible to breathe the pure air of art, untrammeled by the absurd conventions of an obsolete civilization — "so-called civilization," her informer will add with Heine-like bitterness. This favored spot is the apartment of the Misses Gibbs and Grimble, reared in peaceful Brooklyn and now ranking amongst the most "advanced of their sex in the newest world of protest and intellectual unrest."

These estimable ladies entertain their friends on Sunday evenings in their high-ceiled "studio," and it is there that the favored ones may drink of the well of higher thought and artistic ideals, pure and undefiled.

Our young girl awakens the next morning with memories of the night's orgy whirling through her brain in a mad riot of tobacco smoke, sparkling conversation, strange foreign dishes, wicker-covered bottles of chianti, and the blue flames of brandy burning in coffee spoons. One impression has become strongly rooted in her mind — the town is full of unappreciated Chattertons, starving in their garrets, and the thought awakens in her that most perilous of feminine emotions, the maternal instinct. She wishes that she could do something to better the lot of the neglected ones, to feed and clothe them and perhaps help them up the difficult heights of Parnassus. Her new acquaintance has offered to take her to the studio of unconfined thought and she feels that she can hardly wait for Sunday to come round.

There are a score of enlightened ones in the studio of the Misses Gibbs and Grimble when she enters, and the light that shines through the tobacco smoke from half a dozen colored lanterns reveals a long, snaky form in trailing green garments writhing out from a dark corner to bid her welcome. It is Miss Grimble with an ugly, meaningless bandage of green muslin drawn lightly over her head. She gazes with intense earnestness into the pretty face of the newcomer and makes unintelligible sounds of greeting with her mouth and vocal chords, without removing the cigarette from between her lips. She has made headlong progress toward complete moral and intellectual emancipation since she left Brooklyn and began to meet actors.

"Come and sit with me," she says, drawing the newcomer to her dark corner. "Mr. Nickleback is going to recite."

This proves to be only too true. Mr. Nickleback recites one of his own poems in such deeply passionate tones that the visitor is profoundly impressed, especially with the verse that causes a grimy, long-haired youth to writhe on the sofa and twist his thin legs into strange tangles while he mutters between clenched teeth: "God, how it bites!"

As the applause subsides Miss Grimble indicates some of the more distinguished of her guests with the hand that holds her cigarette, accompanying her words with a running commentary on their accomplishments and enthusiasms. "Mr. Nickleback is one of the few great poets in this country. He's interested, heart and soul, in our movement and is full of fire and passion. Miss Wilcox, in blue, next him, works in hammered brass and has a play almost accepted. Of course you recognize the man next her? No! You really surprise me, but then you've not been long in New York. Why, that's Ringbolt, the only intellectual actor on our stage. Where is he acting? You don't imagine that the Syndicate would let an actor of his genius appear, do you? Nowhere, of course, but he's to have a part in Miss Wilcox's play — a wonderful psychological part! I've heard him read it and he was positively thrilling. There's a notable little group in the corner talking very earnestly. You wouldn't believe it, my dear, but they're anarchists, every one of them — soap-box orators. Oh, no! they don't approve of this war. I've no doubt the police are shadowing them now. You'll find them right in the thick of every meeting in Union Square. . . . Mr. Daubmere, the artist — wonderful atmospheric charm — could make a fortune if he would consent to paint for the hanging committees. Kitty Middleman, beautiful repoussé work and opposed to capital punishment. The Countess Montressor, dances 'The Dawn of Love'— beautifully symbolic [*Continued on page 65*]

In the little group of earnest thinkers we see the Moscow student pose

True Talk

by Richard Le Gallienne

I — The Disappearance of the Vulgar Rich

ONE good result of the multiplication of large fortunes in America is that a large fortune is no longer an astonishment, no longer a distinction. It is, in fact, so much the usual thing, that it has ceased to be worth mentioning. One takes it for granted that a business man is rich, as one takes it for granted that an artist is poor; and one fact calls for comment no more than the other.

Of course, it goes without saying that the well-bred rich have always taken their wealth for granted, like the laws of gravitation, but their attitude has until recently been exceptional. It has not had sufficient weight to over-awe the wealthy vulgarians into a seemly reticence in regard to their possessions. There have been populous social areas — as, of course, in a lessening degree, there still are — where they and their over-dressed wives and daughters could flaunt and lord it. Now, however, even the vulgar rich themselves are beginning to realize that gold-braid has become so common that the game of dazzle-my-neighbor must be played with other counters. The parade of wealth no longer dazzles. It merely bores and distresses. To draw attention to the costliness of this or that is to make everyone uncomfortable. It is much more the thing to pride oneself on the inexpensiveness of our pleasant accessories and achievements, the frugality of the means employed to charming ends. The positively esthetic value of skilled economy in the attainment of results is being recognized. Wasteful display is more and more seen for what it is — a mere tasteless out-pouring of money-bags. Realizing that money can do anything we cease to be surprised at anything money, mere money, does. Individual taste or originality in the spending of money alone rescues the spender from obscurity.

What one might call, too, a sense of the social obesity of immense, unwieldy fortunes, is on the increase, that there is indeed something vulgar in possessing so many thousands times more than we can possibly make any use of. We hear far more often than we used to of men declaring themselves satisfied with a moderate fortune which they can really enjoy. The *nouveau riche* is a disappearing genus — at least on this side of the water. I have, however, heard that he has been somewhat painfully prominent in England of late years. Be that as it may, as a stock jibe against America he is decidedly out of date.

II — Growing Older

RECENTLY re-reading Turgenev's "On the Eve," I put the book down at this sentence: "*The old man — he was almost fifty, he had married late in life . . .*" The italics are mine, for Turgenev wrote in all seriousness. With serene unconsciousness, he expressed the view of his time. At fifty, or rather, "almost fifty," you were an old man practically ready for the undertaker. Similarly in Sir Walter Scott, a man of forty, such as Guy Mannering — an exceedingly active soldierly gentleman, as I recall him — was well advanced into the Valley of the Shadow. That a future would ever dawn when young sparks, almost twice fifty, and certainly twice forty, would be gaily footing it in the one-step no more occurred to those great writers than the possibility of a Zeppelin raid — and, strictly between the reader and myself, I am not sorry that they were spared the spectacle.

Now, in our day, we have notoriously changed all that, and — apart from such deplorable exaggerations of it as just hinted at — the time limit for youth, and even romance, has been very considerably and sensibly extended. No healthy human being, man or woman, is old at forty, or fifty, or even sixty. In fact, we all know many delightful and vigorous people who tempt one to go further by two decades. The most beautiful, and really — not sentimentally — youngest woman I know, is eighty. She wears glasses, it is true, and suffers slightly from rheumatism. Doubtless, she would find it difficult to swim a mile. But all those disabilities she shares with countless technically, that is chronologically, "young" people. In all the essentials of youth, she is the equal of any of them; though, of course, if to be young is merely to be immature, she must confess herself out of court.

I am here, of course, only expressing the modern point of view in which it was my impression that even the technically young of our day shared. But another beautiful and witty lady with whom I discussed the matter — a lady whom no one could accuse of having passed thirty, were it not for the damning evidence of a beautiful grown-up daughter — shook her head and smiled ruefully. "Don't you believe it," she laughed. "Certainly the technically young, as you call them, are nowadays strangely polite and merciful — or they have been very well trained by their aspiring elders. But in their secret hearts . . ." She laughingly shrugged the rest.

"How do you know?" I asked. "What are the signs?"

"Here are three or four," she answered, "and they are all that are necessary.

"(1) When your nephews and nieces begin to drop the 'aunt' or 'auntie' in addressing you, and ostentatiously call you by your Christian name — to make you feel (bless their hearts!) that you are still one of them, that there is practically no difference between your ages — and, in the next breath, speaking of some third person, among themselves, say, 'Oh, she must be at least thirty!'

"(2) When they tell you that forty is 'as young as need be' — that indeed, to be younger is absurd.

"(3) When they say that a little gray in the hair is really most becoming — that they only wish they had a little in theirs. Again, bless them! and

"(4) When, in an unfortunate moment of forgetfulness, they come respectfully and ask you to be one of the chaperons or patronesses at a dance of 'some young people.' And you go, and, of course, no young man presumes to ask you to dance; but, instead, all of them treat you with as much respect as though you went on crutches."

And then my witty friend turned on me: "What are the signs among men?"

I stammered for a moment, and then got out of it some way or other. Of course, I couldn't be ungallant enough to tell the truth, and to say that I really had no idea. . . .

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21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Prize Letters in the W. S. S. U. Contest — *Continued from page 28*

to the ardent youth soon to take their places?

There is no reluctance here, no hanging back from destiny! The adolescent boy as well as the adolescent girl is looking forward to the romance of love and marriage. We have the opportunity to launch upon the strong current of primitive feeling our higher standard of morals. No appeal to "sex solidarity" or any superimposed ethical feeling, can compare with this method which recognizes a psychological necessity.

Emerson says of progress, "The direction is forever onward, but the artist still goes back for materials and begins with the first elements upon the most advanced stage." So modern psychology explains how each new generation must start with a few very old instincts whose reactions are modified in all the many different ways that are represented by the science, the morals, the culture of our civilization. For instance, the modern man on his way to supper has the same hunger as the savage and the dog. But differences in the way hunger is gratified are so great that should the civilized man be confronted with raw meat or the garbage pile his craving for food would disappear. The circumstances which in varying degrees have accompanied the gratification of appetite — clean, well-cooked food — clean dishes, warmth, light, grace at table and cheerful faces opposite — even flowers and music — have all become a part of appetite.

To modify the sex instinct in the way that is desired means simply to focus upon the mind of youth the widely diffused ideals of the age concerning a single standard of morals for the sexes together with the facts revealed in the science of eugenics. We must instill the sense of obligation to race and country, too, coupled with personal pride in the aristocracy of a pure and noble family type.

At present we have suppression of the instinct of reproduction as shown in childlessness and vice, in artificial ways of living and the over-emphasis upon individual happiness in the marriage relation. Adolescent youth is flooded with emotional literature at a time when the nervous system is already in a state of emotional instability. This literature intensifies upon the personal side of marriage, and ignores the racial and social side to which the young mind is quite as susceptible. Whatever ideals and ideas are committed to the tide of sex emotionalism actively present between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, are carried on into the more stable periods of life, there to become the permanent bases of thought and action.

Cannot we parents, teachers, ministers and guardians of the general welfare be moved to pity for earnest youth making its plea to life for happiness? It is easy to determine the content of those inevitable romantic dreams if we but lend our sympathy and understanding when it is so much needed. The faithfulness of one man and one woman to each other has been the theme of great literature in all ages. "The whole world loves a lover," and still more it may be said a constant lover. Amid all the complex conditions that threaten the modern marriage, the growth of individualism and the uncertainties attending the development of character, there is still a purpose great enough to minimize all chance. It is the one purpose that at once justifies and glorifies love. The one way to make the love of men and women for each other secure is to merge it into the greater love of both for their children.

MRS. W. P. W., NEW YORK.

Sixth Prize

THE case of Wife versus Woman as presented by Mr. Moffett is terribly true, and the solution offered to this problem is, in the existing state of civilization, unfortunately the only one available or practical. But this solution will not be accepted, practical, just and an effective means to a worthy end though it is, for these reasons:

First, our women will not stand loyally together in such a cause, for the spirit of sex rivalry is by far stronger in their nature than is the desire thus to attain a solution of a universal sex problem. The desire of conquest over her own kind, the glory of winning, taking and keeping the object of competition, in face of rivalry, is a sport too deeply implanted in the feminine nature to forego, for the sake of a universal service. Jealousy is too strong an ally to permit sex solidarity to stand.

Second, such a Union would require the pledge to be not for a term of years, but for life. Anything less, even when the desired goal is attained, would put a still more serious problem and a more disastrous one before us, where disloyalty would be more far-reaching than now. And how many of those to whom this Union would mean most would take the oath of allegiance?

Third, how many of us to whom home, husband and child have a supreme meaning, would be satisfied to gain those things by such a method? Compulsory Husbandhood does not sound well to those who listen for a divine call to those things, and there are still such among us who are not yet disillusioned. A husband attained by a sex boycott is not the father we want for our child. Legalized prostitution lacks even that tarnished glitter of freedom, which that without the law has. It would indeed protect the race and our sex, but would the earnest home-maker be much nearer to a better way by the means used? Would not the solving of the problem of the husband still leave the problem of the child unsolved?

Mr. Moffett is right: we women do not use sex power as the *best* means to the *best* end, but as the most effective means to any individual end.

C. R., NEW YORK.

Seventh Prize

WHILE the subject of better babies, getting husbands, and sex-complaisance have been before the public in many forms, the idea of sex solidarity on the part of woman is exceedingly novel. But interesting as it is and perhaps good in many ways, yet the idea, I believe, is directly opposed to the femininity of women, for the following reasons:

1. First and foremost, every woman wants to have her love affair. She wants to be wooed and won. She cannot degrade herself by using obvious means. Indeed, when she does use force and succeeds in her design, she in her heart dislikes the process. It hurts her feminine egoism.

2. She dislikes keenly and resents a man being interested in her only physically. She wants to feel that a man loves her from all other standpoints as well.

3. She enjoys the battle of charms in which she engages when interested. She would endure any suffering rather than to feel that she had no use for her charms against her female antagonists, in the game of love. She would chafe miserably under the yoke of knowing she had won a man simply through his need of woman and then held him because there was no competition.

4. And last, it is not woman's nature to form unions with other women; and long experience has shown her that woman is untrustworthy in regard to any other woman when it comes to love. So long as woman is woman, I believe that each woman will stand alone, fight alone, and act on her own discretion when a man is the object.

To every woman is given the love of love; even more, the necessity to love and be loved. Without love, woman's life is a barren waste. But each woman will love in her own way.

J. F., NEW YORK.

Eighth Prize

FROM the standpoint of woman's good, marriage is essential, but whether the formation of a national Women's Sex Solidarity Union would result in forcing all men into marriage is a question.

The cause of the vast number of unmarried men and women of marriageable age is due, not alone to "sex-complaisance" on the part of the modern woman, but to a very real economic condition. In the memory of many now living, a wife was necessary to a man's success. When the population of the country was largely rural, and everything had to be manufactured at home, from the clothing worn to the candles which illuminated the dwelling, woman's work was essential to man's material welfare, and it was cheaper to marry a wife, or two or three, than hire a housekeeper. That woman gave to the last ounce of her strength, many a tombstone bears eloquent tribute: "Sacred to the memory of Eliza Ann, fourth wife of Ebenezer Pinchpenny."

We face different conditions today. Woman is not, in the same measure, a vital factor in man's success, nor is man necessary to woman's livelihood or usefulness. Many of us have more comfort and even luxury by our own efforts than we should have in marriage, and we have an independence which is doubly appreciated in view of the dependence of our grandmothers.

But irrespective of whether marriage is necessary on the grounds just stated, it is necessary to woman's well-being, to the rounding and completing of her life. "Love is with man a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," and anything which tends to make it possible for all women to find mates is eminently worth while. But is it likely that women would work in harmony for the attainment of any object, even this one so closely touching their hearts? Is not the jealousy of woman for her sister-woman too deep-seated a part of her nature to permit of concerted action even in such a cause? The same disloyalty to her sex which causes a woman when once she is safely married to do nothing to assist an unmarried friend in reaching the same condition; the same disloyalty to her sex which permits the supposedly respectable, and self-respecting woman to hold and act upon this sex-complaisance theory, thereby stealing from some other woman a possible husband; the same disloyalty to her sex which gives to stolen fruits an added sweetness would work against the success of such an organization. It is a masculine characteristic to stand together, and it is because men have been united in asserting that sexually they should be judged by a different measure than women that we have a "double standard" of morals today. In the face of woman's recognized disloyalty to her own sex, what chance would a W. S. S. U. have against a united manhood? Confident of its ultimate defeat, would not men be able to hold out against such an organization? It is my belief that amelioration of present conditions will come from co-operation of the men in raising the ideals of both sexes rather than from woman's effort to coerce.

E. P., OHIO.

Ninth Prize

I AM ready to maintain that there does exist at this moment a mighty sex solidarity among women. Many of its own members may not be conscious of its psychological basis — which is no more nor less than sex refusal — but its existence and its permanence are shown in the great feminist movement and all other movements in which women are concerned. Sex solidarity and loyalty are the life blood of all effort to improve the conditions surrounding women.

It is this sex solidarity that is creating a new standard of virtue. These united forces have for their stimulus the incentive to free those members of the sex who are victimized through loneliness, wage servitude, or vanity. They seek to substitute for that mask of sex-complaisance a real life. What this sex solidarity actually has determined is that it will not use its sex influence to induce its natural mates to represent its political life. It has a wholesome desire to speak for itself.

It has been gradually borne in upon women that they owe a greater allegiance to society than they do to individual men. This conviction, at first reluctantly accepted, perhaps, has acted like a magnet to draw them together into a great amalgamation. The unmarried condition of great numbers of them is very good evidence that a large class is already refusing to bear and to bring children up in the atmosphere which unworthy husbands and fathers reserve the right to create. It is coming more and more to our girls and women that they ought to demand cleanliness and healthfulness as a heritage from the fathers of the race. It may be read in the signs of the times that women are refusing to be mothers until they can be mothers right.

The reconstruction, the cleansing, cannot be a one-sex affair. It must begin with the inside of the cup. The male has reserved for himself the advantage, the choice in every situation. It does not speak well for him that in large numbers he of the assumed protectorship should manifest more than willingness to take advantage of misfortune, helplessness or moral weakness; nor does that fact impress upon us the belief that he is a suitable progenitor for superior family stock. He cannot be excused because of loneliness, wage servitude, nor any desire even so pardonable as love of admiration.

The science of animal breeding teaches that the male progenitor can hope to have worthy descendants only if he be pure of blood, strong and healthful — a perfect genetic specimen — and his master sees to it that he does not dissipate his life force. Fully as much is required of him as of his mate.

I see no profit for the world in becoming the recipient of the offspring of the moral weakling, the habitué of the brothel, the parasite who preys upon the lonely one, the wage slave, or the vain and silly creature who is taught that it is her business to lure him. The children thus fathered, be they mothered by never so eugenic a production, would still inherit the germs of weak, lustful and promiscuous habits and tendencies.

Economical and political independence are necessary to right motherhood. Until the mother can have a voice in the laws that govern her own and her children's environment, there will still be the menace of the brothel supplied by the hordes of the feeble-minded; the class taught polygamy as a religion; the warring nation which will permit its soldier class to beget illegitimate children to keep its military ranks supplied with cannon fodder.

J. C. G., PENNSYLVANIA.

Tenth Prize

A QUESTION of increasing interest over which our parents have pondered, which we ourselves have studied and our children will in their turn contemplate, is the sex problem. It will always be of vital interest to everyone, for it is the one great function of life which affects us all in common. We cannot control the impulses of our brothers and sisters. They often seem hypnotized into marriages that we cannot understand. We call the impulse love. It walks hand in hand with passion. This tremendous force, as Mr. Moffett calls it, let loose upon the earth, has made of us all common clay, and therefore any problem relating to it is of mutual interest to the community at large. When the difficult age of adolescence has passed and we settle into the calm of middle life, we look back over our mistakes and wish that we could help others to avoid the obstacles we have stumbled over.

The idea of a Women's Sex Solidarity Union is an entirely new thought. In the great field of sociological research many theories have been advanced by people offering ways of bettering economic conditions, but nothing so definite and concrete has ever before been advanced. At first thought we are liable to scoff at this idea as impractical; to call it visionary. But stop and consider — not many years ago no one outside an asylum would have ventured to suggest that wagons could be drawn without horses, or that pictures would move, men fly and voices come out of a box. These events are now every-day occurrences and there is no reason to suppose that, in this advanced age of intellectual research and undreamed-of accomplishments a great, world-wide reform such as a Women's Sex Solidarity Union is not feasible. It would do you and me, our children, our friends, our relatives — in short, the whole nation — more good than all the combined benefits derived from modern inventions. We would no longer have to shed a secret tear for our childhood chum whose husband has openly deserted her for some chorus girl, or tremble for the future of our sons, or the many other sordid worries that are liable to press in upon our daily lives. The State would be relieved of a heavy burden. There could be no red-light districts and we would not be daily confronted with the morbid details of lives such as Harry K. Thaw's. These are only a few of the lasting benefits to be derived from a concerted action upon the part of womankind as a whole. In other words, this is the end in view. But what about the means to attain that end? This question deals with another phase of the situation and could be taken up by those who have initiative enough to start the Union.

A reform of this character would rightly be named by posterity as the greatest achievement of the age.

MRS. A. S. M., BROOKLYN.

[*Continued on page 40*]

How I Broke My Husband

[*Continued from page 9*]

"It's all part of the game, John dear," I would say. "If you want a five-thousand-dollar job, you must look and live like a five-thousand-dollar man. Think of the day when you'll be making five thousand dollars a year, and we are living on three thousand dollars."

But we never did! Like most women, I let our expenses keep pace with or outstrip our income. The wife of the man earning fifty dollars a week, tries to dress her children as well and give them as many luxuries as the wife of the seventy-five-dollar-a-week man. So before long she is actually spending seventy-five dollars a week, and figuring that pretty soon her husband will earn a hundred, and then they can live on seventy-five dollars and save twenty-five. But she is always coming upon one thing more which she thinks her children should have to keep pace with friends and neighbors.

So it was on the Hill. If you wanted your children to mix with those of your neighbors, you did as your neighbors did. This meant dancing-lessons for all three of our children at a price we could not afford to spend.

Then came talk of organizing a country club. I knew that if I was to hold our social position for the children, we must belong to the club. I did not tell John it was for the children, however. I advised him to be a charter member, saying, "The man you play golf with one day is the man who will talk business with you the next."

He fell into the trap, as most men do, and it did help him to put through some big deals for the firm; but in the long run, I made more use of the country club than John did. I induced the house committee to let me give a party for Beth on the club grounds. The favors came from a famous oriental shop in New York. The society editors published pictures of the children at supper on the porch.

I could have given the party for half the money in our own home, but not with as good results. You see, our colony on the Hill was not fashionable. It was merely nice. After Beth's party at the country club, she was invited to the more exclusive homes downtown. That was what I had worked for.

Understand that, for myself, I had no social ambitions. But I thrilled every time John's salary was increased, every time my children received any social attentions. I meant that they should have the education, training and introductions which would fit them for good society. I loved to see them beautifully dressed, popular. It made me glow when I realized that these good looking, nice mannered children had been born to the union of a fifteen-dollar clerk and a struggling teacher. Here indeed was a triumph for democracy and the equality of opportunity!

When John's salary reached the five-thousand-dollar mark, we moved away from the Hill to a more fashionable section of the city. Just as my husband was outstripping the men he had found at the plant, so I gradually drifted away from life on the Hill.

In our new neighborhood, I could not take Beth and Alice to parties. They were supposed to go in charge of a maid. And of course all our new neighbors had cars. I finally induced John to buy a small machine and drove it myself to save the expense of a chauffeur. I checked John's complaints about the cost of upkeep by driving him to and from the plant. He had come to hate the long daily trip in crowded trolleys. But if John stopped complaining, the upkeep of the car went right on.

So I again fell into the habit of opening accounts. Managers of department-stores were glad to extend credit to the high-salaried men at the plant, and I could shop more quickly if I said to a salesgirl, "Charge, please," instead of waiting for change. But I knew down in my heart that I bought more things, and a more expensive grade of goods, when they did not have to be paid for until the first. Another thing, now that I had to give more time to the social life of my children, I gave less time and thought to the house. Instead of going to market each morning, I ordered by telephone, and instead of economizing in my kitchen, I had to trust the meals to a servant who did not know how hard my husband worked for his money, and who cared less.

Sometimes in the hurly-burly of my new life, I stopped to complain to myself or the servants about the increased cost of living, but I always blamed it on political conditions, men who formed corners in food stuffs, or freight rates. I never criticised my laxness in household management nor the luxuries which I supplied to my children.

I never discussed it with John, either. I felt that he ought not to be bothered. He was being talked of as a coming man, and everything was going swimmingly with him, when he came down with pneumonia. Whether he was delirious or clear of head, he worried about money. We had practically nothing in the savings bank. If he did not recover, what would become of me and the children? I learned that he had been fretting over our affairs for some time, but I kept reassuring him. Something certainly would turn up for a man who worked as hard as he had. And it did!

Again my thrifty relative in California came to my aid. This time he left me a legacy of two thousand dollars!

To pacify John I paid the expenses of his illness and a lot on bills on which we had been paying small amounts.

But it just seemed as if John's salary never kept up with the demand for new things in the home.

Then Beth developed a weak throat and I needed a closed car to send her to and from school. The last item required all the diplomacy I could command. John finally yielded, but exacted a condition. Our income for the next twelve months would be reduced by five hundred dollars, which he proposed to invest in life insurance.

"We don't seem to be able to save anything else," he said, "and I insist that one-tenth of my income shall be set aside to protect you in case anything happens to me."

But again Fortune was kind to me. Before I was forced to meet that five-hundred-dollar cut in our income, John's salary was increased to seven thousand. He admitted that the raise came because I had been kind to the very stupid daughter of the very sensitive president of the company. And two years later John was made manager of the New York plant at ten thousand dollars a year

This raise came just in the nick of time.

Beth and Jack were ready to go away to school, and I wanted to send them to schools patronized by our rich friends. I felt that their future depended upon the connections they made at school and college. I wanted them to marry and move in the social class for which I had so carefully prepared them. They had inherited their father's personal charm, and my intelligence. They were bound to get ahead. John and I might remain plodders to the end of our days, but our children would amount to something.

So Jack went to a preparatory school for Princeton and Beth went to The Towers. Twenty-five hundred dollars a year, or one-fourth of John's income, went for their expenses. It was not spent on board and tuition only, but on incidentals, "proms," suppers, lunches and suitable clothes for their week-end visits. John and I had settled in a quiet suburb, so I had time to make most of the luxurious garments which Beth wore, lingerie, blouses and neckwear. Except for athletics and outdoor tramps, she wore silk stockings, and shoes that cost ten dollars or more a pair.

I always felt a strange thrill when I looked at her well-shod feet and realized that once upon a time her father and I had lived a whole week on the price of her shoes and stockings. Not that either Beth or Alice was over-dressed. They never wore jewelry. But whatever they had was of the best.

In all my shopping for the girls, I figured less on John's income than on what the daughters of rich men in our neighborhood were wearing. I never gave them a dress allowance, nor taught them the inelasticity of money, its true value, but I often asked their advice as to how we could buy some coveted luxury without rousing their father's ire.

You must understand that I was now economizing in the management of our home, keeping just enough servants to run the house, buying frugally, setting a simple table, and dressing so plainly that John often begged me to buy a new dress or hat. But year by year the children cost more.

Then came Beth's engagement, her trousseau, her supply of monogrammed linen, entertainments for her bridal party, the wedding itself in a fashionable church. I was

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like an inexperienced mountaineer, powerless in an avalanche of expenditures. Even my ingenuity failed to keep down the bills which lay on John's desk on the first of the month after her wedding day.

I tried to speak lightly before we began to check up the different accounts.

"We can't pay them all at once, John," I explained. "But now that the wedding's over, we can live more cheaply. "We'll soon catch up."

"Not if Alice follows Beth's example," he replied as he stared at Felice's bill. "'One opera-coat —— $200.00.' Do you realize that Beth's husband works a month to earn two hundred dollars?"

"But he's in his father's office and will soon be making twice that. Besides, they go with the kind of people who wear two hundred-dollar opera-cloaks, and there you are."

"Yes, Elizabeth," John answered sternly, "and here we are, with over two thousand dollars' worth of bills that I can't possibly pay inside of three months."

And again I soothed him with the assurance, "Now, don't worry. Something is sure to happen. You're bound to get another raise. Anyhow, the worst is over! Beth's married and Jack graduates this spring. Then we'll catch up."

But we never did!

In spite of his father's influence, Jack had to start in the plant at the salary paid all beginners, fifteen dollars a week. To a boy who had spent more on a week-end jaunt with his rich college friends, and who bought violets for girls, at three dollars a bunch, this salary was merely spending-money, paid a chap while he was learning the business. Jack threw himself heart and soul into his job, but he spent his salary as if he were still in college, on his liberal allowance. He made no pretense of paying board at home, and I often helped him out on a new suit, or some unusual social demand. He and John sometimes had warm words on the subject, but Jack had my optimistic nature—he'd be earning a lot more soon!

The arguments between father and son worried me, but a graver trouble was in store for us. Alice, who cared less for society than Beth, took up welfare work and fell in love with Henry Gordon, the head worker at the Settlement House. For a time, their romance was a beautiful thing to watch. Then suddenly something went wrong. Young Gordon, stopped coming to the house, and Alice took up work at a Guild House in another part of the city. She did not confide in me, and her quiet reserve checked the questions on my lips, but my heart ached as I watched her droop. Then, one day, I met Henry Gordon face to face on the Avenue, and was so shocked at his appearance that I asked him frankly what had come between him and Alice. He was as frank in replying. He loved Alice, but he had not dared to tell her so. He had nothing but his small salary to offer her, and after visiting in our home, seeing our style of living, he had decided that the only honorable thing was to take himself out of Alice's life. He could not supply her with the French gowns and hats which she always wore, and he felt that, accustomed as she had become to service and luxury, she would be unhappy in the simple life of self-denial which his chosen work demanded.

My anger against him flamed high. He might at least have given Alice the chance to choose! And anyhow, with John's big salary, we could help them out a little.

Gordon spurned the last suggestion, but when he realized from my hot words that Alice was eating out her heart in loneliness, his pride broke. Later I learned he went directly to John's office. Just what happened there I never have heard, but I have always felt that in her delayed happiness Alice turned to her father rather than to me. With the cruelty of youth, she blamed me for her lover's temporary defection, because she felt that what Gordon called our false standards of living were due to my social ambitions.

Well, they married as quickly as possible, just as if they were afraid that happiness might elude them again, and once more I was made to feel Alice's unspoken disapproval. She allowed me no share in buying her trousseau. John gave her a check for three hundred dollars, all she would accept, and she spent long days searching through unfashionable shops for simple things that would wear, instead of the lovely chiffons, laces, embroideries and tissues of Beth's outfit. Only immediate relatives and a few workers from the Settlement House came to the wedding, and it left me strangely depressed.

Beth and her husband were plunged in a round of social gaieties. Alice and her husband were deep in their social service work. Jack spent more of his evenings in town than at home. John was more than ever absorbed in business, and grew more absent-minded daily. I was genuinely lonely and had a curious feeling that I had worked and worried all these years, merely to educate my children out of my life. And harder still, I was beginning to see that I had given myself over so completely to spending, contriving and pushing my children, that I had made no warm friends, and had actually neglected my own resources. I had lost the power of concentration. Robbed of my occupation, spending for my children, I had nothing to fall back on, not even reading or music.

So I suggested to John that he ask for a vacation. I couldn't recall when he had taken even the customary two weeks. We would go to some quiet resort and rest. He looked at me queerly and said he could not leave town just then. He had a hen on.

If I had only asked him what he meant! But I didn't, and so when the storm broke over our heads, I was utterly unprepared.

John had become more and more involved. Creditors of all sorts had been hounding him. Some of them threatened suit. John was desperate for money. Down in Wall Street, fortunes were being made over night in war stocks. Someone gave John what he thought was a safe tip. He thought, poor dear, it opened the way to paying our debts. He took the risk — and lost.

When he heard that the market had broken, John went to pieces in the office. Jack brought him home in a private ambulance. Hours passed before he regained consciousness, and the reaction was harder to watch than when he lay motionless on his bed, for he kept saying:

"If I could only die, you'd have the insurance. I don't know what will become of us now."

When the doctor heard this, he sent for a nurse and told us John must never be left alone. Later he explained to me that sometimes men on the verge of bankruptcy kill themselves so that their families can have the life insurance money. The doctor was very nice to me, explaining that it was only a form of nervous collapse, but I knew what he did not know, that a man who is driven to such desperate action usually has an extravagant, thoughtless wife — a wife like me!

WE are living in a quiet farm house while John slowly regains his strength. The girls and their husbands are paying our board. And Jack, sobered by his father's breakdown, is learning how to live on what he earns.

John can never return to the firm which gave him such fine opportunities. One of their rules is that no employee shall speculate. I have wondered sometimes if I went to the president, the man whose daughter I once helped in a social way, and told him why John had been driven to speculating, would he give my husband another chance? But perhaps, after all, it would be better if he started afresh with a concern that would not remind him of past mistakes.

At fifty-one, John and I have nothing that we can call our own. The best years of his life were consumed in paying rent when we ought to have been buying a home, in giving our children what I called educational and social opportunities, but which were only the luxuries of the truly rich.

I confused a salary of ten thousand dollars a year with an income of ten thousand a year on investments. I spent John's ten thousand dollars a year as if it accrued from money invested in real estate, bonds or an industry, which would yield returns indefinitely, while in reality his salary would stop immediately his brain or body failed to perform the work for which the salary was paid.

I bankrupted my husband by my very belief in his ability to constantly increase his earning capacity, when I should have saved money each year against the day when he would earn less.

What shall we do?

Come back!

You have heard of men who came back at fifty. Well, John is only fifty-one. After a few months of rest, he will look considerably younger and he still has his chief asset, his great charm of manner, his persuasiveness. Another asset will be a wife who has learned her lesson. I cannot bring back John's wasted years, the best years of a man's life, but I mean to see him independent of his children, with something in the bank for his old age. The same energy and ingenuity I once gave to a campaign of spending to advance the social interests of my children, I now propose to devote to making good for John.

But suppose that today I were living on all John had to leave—his life insurance! Suppose he had died that I might live!

Yet I loved him and never meant to waste his money. I thought I made every dollar *show*. And America is full of mothers like me. Some of them are wasting thousands, as I did—others hundreds—others just a few dollars more than their husbands earn. And to what end?

Tying the Bundle of Sticks — *Continued from page 29*

increase about two hundred per cent. a year, and its concrete sidewalks grow a mile a month; and daring projects not only take shape, but go through with sporting spirit and originality that is almost theatrical. As a single illustration, there is the Miami ship channel to the ocean, to provide water competition in freight rates, in connection with which it was a Miami "stunt" to use the dredgings to build a system of small islands in the bay, and sell these islands as residence sites to help pay for the ship channel.

To the outer eye, Miami is a city of joy, living carelessly on the easy money brought by winter residents.

But behind the carnival exterior there is a solid business organization, putting much of the easy money into sound back country development which one day will make the city a commercial center.

Along this line, Miami has a tremendous interest in Everglades drainage. For much of its back country is still under water half the year. The delays of the Florida legislature were vexing to Miami's spirit. But it went ahead with developments of its own, like the Tamiami Trail across the Everglades, a state highway twenty feet wide, built of rock, which runs into a country where nobody can live today, and apparently ends nowhere, but which in less than ten years will be a main automobile highway from one side of Florida to the other.

Last winter Miami decided that something must be done to hasten Everglades drainage.

Instead of taking the string off the bundle of sticks, however, it tied the bundle tighter.

Florida had just elected a new legislature. Probably not one member in ten had ever seen the Everglades country with his own eyes. Political indifference and hostility were rooted in lack of knowledge of the country and its possibilities. Miami believed they would disappear if the legislators could actually come and see what was needed. So it invited the Florida senate and house to take an Everglades excursion at its expense, and a large party accepted the invitation.

They came, and were taken up to Lake Okechobee by boat, inspected the canals and the lands, listened to explanations of what was wrong and what was wanted, and wound up with a dinner in Miami at which William Jennings Bryan, a winter resident of the city, was the chief speaker.

This excursion killed the legislators' suspicion that Everglades development was being promoted for selfish corporation interests, because they felt the spirit of a whole community behind the project. It lulled their fear that development would put tax burdens on other sections of the state, for they understood that the new people who would come in, once the Everglades were drained, and raise crops on millions of acres of rich lands, would help lower taxes instead. They went back to Tallahassee with actual knowledge upon which to shape legislation, and at their next session passed bills for the development of six hundred thousand acres as fast as men and machinery could do the work, and this will undoubtedly be followed by consistent yearly development work until the whole territory is reclaimed.

The bundles of sticks that made up communities are tied together, not by laws, or compulsion, but by the tiniest tendrils of human association and understanding.

Start the tendrils, and adjustments and concessions and laws will follow.

When a community seems to be politically unwieldly, and people wonder if it wouldn't do better split in two, it is time to look around and get acquainted with the other fellow.

Florida furnishes another illustration of this: The fruit and truck growers in the south have been so absorbed in their own enterprises, and so certain that every obstacle encountered therein was due to "cracker conservatism," that they do not realize how progressive the Florida cracker has become since the European war started.

Rising food prices have brought a remarkable development in livestock raising and general farming. Not many years ago it was considered useless to try to raise big beefy, well-bred cattle in Florida. People said the climate was injurious to fine livestock, and were content to own a few scrubby range cattle, weighing not much more than a Corn Belt hog when killed and dressed, and to take half the price per pound paid for beef in Northern markets. But now it is known that only two factors hindered the live-stock industry — one the Texas fever tick, and the other lack of feeding. The tick is being eradicated under Uncle Sam, by organized quarantine, and good bulls and cows are being brought in. As soon as the conservative farmer has good animals, with a chance to sell beef at Northern prices, he becomes interested in feeding them systematically instead of letting them roam at large to pick up a haphazard living, and that means the planting of grain and fodder, and the fencing of his crops and cattle. And thus, while the folks in the south believe that most of the enterprise of Florida resides in themselves, and that the "no fence" question is entirely political, lo! the cracker of the north is becoming progressive, and on the road to settle the fence question economically. Whenever they come together, to get acquainted and compare notes, they will find that their ideals lie in the same direction.

With the differences of viewpoint between city and state, the same need is seen. Again and again, Chicago has tried to secure a modern charter through the Illinois legislature, only to meet with opposition from rural districts which believe that Chicago is a very wicked city, and must be repressed. But Chicago is full of people from just such rural districts, and its wickedness, like that of most cities, is largely an illusion. Some day this problem will be tackled along the simple line of making the home folks acquainted with the real Chicago — a job of forming friendships, and growing tendrils, that is rather fascinating in its possibilities.

All through the West there are similar chances for broadening community interests by helping sectionalism get acquainted with its neighbors and find common aims. The West has grown so energetically along sectional lines, with each city and state in competition for population, capital and prestige, that it tends to be self-hypnotized. Very often the maximum possibilities for growth along sectional lines have been reached, and the time has come for co-operative work with neighbors who are being regarded, mistakenly, as rivals. The biggest job in the West today is that of selling the whole West to the West itself. What a job for a co-ordinator of humanities! What a chance for public service!

The West?

It is not in the West alone that the string must be wound more tightly around communities, but in every section of the country, and in our United States as a whole, that vast, sprawling, energetic bundle of sticks which has still to find a true national spirit.

James H. Collins is one of the best business writers in America. Next month, "To Collect or Not Collect" — showing how a stupid letter may cost its writer a lot. Mr. Collins gets his facts at first hand

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MUFFINS that melt in your mouth, and as they melt, make your mouth water for more—such are the muffins made with Eagle Brand. It gives them a new rich flavor, because it contains milk and sugar bubbled together in the original Borden way—a way that makes the sugar richer and the milk more creamy than they are when put into the dough separately. For the same reason Eagle Brand adds new zest to coffee or tea. It's the cream that's "cream and sugar too." Try it today. You'll discover a new, delicious taste and a new economy as well. For Eagle Brand reduces the cost of cooking and makes the cream bills less. Write for a copy of "Borden's Recipes." All better drug and grocery stores carry Eagle Brand.

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The Van Camp Way

Of Scientific Cookery

Mark What It Did for Baked Beans

THE Van Camp kitchens are today directed by a staff of scientific cooks. By men of college training in the modern culinary art. By food chemists and by dietitians—men who know and insist on perfection.

Try one of their dishes—say, Pork and Beans—and learn what their methods mean.

Here is a dish which for 25 years was considered the best of its kind. It was the favorite dish in a million homes before this new-day cookery.

But these culinary experts, in three years, gave this dish a multiplied delight. They have brought to countless homes a new conception of what Pork and Beans should be.

Now the beans for Van Camp's are grown on studied soils, found in few localities.

Each lot of beans is analyzed before we start to cook, so we know just how to treat it.

The water used is freed from minerals, to insure a tender bean.

The baking is done by live steam under pressure, without contact with the beans. Thus for hours we apply a very high heat without bursting or crisping the beans.

The result is beans whole, tender and mealy—easy to digest. Beans never were that before.

The tomato sauce—which is baked with the beans—is the final result of 856 tests. It took years of improvement—step by step—to attain this zest and flavor.

This dish will bring you profound respect for scientific cookery. It brings out all the possibilities of a most nutritious food. It is vastly better, and better for you, than the old-time Pork and Beans. One serving will convince you—get it now.

VAN CAMP'S

PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce—Three Sizes

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

All based on famous recipes, then brought by our experts to the very pinnacle of flavor.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Made from a formula evolved by years of skillful effort, and valued by us at $500,000.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new type of this dainty, made of blended nuts in a most exacting way.

Little Mother of Rivergift

[*Continued from page 7*]

comes for Cap to *do* jes' squint yo' eye todes Cap."

Although Mike assumed to voice no opinion but his own, he expressed the community's belief that Captain Roane's job was already cut out. Others hazily debated their fitness for quartermaster-majors, purchasing agents, submarine cavalry, and various activities in the line of long-distance superintending.

Captain Roane continued to say nothing, while loose-lipped critics gabbled on with garrulous sufficiency: "Why doesn't the army move?" "Why doesn't the Department *do* something?" "Why does Congress wrangle over the Selective Draft?"

For weeks Dallas Roane drilled his company, studied his books, and evaded all reference to the war, especially at the Daingerfields' where they knew he had no intention of volunteering. The alert little Daingy shielded him, sometimes quite palpably, by shifting all conversations which tended towards the taboo. Once, at table, when they ran into a particularly awkward impasse, Dallas felt so keenly uncomfortable that he hurried through lunch and went to the Daingerfields' no more. He saw an intangible barrier growing definite between himself and his friends. And when the Sharpshooters would march away without him, he would lose caste in the community, become a branded man, and must go somewhere else to practise his profession.

The Selective Draft System, when enacted into law, fixed the age limit at thirty. Dallas was thirty-two, and his lips curled contemptuously to think that he could not be conscripted.

That same afternoon while going to the post-office, he noted a recruiting tent which had just been erected on the opposite side of the street—a familiar brown tent, with "regulars" in khaki at the door.

"I'll cross over and speak to the boys," he thought. But no, he held aloof. So many others also held aloof that recruiting moved on, slower than cold molasses. Then the sergeant stuck up a placard:

DON'T BE A SLACKER.

"Slacker!" He stopped and stared at the poster; it galled him, and he turned angrily away. It was no trifle for a man like Dallas Roane to realize that he had degenerated into a dodger. For days, consciously or unconsciously, he avoided that street, then forgot, and in hurrying around a corner, came face to face with the taunting placard:

DON'T BE A SLACKER.

Four words drove him to the rear. Four words put him on horseback, and sent him galloping towards Rivergift where Mrs. Roane permitted no allusions to the European carnage.

EIGHT miles away the little blind mother sat in her library at Rivergift, while Miss Letty read aloud. Mrs. Roane rested an elbow on the table, her face all tense and white, thrilling at the marvelous story of courage, futility, and tenacity with which the Australian bull-dogs held on at Gallipoli. Beside her lay "The First Hundred Thousand," "The Valor of Ignorance," "Mr. Britling"—a stack of war books and magazines.

Suddenly the old lady lifted her head and listened, then clutched her companion's arm, "Quickly, Miss Letty, quickly; put them out of sight, everything. Dallas is crossing the Bayou Bridge!"

Before her son could enter, the library had been cleared of war books, and his mother was placidly fanning herself, while Miss Letty read aloud from "Paradise Lost." Dallas smiled faintly as he walked in and pushed a hassock to Mrs. Roane's feet—which was the cue for Miss Letty's withdrawal.

"My son," the mother inquired, running her fingers across his brow to be sure there were no furrows; "my son, have you never thought of going?"

"Going where?"

"To the front."

"No, mother, my studies are progressing too well. I shall come up for examination at the fall term of court; then I have reason to hope that Judge Whittaker intends offering me a partnership."

"So you are not sacrificing yourself for me?" her voice came anxiously wavering.

"Not a bit of it. I simply cannot think of sacrificing my future."

"Perhaps you may have to go—anyhow," searching his face with sightless eyes.

"Not me," he laughed, "I'm above the conscript age."

"*Conscript!*" the mother's twitching fingers dropped from his face. "*You! Dallas Roane! A conscript!*"

"No, mother, they can't get *me*." Dallas rose and stood uneasily for a moment; then backed away into the hall, while his mother murmured, "I'm glad, glad, *glad* to be blind."

She sat alone and utterly silent, until she heard the clatter of his hoofs re-crossing Bayou Bridge. Then she rose, stiff and erect, rapping with her cane peremptorily on the floor.

"Miss Letty, oh, Miss Letty!" she called out. "Come here, instantly! Instantly!"

The frightened girl ran to her, and stopped in the doorway. She saw Mrs. Roane standing upright, supporting herself by a chair, and pointing with her cane to a portrait on the wall. "Miss Letty, tell me what he looks like."

"He's a young man," Miss Letty glanced at the painting and stammered.

"Describe him to me. *What do you see?*"

This incomprehensible freak of her patron had struck the companion dumb. Mrs. Roane pounded her cane against the floor. "Describe him to me; immediately."

"He's a young man—in uniform."

"What uniform?"

"Continental, blue and buff."

"What rank?"

"Captain, I think."

"Correct; and how old?"

"He seems to be a boy."

"Wrong. You are entirely wrong, Miss Letty. He was a *man*, acting a man's part. The very day his portrait was painted he had become twenty-one years old, July 4, 1776. He and his country came of age together. That is General Gilbert M. Roane, the great-grandfather of my son, Dallas M. Roane (—) Miss Letty, you may go for the night."

The competent cook of Rivergift had arrayed herself for the function, with three rampant roses bobbing from her hat, and a green striped parasol clamped beneath her arm. Puffing and blowing she mounted the stairway, and found Governor Daingerfield's office jammed so thick with white folks that she couldn't squeeze in. Everybody was argufying back and forth. The black woman grinned to see Bishop Roane, gray-haired old man as he was, waving his hands and talking fast—as he used to do when he was a boy.

Aunt Patty generally held back when white folks were talking, but the Governor had sent for her to sign some pension papers, so she tapped on the glass door, "'Scuse me, white folks; I aims to see de Governor." Aunt Patty did not know that a British Cabinet Minister, and a famous warrior of France, had just arrived in Washington, which set the white folks to 'sputifying. She raised her voice above their hubbub, and the bishop came forward holding out his hand. "Well, well, Aunt Patty! How's Ole Miss today?"

"Po'ly, suh. Bishop is you comin' out to dinner?"

"Yes," he smiled.

"Den I got to hurry back home an' cook some corn pones de way you loves em. Governor, where's dem papers?"

"Right in here. I won't keep you a minute," the governor assured her.

Governor Daingerfield led Aunt Patty into a side room and showed her how to touch the pen, and where to put cross marks on the pension vouchers. Then another young white man came in, made her hold up her hand, and asked if she acknowledged signing those papers.

"'Cose I does; an' I ain't 'shamed of it, neither."

The young man grinned kinder sickly, and went out.

"Now, Aunt Patty," the governor inquired, "what shall I do with all this money?"

"Kin I buy a melodeum?" Her eager face looked like a child's.

"Yes," he smiled, "you can buy almost anything you like. Here's thirty-eight hundred and sixty-four dollars."

"*Thirty-eight!*" The astonished cook sat up and took notice. "Dat agent say he was gwine to gimme *two* hundred."

"Yes, and keep the change. What must I do with it?"

"I needs a melodeum, an' a gold tooth. Den give de balance to Ole Miss."

"To Ole Miss?"

"Yas, suh. Jes' put it in bank alongside o' her'n."

Again the governor smiled; if he placed Aunt Patty's $3864.00 alongside Mrs. Roane's, then Mrs. Roane would have exactly $3864.00 to her credit. But it suggested an idea.

"Do you really desire this money put to Mrs. Roane's credit?"

"Sholy, suh; all I needs is a melodeum and a gold tooth. Me an' Ole Miss ain't never had things separate. An' don't say nothin' to her 'bout it."

"Yes, yes, I understand." The Governor rose with the check in his hand. "Aunt Patty, go and buy your melodeon. Send the bill to me."

"Thankee, Governor, thankee, suh. Good-by."

Dallas Roane encouraged no prominent citizens to congregate and gossip with him, even though General Joffre, the grizzled hero of the Marne, was inspiring tremendous enthusiasm throughout America. Dallas was sitting alone at his desk when the irrepressible Billy Whitlaw bounded up stairs.

"Say, Cap, all the boys got daffy again. Crazy to join Old Joff and chase the Kaiser. Goin' to hold an election at five o'clock this evenin' for permanent officers — and you needn't try to stop 'em."

Every Sharpshooter answered roll-call at the armory — soldierly men, already tanning from exposure, and itching to do their bit.

Billy Whitlaw precipitated matters by mounting a chair. "Fellows, I reckon 'tain't no second choice. Jes' give three yelps for Cap'n Dallas Roane!"

The armory rang and rang, and rang again. Dallas stepped forward to the center and lifted his hand. Throughout that interminable afternoon he had considered what to say, had planned the exact words: "Sharpshooters, I am very grateful. But for reasons which will be impossible to discuss, I cannot go to the front. You will therefore elect another captain."

Every soldier stood silent and stolid as if he hadn't heard. Then Billy Whitlaw blurted out, "What! You ain't goin' to crawfish, *now*, at the last minute?"

Steadily Dallas Roane confronted them. "Whatever is to be said about this, must be said right now, in my presence."

Nobody spoke, not a single solitary word. Dallas turned to walk out as usual, with methodical step and head in the air like a soldier. But he felt that he was not a soldier, and had no right to act the counterfeit. With his back to deathly silence he left the hall. Then somebody behind him whispered, "Slacker!"

Roane quivered as at the sting of a lash, then held himself resolute and refused to turn. Outside he rushed along the street and suddenly confronted again the sign:

DON'T BE A SLACKER.

Then he walked on, endlessly.

"It's done. It's done," he repeated over and over again to himself. "Now I must settle down to my books."

He could return to his office but he could not read. A telegram lay on his desk:

MR. DALLAS M. ROANE

At my request, the Department assigns you to my command with rank of Captain in first contingent to France. Governor Daingerfield can be temporarily placed here as Major in Quartermaster Corps, and possibly attached to later expedition. Consult him promptly and wire both acceptances. This is authentic but unofficial and not to be made public. KENNARD.

Dallas drew himself proudly erect. Out of willing and competent thousands his old general had chosen him, and Kennard was famous through the army for picking efficient men.

Dallas was standing, looking down at his old general's telegram on the desk, and shaking his head. It was hard, bitter hard, but he could not go. Somebody tapped on his door, very lightly, but he made no answer. He didn't want to see anybody; this must be fought out and decided *alone*. The man outside tapped again on his door, then went away. Dallas heard him running down the stairs. He had decided. Dallas dropped in his chair, snatched a telegram blank and wrote:

GEN. JOHN E. KENNARD, War Dept.,
Washington, D. C.

Regret I cannot accept. Letter follows. Gov. Daingerfield will communicate with you promptly. DALLAS M. ROANE.

Jerking up his hat he bolted out, turned to shut his door, and the red blood of wrath flooded his cheeks. There, on a direct line with his eye, he met the placard:

DON'T BE A SLACKER.

Somebody had torn it away from the recruiting-tent and tacked it on the outside of his door. It must have been the man he heard running downstairs. Dallas started to catch him, then stopped short. "No; they've got a right to call me that."

After a moment's hesitation — as if he dreaded to let people see him — Dallas stepped out upon the street and hurried to Governor Daingerfield's office.

"Hello, Dallas," the governor greeted him. "What's up?"

"This telegram," he answered, laying it before him.

"Bully! Bully!" the governor shouted like a boy. "That settles it. I leave here Saturday night. Every man that's half a man — Oh, Dallas. Dallas, I'm sorry — very sorry. Have you replied to the general?"

"Not yet, sir; here's my answer."

Without comment the governor read, and handed back, his telegram declining General Kennard's offer. Nor could Dallas speak a word as he turned towards the door.

"Wait, Dallas," the governor stopped him. "I was just on the point of 'phoning you. Please tell Mrs. Roane that I have settled her timber case. Rather than fight a prolonged litigation, Higgins & Bond have compromised for thirty-eight hundred and sixty-four dollars."

"That's very good, very good," Dallas nodded listlessly; "and mother will be greatly pleased."

"Would you mind taking her this book?"

Almost without interest Dallas opened the bank-book and glanced at the sole deposit: "Proceeds H. & B.— Compromise, $3864.-00."

With the bank-book in his hand Dallas stood gazing from the window while Governor Daingerfield eyed him shrewdly, following the growth of a new idea that took shape in the boy's mind. The governor saw him deliberately tear his telegram to fragments, and let the bits go fluttering to the floor.

"Governor," Dallas spoke quietly, very quietly, but with his old-time decision: "Governor, this money will provide for mother's simple needs. Perhaps she had better live in town while I'm gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes; there are things a man *must* do, if he can. For the past few months I've been wondering if he is not obligated to do them anyhow — whether or no."

The governor sprang up and caught his young friend's hand. "Dallas, do you suppose I haven't realized your situation — haven't understood why you stopped coming to my house? Won't you go there now, right *now*, to see Viola? Poor child, she finds it very difficult to comprehend."

They were standing fronting each other, man to man, two very simple and direct men.

"Governor, do you mean that?"

"Yes, and Viola means it."

For the second time in ten minutes Dallas Roane sat down abruptly and wrote a second telegram to Gen. Kennard:

I shall join you at once.
DALLAS M. ROANE.

On his dash to the door he paused. "Governor, I'll show this to Viola, *first*."

"And it will make her very happy. Wait, Dallas. Let me find the bishop and send him for you in the car. He had better go along and soften the blow when you tell your mother."

A full hour later — Bishop Roane being considerate in his time allowance — a shiny-eyed girl came out of the Daingerfield home with Dallas Roane. She clung to his arm across the sidewalk to the car where the bishop waited, and — Little Daingy didn't care who saw her — lifted her trembling lips.

Dallas was still waving back at her as they turned the corner, still thinking of her when he went and stood beside his mother. Miss Letty had dropped her reading, and Mrs. Roane looked up. If mother had been young and buoyant like Viola, it might not go so hard. She seemed frailer and paler of late, a fragile something that a breath might easily have blown away, but for the indomitable spirit of her.

Recognizing the Bishop's deliberate step, Mrs. Roane smiled and held out her hand. "Brother William, I'm so glad you came. Now, Dallas, what have you to tell?"

Calmly she questioned him, and Dallas felt that she could see — see even more clearly with the intuitions of her soul than he could see with his eyes that grew dim and evaded hers.

"My son, what is it that you have to tell?"

The bishop laid a soothing hand upon her shoulder. "Cornelia, it's all for the best."

"Speak out, Dallas; speak *yourself*, like a man."

"Mother, General Kennard has offered me a captaincy with his command, in our first American contingent that goes to France. I ask your permission and — your blessing."

Steadying herself upon her cane she rose. She did not totter nor tremble. She stood erect; her voice calm, clear and full and vibrant, "Now I rebel; I *do* rebel. Great God, how I rebel!"

"Cornelia, Cornelia, be brave," the bishop touched her, and she shook him off.

"I rebel, I *do* rebel. Oh, my Dallas, my boy! I want to *see* — see your face. I had begun to fear — it was deadly, deadly, that fear — the fear that *my* son might be a slacker."

Reflections of Pierrot

by **William Griffith**

GRAY as the Norns have come
Days to be pondered,
Days when the pendulum
Faltered and wandered.

Which was the way to go?
Where was the pinion,
Strong but to give Pierrot
Lark-like dominion?

Patches of sky were all
That had been wanted
By such a prodigal,
Poverty-haunted:

Patches of azure sky,
Or a star glowing;
Something to travel by,
Then to be going.

Never to linger long,
Never to capture
More than a stave of song,
Tempered his rapture.

Never was any grace
Pierrot evaded,
Nor any lovely face
But from him faded.

Another of Sophie Kerr's popular political stories will appear next month: "Leaks and Letters." A Washington yarn with an enthralling plot, and a characteristically clever ending. Illustrated by Underwood. And "Odds on the Boy," containing the laughable adventures of the Kirschbaum-Lichtman household, will appear in the next number. Mr. Kelley has struck a new vein, and is winning many devoted readers

The Charm of Abounding Health

Thoughtfulness in diet pays a rich dividend in health and comeliness—just as careless living leaves its tell-tale marks upon the features.

For many years

Grape-Nuts

has been a favorite food with women.

Its wholesome nutrition, ease of digestion, and whole grain elements (including the valuable mineral salts) make Grape-Nuts of decided health value.

The natural sweetness of this economical food makes the addition of sugar unnecessary. Then, too, when milk or cream is used, less is required than for the ordinary cereals.

Thousands who have it as their regular morning cereal know

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

"All In"—*by* Porter Emerson Browne—*Continued from page 18*

At the girl she did not even nod; to the man she said, smiling in ultra cordiality:

"Here already, Van? How 're you?" extending a gloved hand.

He was striking a match, and did not offer to take the hand that she held forth. He merely nodded, and inhaled deeply of the pungent smoke.

Thrusting the Inverness and the hat to the far end of the trunk, she seated herself, draping the folds of her skirt about her so that not even the hem might touch the floor. Then, to the girl, she said:

"Made up so soon, dear? Not quite enough rouge on the left cheek — and mercy! you must powder those arms more — they look a fright — a perfect fright."

"I haven't finished yet, mother," replied the girl.

There was a long, long pause — a pause that might well have been embarrassing — and yet that was not. It was broken by the elder woman.

"Well," she said, playfully. "I suppose you two have fixed it all up. When is it to be?"

"Nothing is fixed up, mother," returned the girl, slowly. She was powdering her neck, chin tilted; and the graceful curve of throat and shoulder was distinctly outlined against the dulness of the end wall. She was a beautiful girl, in a way — well nigh perfect of form and feature — with lithe, graceful body; delicately-moulded arms; firm, pointed chin; curved, red lips; white, even teeth; exquisitely-modeled nose; high, arching brows above deep, dark eyes. But her color was not good; and her eyes were tired — very tired.

"Nothing is fixed up, mother," she repeated, evenly.

The elder woman turned upon the man in playful reproach.

"You haven't asked her?" she queried, archly. "Naughty boy!"

The man shrugged his shoulders a little.

"Yes," he said. "I've asked her."

The woman started.

"Then why," she began, "what——" She turned reproachful eyes upon her daughter.

"But you never said anything to me, sweetheart," she said, a hardness in her voice that she was too fatuous to believe could be discerned.

"It was none of your business," returned the girl.

The elder woman started; her jaw set; but she forced a smile. She said, half-whispering, to the man:

"She wants to make you work to win her — that's all." With the back of her hand she tapped him playfully on the sleeve. "That's all," she repeated; and then, to her daughter, "Isn't it, dear child?"

The bare, white shoulders of the girl squared a little.

"No," she said, shortly; and that was all.

There was a moment's pause. At its end, the girl rose, slowly, from her chair; and, placing one hand upon the dressing-table at her side, she faced her mother and VanVechten.

She said to VanVechten: "I shan't marry you, Van." And to her mother: "I shan't marry him. He asked me to, last night. Since then I've thought a great deal. And I know that I am right. . . . I shan't marry him. I shan't marry any man like him. I probably shan't marry any man at all; but if I ever do, it will be a man to whom I can give respect, and honor, and love — and I can't give these things — any of them — to Van. I like him. He's a good sort. But I know his sort — and you know his sort. He doesn't love me. He only wants me. And he can't get me without marrying me; and this he has sense enough to know; so he's willing to marry me. In a month he would be sorry that he had paid such a price for me — and so would I. Then for a year, perhaps more, perhaps less, we would quarrel and wrangle. Then he would begin to go with other women — there'd be a divorce, and alimony.

"Perhaps you don't believe this, Van. Yet it's so. But," to her mother, "I know that you believe because that's practically what you said would happen when you tried to force me to marry Graingerford, and Opdyke, and Huntington, and two or three more whose names I've forgotten. You wanted me to marry them; to get what money I could from them; and you held out as a sop the fact that, when they had tired of me, I could marry whom I pleased. . . . I stood it all because you were my mother. But I can't stand everything.

"There is a place where a girl's duty to her mother ends and where her duty to herself begins. We've reached that place. You and I are even, mother; a bit more than even, I think. You bore me; and you cared for me during the first five years of my life. Since then I've cared for you, and far better than you ever did for me. You gave me no education — no knowledge whatever of ethics, and but little of morals. I was dragged here and there about the country, learning what little I know from newspapers and magazines, and the talk of cheap professionals and stage hands. It's a wonder my every word isn't a curse, or slang. . . . It's a wonder I'm any good at all. . . . But I suppose that somewhere, 'way back in the family, there was someone strong enough of brain and character to transmit a few of his, or her, better traits; and I was fortunate enough, or unfortunate enough, as you choose, to get a few of them.

"I've worked hard for you, mother. I've worked hard to support you; and I've done it. I haven't been able to get you everything you wanted. But I've got for you everything that you needed; and more than I had myself. . . You've always wanted to sell me to the highest bidder so that you could get champagne instead of rhine wine to put in your stomach, and diamonds instead of corals to hang about your shoulders. . . I've given you the best part of my life already; and I'm going to keep the rest for myself. There isn't much left, you know. In this business a woman of my age, who hasn't already won her place, is at the end of her rope, or nearly. There are lines coming — oh, I can see them! — around the eyes, and on the forehead — and there's a hard set to my mouth. All these are warnings; and I take them.

"I don't value the things you value, mother — at least not to the same degree. I thought, once — and it's not so long ago — that I might, after all. But I was wrong. I don't. Maybe it makes me happier — maybe unhappier. But I'm glad of it, nevertheless. There are bigger things in life than the clothes that you wear, and the food that you eat, and the wine that you drink, and the cars that you have, and the houses, and the servants. I'm going to find them — those big things that are really worth while — and I want what little remains to me of my self-respect — what little remains to me of youth — what little remains to me of life — to find them with. I don't want to marry, particularly. Sometimes I think that even as I am too good to marry a bad man, I am too bad to marry a good man. I know too much. But a part of my life I want for myself — to do with as I choose — for my own — my very own! Do you hear? For my own!"

She finished in a little, half-broken gasp. There was silence. At length from the outside, came the call:

"Fifteen minutes!"

Then the girl spoke again, this time quietly, evenly, softly; for the rush of her words was over, and she was tired.

She said: "I don't want you, either of you, to think that I'm ungrateful. No doubt you have both meant to be kind to me, in the only way that you knew. But it's not the way I want. . . Listen. Last night, at Sherry's, just as we were going, I saw La Careme. You remember her. You remember her when we played the same vaudeville house in Minneapolis, mother. She came just before us on the bill. Do you remember how she looked then — what she was? That's only ten — no, eight — years ago. Only eight years ago! . . . I hardly knew her last night. . . You remember how sweet she was, and pretty, and innocent, and appealing, and blessedly ignorant? She cried one night because she heard the stage manager call one of the girls, in that big act that came just before hers, a damned fool — or some other mild term of managerial reproach. And do you remember her complexion? And how lithe, and slender, and graceful, and dainty she was? Well, her mother sold her to Stein, the Butte copper man, you know — just as you are trying to sell me to Van — just as you tried to sell me to Graingerford, and Opdyke and the others. Stein bought her — just as you, Van, would buy me. . . . In a year she got a divorce, with twenty-five thousand alimony, and probably a quarter of a million in jewels and property. Then she married someone else — and he beat her; and she divorced him — and married someone else. And now she's twenty years older than her real age, and hard as nails, and coarse as salt, and common, and fat, and flabby. She sat there last night, a caricature of what she used to be, half drunk, mingling profanity with endearments and heaping the disgusting mess into the ears of a maudlin, silly boy. . . . I'm no better than she was — I don't know any more — I have probably no stronger fibre — She was a warning. And I took that warning. When a woman once begins to sacrifice her self-respect, it doesn't take men long to get the rest of her. I'm through with it all, mother — all — through with all those ideas of yours that you would have me follow. I've given you all that I owe you — all that I decently can give you. I'll continue to support you because you aren't capable of supporting yourself. I'll give you all I can. . . . And you, Van. If you like me as a friend, and if you want me only as a friend, you may have me that way. . . . But I know you pretty well — and I don't think you do. . . . Now go, both of you. I've only a bit — but it's a hard bit — and I must rest up for it. For it may mean something better."

The man rose, slowly. He gazed at her for a moment, steadily. Then, slowly, tentatively, he held out his hand. She took it.

"I'm coming back," he said, simply, "on your terms."

She smiled a little, wearily.

"Maybe," she said.

He went to the door and swung it open.

"Come," he said to the elder woman. "I'll take you back to your hotel."

Alone in the dirty little room, the girl sank into her chair and buried her head in her arms, upon the tumbled make-up shelf. For a long, long time she sat there, silent, motionless. And then:

"I'm tired," she whispered. "Tired . . . Tired . . . All in!"

Through the corridor rang the call:

"Overture!"

Next month, Mr. Browne's big booze article, "The Alcoholocaust"—an amazing feature. Also, "A Rose for Little Eva," by Sinclair Lewis—one of his best yarns; also, "The Strong Ones," a story of the great West, by Vingie E. Roe; also, "Why Do I Think I Will Succeed?" a new kind of business article, by William H. Hamby; also, "Our Hidden Powers," a remarkable paper by Cleveland Moffett; also, "Uncle Sam Talks to Business Men," by Waldemar Kaempffert

Seattle: Wonder City of the West—*Continued from page 25*

Pacific Coast yields between fifty and seventy-five million dollars annually. From thirty to fifty million pounds of halibut alone are marketed from Seattle, and two million pounds of black cod. In 1916 the canneries on Puget Sound packed more than thirty-five million cans of salmon. Up in Alaska the pack was even larger.

Seattle's cold storage facilities are enormous. One seven-story warehouse of the Port Commission has a capacity for storing nine thousand carloads of apples. In normal times Washington ships its famous apples to London and Australia.

Half a million acres of apples in eastern Washington will be in bearing within a few years. It is estimated that 75,000 carloads a year will be produced, and it is planned to handle much of this product in the Seattle municipal refrigerating plant.

They showed me, too, large tanks filled with the juice of raspberries, strawberries, loganberries and cherries, to be used on soda counters.

It was hard for me to grasp the immensity of Seattle's municipal docks. I could scarcely reconcile them with the crude little harbor I remembered. An Eastern university professor who visited these docks recently characterized them as "a typical example of Western optimism."

There are two and a half million square feet of roofed area, or about thirty square blocks of an average city. The cubic storage space is nine million feet. In the wharf sheds and warehouses, and on the open docks, may be stored 700,000 tons, or the equivalent in weight of ten million adults. Eighty 400-foot vessels could load or discharge simultaneously. Under normal conditions nearly seven million tons of general merchandise, steel, heavy machinery, lumber and grain could be loaded on ships in twenty-four hours. The waterside coal capacity is 12,000 carloads, and the delivering capacity 10,000 tons an hour. One hundred thousand tons of grain may be stored. Twelve and a half million gallons of oil can be kept there, and a million gallons an hour delivered.

In normal times some seven thousand ocean ships come into Seattle in a year, while more than twenty-five thousand local vessels arrive and depart. All of these together carry in a day more than a million dollars' worth of merchandise. Without the great new municipal docks much of this commerce undoubtedly would go through other ports.

The most spectacular feature of the public docks is the Smith Cove Terminal, half a mile long and three hundred and ten feet wide, and holding four miles of city-owned railway tracks. The merchandise sheds on this wharf are six hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide.

Here I saw stacks of steel rods for the Orient, piles of steel plates for Japanese ships, rails for the new Alaskan railroad, and enough lumber for the Far East to stock a big lumber yard. Here is a herculean derrick that lifts a railroad passenger car intact, and places it aboard ship. Traveling cranes carry a hundred tons. In some of the municipal warehouses I saw big elevators that went down to tide level. Motor trucks and trains of electric tractors were thus taken aboard ships to discharge freight.

One of the most interesting features of the Smith Cove Terminal is the handling of the soya bean oil which comes in tremendous quantities from the other side of the world, especially Manchuria. The soya oil industry has been a great aid in the present shortage of fats for soap and other purposes, and the beans themselves may be an important food item in America during the war. They are a newly discovered vegetable food.

A single ship brings a million gallons of the oil, in large tins. These are opened on the pier and the contents run into tanks that hold 50,000 barrels apiece. The cans are then flattened by machines and shipped back to be reclaimed and used again.

This dock was the greasiest place I ever saw. For three hundred feet I waded through soya oil that covered the soles of my shoes and spotted me to the knees. The Japanese who work there wrap their feet in wads of burlap.

In the various municipal warehouses I saw an almost incalculable quantity of merchandise. Here were thousands of bags of rice from China, walrus hides from Bering Sea, dried peas from the Far East, skins from Asia, twelve hundred tons of coffee from Java, Persian dates, Japanese fruit preserves

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In short, the two most desired extremes in storage battery performance—hitherto believed impossible of accomplishment—are provided by the process developed by Prest-O-Lite.

No other battery plates were ever made by this process.

The actual proof to you that "Prest-O-Lite" is a better battery is not only in this and many instances of better making, but in its remarkable records in service.

Manufacturers of representative cars in every class have adopted the Prest-O-Lite Battery as standard equipment. After close observation they have discovered a notable freedom from battery troubles among more than a half million users.

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Not only a better battery but backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

packed in baskets, rolls of cocoanut fibre and matting, shellac gum from Singapore, and big heaps of copra, which is the dried meat of the cocoanut, used in making oils. Here, too, I saw crude rubber, manila for rope-making, burlap, silks, Formosa sugar, camphor, tea, tin, cork from South America, hemp, licorice root, quicksilver, tapioca, Siberian furs, oriental cotton. I got a glimpse of thousands of cases of eggs from China, kept in cold storage at temperatures ranging from thirty to forty degrees.

But there have been still other big dreams. I remember that during my residence in Seattle there was a group of idiocratic persons who were everlastingly talking about a canal to connect Puget Sound with Lake Washington. But the croakers had a lot of fun with these dreamers. Why on earth would Seattle need a canal to Lake Washington when it had miles of water-front on the Sound used mostly by Siwash squaws and papooses?

But on my return so long afterward I had the curious experience of seeing this canal, completed only last summer. It is thirty-five feet deep and connects Lake Union as well as Lake Washington with salt water. The United States Government and King County built it together at a cost of three and a half million dollars. The main lock is next in size to the locks of the Panama Canal, and will take in a vessel eight hundred and twenty-five feet long and eighty feet wide. Thus the city has a fresh water harbor, free from tides. Besides, the fresh water kills the barnacles that coat the bottoms of ocean ships and makes it easy to remove the shells. Then, too, freight from foreign ports can be carried without rehandling direct to the new industrial district being created on the eastern shore of Lake Washington.

I found a transformation almost as surprising in the main harbor, where I remembered the "tide flats" at the extreme upper end of the bay. These, like most of the crudities of early Seattle, are gone. It was Thomson who filled them in, with hydraulic dredges. On this site is now Harbor Island, an immense stretch of land and one of the industrial centers.

This district is served by canals and slips, where the largest of ocean steamers can tie up; and here you find the ship-building plants. Into this enterprise Seattle has put millions of dollars. It is an industrial story of itself.

Across the Sound, a dozen miles from Seattle, lies the United States Navy Yard at Bremerton. I knew William Bremer in long-ago Seattle days. By some chance he happened to own the tract of deep forest that the Government picked for its Navy Yard. I recall that he showed me the first check he got from the Government, and it looked big indeed.

Where Bremer's forest once stood is now a city of some ten thousand people, including adjacent settlements. But any statement of population in that country is subject to constant revision. At Bremerton it is impossible to put up buildings fast enough, for things are doing at the Navy Yard. I saw many tent homes, while numerous families are living in converted garages, sheds and even chicken coops.

The Navy Yard, which is large enough to hold the entire United States Navy in deep anchorage, has received appropriations of many millions of dollars since we went into the war. So great has been the demand for men that even the ranchers have been attracted. Some of them walk three or four miles, morning and night, over trails through the forest. Others come in their own power boats. I talked with men who didn't get home until eight or nine in the evening and left at four in the morning. Large numbers of the Bremerton workers live in Seattle and go back and forth in the steamers that make frequent trips. I came across with several hundreds of navy clerks and stenographers. These commuters who travel by water afford an interesting exception to the ordinary suburban traffic.

Indeed, many Seattle men go to and fro in their power boats from outlying homes. Puget Sound, too, is perhaps the most ideal of all private yachting grounds. In fact there is a stretch of water a thousand miles long from Seattle to Skagway almost wholly protected from ocean storms.

In Seattle the relaxation of the tired business man is not confined to the bald-headed row, as in some cities. Besides all the other outdoor opportunities, the fishing is superb. Brook trout and bass are caught within the city limits, while close to the beaches the sportsmen get salmon, cod, halibut and other fish. Clam bakes and oyster parties go to make a part of the outdoor schedule, while the hunter gets deer, bear, mountain sheep, cougars and elk. For big game there is no spot in the United States equal to this. Then there is an endless supply of wild duck, quail and forest birds of various kinds.

It seemed to me that Seattle afforded an interesting example of a well-balanced population, although they are conducting a vigorous campaign for more factories. At any rate, there is no dominating payroll that comes out of a single group of large corporations. The majority of men in Seattle are either in business for themselves or employed by concerns that are not extremely large. Seattle has a high-grade common people with ideals such as you do not ordinarily find. There is a peculiar atmosphere of independence that in some cities is lacking. Slavery to the desk and counter is far less in evidence than it is, for example, in New York or Chicago. This outdoor land tempts men at every turn.

Speaking of industries, we come to a subject very close to Seattle's ambitions. All Seattle is working for an industrial era.

Of course most of the pessimists disappeared long ago. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club is a consolidation of civic bodies, and typifies a concentration of effort. Each member, and there are thousands, affiliates with some particular bureau, and this personal service is furthered through a system of special committees. Some of the bureaus are those designated as Alaska, Foreign Trade, Washington State Development, Industrial, Convention and Tourist, Transportation, Civic, Research and Statistics, Retail Trade, National Affairs, and Taxation. Then there is a Members' Council, made up of men from every branch of the work.

The Industrial Bureau has made a complete analysis of existing industries, and a thorough inquiry into the elements of possible industrial growth. It must be manifest to anyone who studies city development that cities do not just happen. It is a fine piece of industrial and civic engineering to build a well-rounded and beautiful community, and the skilful conduct of this work is developing a new profession in America — that of civic organization and a coordination of the powers that make a modern city. In fact, city buildings is a great new business in which some of the best brains in the world are engaged. Competition is keen between cities, and Seattle is a most remarkable manifestation of results from this sort of effort.

Seattle's factories, aside from her ship-building and special war industries, produce seventy-five million dollars a year in products; but the analysis made by the Industrial Bureau shows some strange inconsistencies. Immense quantities of hides go through Seattle from Siberia and are made into shoes in New England. Then a lot of these come back to the Pacific Coast. Something of the same thing is true of silks, soaps, tires, furniture, and many other commodities, and altogether the economic loss is very heavy. It looks to me as if many industries could get in on the ground floor on the Pacific Coast, with its eight million people and its certainty of far greater development in the next twenty years than in the last.

I can scarcely doubt that Seattle will have a million inhabitants long before that. You remember what the knockers said a couple of decades ago, when Seattle had 50,000 people.

There were only two railroads then, no factories except sawmills, few ocean docks worthy the name, no large buildings of the sort we know today, and no paved streets aside from a few that were planked. I think there was just one quasi-public park, a little one; but no boulevards or any real theatres, or scarcely a home with architectural lines. Art was left mostly to Nature. There were no sightseeing vehicles — and no city sights to see. I recall that the water supply was just a little local affair. Every time there was a fire a big bell tolled the number of the box, and all the people ran. At night the old Seattle was in abysmal darkness.

Witness the miracle of twenty-odd years! There are seven transcontinental railroads, sixty-seven steamship lines (very much broken up at present), three hundred and fifty miles of paved streets, thirty miles of boulevards connecting forty parks and playgrounds that embrace eighteen hundred acres, ten theatres, costly and beautiful hotels, great department stores, municipal and other public buildings that are impressive in size and architecture, a noted State University, and a skyline of office buildings that reminds one of New York's. The highest of these is forty-two stories. Seattle at night is brilliant with cluster lights, even in many of its residence districts, and its flashing business illuminations give it more than one Great White Way.

I do not recall that they had any library in Seattle twenty years ago. Today they have a massive building and a million books. There were only wooden sidewalks then, but now a thousand miles of cement. There are three hundred churches, seventy-five schoolhouses, thirty-one banks, a hundred and ninety-three miles of water-front, and a Government assay office with total receipts of $250,000,000. This will give you some inkling of what Alaskan gold means. And today the water supply comes from the mountains and the capacity is sixty-seven and a half million gallons a day.

Seattle has some big flour mills, and more than a million barrels of flour a year are made there. A municipal elevator holds a million bushels of wheat. The shipyards have brought machine shops, and there is one steel plant, converting scrap. A big one is planned, to use Alaskan ore. Seattle has twelve hundred manufacturing plants, big and little.

Here is one of the best demonstrations of what prohibition can do for a city. I doubt if there is one man in Seattle who would want the town to go back to liquor. Up to the time when the present war law went into effect, individuals could ship in specified quantities; but today Seattle is bone dry, and has in its pockets a million dollars a month that it formerly spent for alcoholic drinks.

It is curious that many of the former saloons have been turned into candy and ice-cream establishments, using the identical fixtures. I went into one of these places on Pike Street, which had been a barroom de luxe. The mahogany bar was converted into a soda counter of much magnificence, and the stalls where men had formerly imbibed intoxicating liquors were occupied by stylishly-dressed women. The appointments in this place were rich and costly, yet I was told that the profits from the establishment far exceeded those from the former saloon. The place was run by the same owners, who had quite forgotten their opposition to the prohibition law.

In some of these places I sampled the soft concoctions of which Seattle apparently imbibes great quantities in lieu of the unregretted strong drinks. The most popular is loganberry juice. Then there are several varieties of artificial beer, put out by some of the great breweries themselves, which are coming into line with the sweep of prohibition. Many of the old-time names have been retained in part and transferred to the soft drinks. You can get a horse's neck, a grenadine rickey, or a shandy gaff.

Seattle seems to have neglected no branch of municipal thinking. I found some of the largest and most attractive city-owned markets I have ever seen. One night I had dinner on the glass-enclosed veranda of a public market, high on a bluff overlooking Puget Sound. This restaurant, I presume, is a concession, but the choicest of all foods were available and the prices were astonishingly low. It is interesting to study the advanced ideas you see out there in such profusion. Near the markets I found some "grocerterias" or clerkless grocery stores. On entering you take a market basket from a hook and pass through a railed passageway; then you go through the store and pick out the goods you want. Everything is in packages, and you pay the cashier as you go out.

One asset of Seattle I have neglected to mention. Out there they call it their tourist crop, and I suppose it brings in several million dollars a year. Yet I wondered that pleasure travel to the Puget Sound country was not very much bigger. Not only is Seattle itself a revelation of city building, but Nature is so big out there that you see your own country with a new vision. In those forests you find another conception of our national riches. And then you have Alaska, and the glaciers of Rainier National Park, and range after range of mountain scenery. You can have, too, the giant swing around the circle, through California.

Since I came out of Seattle from my Rip Van Winkle visit, I have been wondering what added crisis we would be facing today except for Seattle. It was the courage of Seattle's pioneers that enables us now to bring out of those deepest woods the timbers we need for our ships.

The Prize Letters in the W. S. S. U. Contest

[*Continued from page 32*]

Eleventh Prize

WHEN so forceful and significant an article as Mr. Moffett's invites discussion it is very hard to be limited to five hundred words in a response.

The theory of a Women's Sex Solidarity Union is fine; but will it work out successfully in practise? Would that alleged large class of women, charged with a disregard for personal sanctity and the social order, feel constrained to join such a union? And if they did, would they have the moral stamina to stand by their pledge? And, granting an affirmative to both questions, would the type of men thereby released from selfish and irregular habits for the nobler and more serious business of matrimony make desirable fathers?

Such a move would doubtless, as Mr. Moffett suggests, increase the number of marriages; but would it make for better children, which is the primary subject under discussion? I doubt it.

Persons who require a written agreement to restrain them from lives of self-indulgence, immoral standards, and an irresponsible attitude toward God and man, are not made of the fibre that procreates intelligently and successfully. So, in the final analysis, I fear that a W. S. S. U., while bringing about more marriages, would *not* make for better children.

Another defect in Mr. Moffett's scheme is the elimination of the man's viewpoint. In his amazing revelation of the existence of sex-complaisance, he fails to recognize that many married women are guilty of this attitude with their own husbands! In other words, he fails to take cognizance of the tremendous number of wives and mothers who, upon fulfilling their direct marital obligations, leave their correlative duties of mother and home-maker to chance and servants. This evidence of indolence, extravagance, and selfishness, more frequently than any other agency, keeps the best type of American man single. He wants a home, wife, children. But when he marries he wants a helpmate, not a legalized paramour!

"What, in God's name, does she do?" a man with no thought of irreverence, said to me in discussing the wife of a mutual friend. They have an eight-room apartment with every convenience, a nurse for the two children, and a woman to cook and clean, besides a laundress two days in the week. "Possibly she has outside interests?" he added hopefully.

"Not she," I replied. "She toils not, neither does she spin. Between her appointments with dressmakers and beauty doctors, she reads current fiction and goes to her bridge club."

"On twenty-five hundred a year? No wonder we have suicides and embezzlers!" he groaned.

No matter how deeply in love, men and women need to realize before marriage that their children will mean more to them than they will to each other. Their responsibility for the child's welfare will outweigh every other consideration, and their loyalty and helpfulness to each other will be the greatest factor in this achievement.

"Oh, that I had given my children a better father, or better mother, or a different heritage!" is the bitterest cry on earth.

MRS. R. M. B., VIRGINIA.

Minneapolis will be the next city Mr. Woolley will write about. The Chambers of Commerce in many towns have written us, asking to be included in this remarkable series. That shows how closely the articles are followed, how widely they are read

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Fat and Forty

THIS department is in receipt of hundreds of inquiries concerning the subject of over-weight. Each is answered as seems best adapted to the individual. Dr. Samuel Dixon, Commissioner of Health of the State of Pennsylvania, discusses this important matter with peculiar skill in one of his invaluable Health Bulletins. "Forty is an unlucky number for men five feet eight or under — if it is the waist measure. Any number above that is equally to be avoided. Over-weight is dangerous and is indicative of several things. Either the appetite is not controlled, insufficient exercise is taken, or the diet is made up of improperly selected foodstuffs.

"If any or all of these things are to blame, it is the part of wisdom to seek expert advice and to begin to apply the remedy forthwith. To sink into the placid indifference of the 'fat and forty' stage is a crime against your health. It means in all probability, that the liver and kidneys are over-worked, and the result of such strain, if prolonged, is fatal at times.

"There is another reason which is worthy of equal consideration. Physical fitness has a distinct bearing on a man's mental attitude, and so has unfitness. The man who, through neglect and lack of control over his appetite, begins to eat himself into an early grave, loses his crispness of thought. There is lacking self-respect, which every man who achieves things should have for himself as a clean, well-groomed animal.

"Don't weakly excuse yourself if you have unconsciously slipped into this class. Get busy and work yourself out of it before it is too late."

Don't Waste the Time

AM a subscriber to McClure's, and should be glad if you could oblige me with any information concerning some medicine that is recommended for tuberculosis and all wasting diseases, and if there is any real benefit to be derived from same, as follows:

Aicsol-Loyd Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Anuton Capsules, Loyd Chemical Co.
Mrs. M. S., California.

There is practically no benefit to be derived from any tuberculosis remedy; the most of them only make the patient worse. Drugs are administered by physicians only in special instances.

There are just these essentials for the care and control of the malady: Cleanliness, rest, nourishing food, fresh air and sunshine.

Do not be inveigled into buying any of the so-called patent or proprietary remedies for the treatment of tuberculosis; failure and disappointment are sure to result.

Salol

KINDLY *send me your candid opinion of the preparation called "Salol" made by John Wyeth & Bro. Has it any harmful ingredients? McClure's certainly has my support by maintaining this department.*

W. E. D., California.

Your interest and co-operation is indeed heartening. The support of believers in our department is always a great encouragement, as is the criticism of its enemies. With reference to Salol — this is as you perhaps know, a preparation of phenol and salicylic acid. It has a considerable use as an intestinal disinfectant, but it must be employed with great caution. It is commonly known as phenyl salicylate, and its therapeutic value depends upon its salicylic acid and phenol into which it separates in the intestines. It must be taken in relatively small doses, inasmuch as the liberated phenol may produce very serious results. It is said to irritate the kidneys and must be given cautiously, if at all, if the kidneys are diseased. It should be administered only under the observation of a physician who can give the case in question his personal examination.

Bevo

WILL *you kindly give me the per cent of food value if any in Bevo, a soft drink manufactured by Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis, and sold in many drugstores and restaurants here and elsewhere? My physician advised me to discontinue the use of beer on account of its action on my kidneys and liver. In your opinion, do you think Bevo would be safe to use moderately in my case?*

T. W. C., Missouri.

Replying to your query would advise that Bevo is a beer minus the alcohol. It contains only about .15 of 1 per cent alcohol. Its food value is, of course, very low owing to the large amount of water it contains. Analysis shows it has a food value of about 8 calories per ounce. If your doctor has assured you that beer acts injuriously on the liver and kidneys, it is quite likely that Bevo would have the same effect. The preparation is an excellent soft drink and in a majority of cases may be safely used.

You Can Use It Freely

WOULD *you kindly advise me if there is any ingredient in Palmolive Cold Cream, the absorption of which would be hurtful, say to the kidneys, as, for instance, if it contained lead? I use this cold cream four or five times a week on my face after shaving, and have also gotten into the habit of using it on my head after a shampoo. In general, too, would you say there was anything harmful in the cream, that would make its use somewhat harmful?*

C. E. McG., Colorado.

Palmolive Cold Cream is free from all mineral ingredients such as lead, mercury, arsenic, or any other substance of like nature. It is a high-grade cold cream, the absorption of which cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the skin. There is no reason why you should not use it freely.

Honest Corn Meal

A CONSTANT *reader of McClure's wishes to inquire if there is any home test for undenatured corn meal. Also where it may be procured.*

Mrs. I. A., Connecticut.

Except that of actual use and comparison, there is no home test by means of which one can surely distinguish between the denatured and undenatured varieties.

On request we shall be glad to furnish to others, as we have to you, the address to firms dealing in undenatured corn meal.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

HEINZ

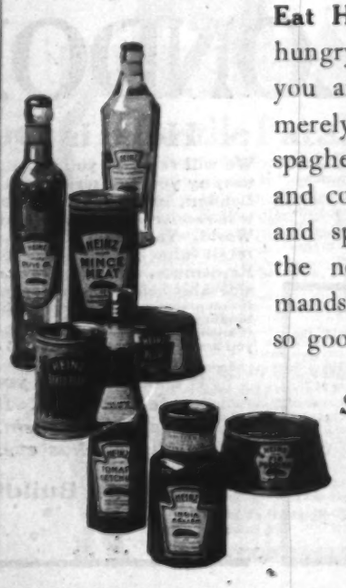
Spaghetti

already cooked ready to serve

OF what use to get the best materials, to operate the most modern and spotless kitchens, to cater to an entire nation on the largest possible scale, if the genius of good cooking were lost? The whole Heinz industry is founded upon giving an appetizing taste to food.

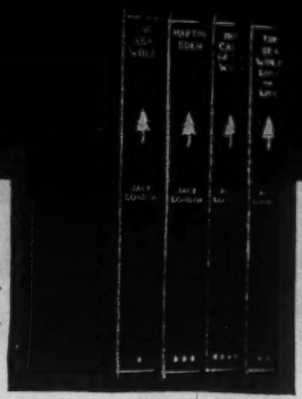
Eat Heinz Spaghetti when you think you are not hungry; when your appetite has to be humored; when you want something delicious, something that *makes* you hungry; when your common sense tells you that you must eat a simple, wholesome dish, but when your appetite demands something unusually good.

Eat Heinz Spaghetti when you are hungry, hungry as a bear, because when you are hungry you want food—not merely taste—and Heinz Spaghetti—spaghetti made in our own clean kitchens and cooked with delicious tomato sauce and special cheese—is a food, giving the nourishment that your body demands, while at the same time tasting so good that you never grow tired of it.



Some of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada



THESE FOUR BOOKS FREE IF YOU ACCEPT THE OFFER MADE BELOW

When Jack London Came To Our Home

NANCE and I were tired of ordinary fiction. The war had awakened us to realities. No namby-pamby fiction could satisfy us. We wanted *life*.

I read McClure's announcement that it would give **The Greatest Works of Jack London** free to the man or woman who subscribed to McClure's Magazine, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World under certain easy conditions.

It seemed worth taking a chance so I cut out the coupon and mailed it. The books came promptly. Nance wanted a good love story to read that evening, so she took "Martin Eden." I wanted a real man story, so I took "The Sea-Wolf."

Gee-whiz! We both got overflowing measure. It was just as if Jack London was sitting before us, telling us of his adventures on the long trail.

My book was full of the buccaneer spirit; the salt air of the sea blew through it; I saw Wolf Larsen shoot four of his crew; lure husbands and wives aboard his ship and then maroon the men while he sailed off with the women; I saw a beautiful girl rescued from the Sea-Wolf's clutches by the young American who through long months of contact with the brute had become his match.

Nance had the same experience. The story of the uncouth young sailor with the spark of genius in his breast, who by sheer force of will achieved literary success and won the love of a spoiled darling of society, held Nance fascinated. When we closed the books it was midnight.

The next evening we read "Love of Life" and "The Call of the Wild" and these were just as gripping. Jack London's dauntless spirit was with us as we read—for he had put his life his roving, adventurous, devil-may-care spirit—into these books.

Nance says—and I second it—that of all the bargains I have secured, I never got one that was less a drain on my purse or that brought such rich returns. We swear by Jack London, and by the magazines that brought him to our home. We're advising our friends to "snap up" this free McClure offer.

What You Get

Four handsome volumes bound in decorated cloth, gold stamped. Bought separately, in the regular publisher's edition, you would have to pay the price of standard novels for these "best-sellers." They come to you free and postpaid in this handsome cloth-bound uniform edition if you accept the offer we make below.

"The Call of the Wild"

"A big story in sober English, and with thorough art in the construction: a wonderfully perfect bit of work; a book that will be heard of long. The dog's adventures are as exciting as any man's exploits could be, and Mr. London's workmanship is wholly satisfying."
—*The New York Sun.*

"Love of Life"

"Jack London at his best with . . . clear-cut, sharp, incisive with the tang of the frost in it."
—*Record-Herald, Chicago.*

"The Sea-Wolf"

"Jack London's 'The Sea-Wolf' is marvelously truthful. . . . . Reading it through at a sitting, we have found it poignantly interesting; . . . a superb piece of craftsmanship."
—*The New York Tribune.*

"Martin Eden"

"The story possesses substance, form, vigor, and vitality as does everything that Mr. London writes. It is filled with the whole of life, with a life that Mr. London has himself lived, and to which he never wearies of giving every part of himself."
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

JACK LONDON FREE!!

SEND A SOLDIER OR SAILOR JACK LONDON

A Plattsburg student-officer writes us:—"Jack London has much the same point of view as we soldiers have. When a chap gets out in the rough country and matches his wits and his strength against other men he wants to read of red-blooded men doing men's work and fighting in the open against men who fight hard."

You who want to "keep up" with what your soldier or sailor boy is reading—get Jack London. You who want to send good, clean, virile literature to some boy in the Army and Navy, here is your chance. The nearest public library will gladly forward the books to the Army or Navy after you have read them. The books and magazines can be sent to separate addresses if you like. Just send instructions with coupon.

SEND A DIME WITH THIS COUPON—*NOW!*

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Gentlemen:—I enclose 10 cents. Send me, free and postpaid, the 4-volume set of The Greatest Works of Jack London.

At the same time enter my subscription to McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World each for 1 year. I agree to send you $1.00 a month* until I have paid $5.10 in all for the magazines. If I prefer to pay cash the total will be $4.75.

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We will send to you, if you mail us 10 cents and the attached coupon containing your subscription to three live magazines, The Greatest Works of Jack London, in 4 volumes, bound in handsome red cloth and gold stamped. You will receive at once the first copies of McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World. You send them $1.00 a month for five months and that's all. Their retail value by the year is $6.00. You save 90 cents and get the books for nothing. Remember, while you pay on this easy monthly plan, you get the magazines considerably below their single copy price, and the four great books come without cost. If you prefer to pay cash send only $4.75 with order. For the 4 books in beautiful red half leather binding, send $6.75.

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Keeping the Pledge — and Keeping Well

What the Food Pledge Really Means in Our Daily Bill of Fare

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

ALREADY nearly 12,000,000 housekeepers, from all parts of the country, have signed the food pledge cards and entered volunteer food service. There has been no compulsion in this; the figures represent merely a heart and soul answer to a patriotic call. Many thousand names, it is hoped, will have been added to the returns given by the time this issue of our magazine is in your hands.

This means that in an equivalent number of homes throughout the United States the request from the Food Administration for food saving, and the use of substitutes for many of the more usual every-day foods, is now patriotically observed. With an average of from three to five persons to a family, possibly, even conservatively, perhaps — for there may be others living by the pledge who have not signed it — 48,000,000 of our population have, in a few months' time, voluntarily and very decidedly changed their food habits of a lifetime.

The "wise and careful" use of wheat, meat, butter, milk and sugar has been and is still the consistent refrain of the food pledge. Observance of this means the following:

It means that in 12,000,000 homes, in place of fine white bread and rolls, and the customary cakes and pastry, coarser breadstuffs — made from whole wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, in various interesting combinations — have been substituted.

It means that in all these popular new breads and cakes, butter, the customary shortening, is no longer used, but that other fats are substituted — not only beef drippings, suet, chicken fat, but cottonseed, corn and nut oils of many varieties.

It means, too, that instead of eating these new breads spread with butter, many are occasionally, perhaps frequently, giving up the butter and using peanut butter, syrup, or honey, or jam in its place.

It means, further, that instead of the inevitable roast beef, lamb, or pork for dinner, housekeepers are now serving baked beans, combination cheese and cereal dishes, local game, fish, fresh eggs and poultry.

It means more dates and figs and raisins in our cakes and puddings; no icing on the outside. It means that the demand for fresh fruits and vegetables has increased.

Surely, we are living, in many ways, very differently than we were a year ago, and one wonders with what wisdom we may all be meeting these dietary changes at the moment. In her patriotic enthusiasm, is the housekeeper observing the direction — also part of the pledge — "The proper nourishment of every member of your family is your first duty"? Does she stop to ask to what extent certain of these newer or different foods may be identical in nourishment to the original foods replaced? Is she selecting or buying these new foods with judgment? Is she planning her menus intelligently, so that if a certain food must be omitted, something equivalent in food value is taking its place? Fortunately, in the majority of substitutes offered or available, there is little chance for trouble. The Food Administration has thrashed the problem out too thoroughly for that; the normal food wealth of the United States offers a too safely flexible dietary.

"Oats, rye, barley, cornmeal, or other cereals give bread an equal or even greater food value than all wheat."* Pure honey, maple sugar and reliable syrups can supply the energy value more normally obtained from butter fats, while the sparing of sugar in other ways more or less automatically controls any excess use of sweets in the diet. Fish, eggs and poultry are all normal substitutes for beef or mutton; beans, nut and cheese dishes, properly prepared, understandingly served, and wisely combined with other foods, afford a wholesome and welcome change. The freer use of fruits and vegetables of all kinds is always a blessing.

*Cf. U. S. Food Administration Bulletins.

The question of fat substitutes offers, on the other hand, a somewhat more complicated problem. The peculiar or subtle difference in composition between vegetable fats and some of the fats of animal origin, more particularly the significant dietary importance of butter fat, is something which demands attention, especially in the homes where there are children:

"Associated with fat in certain food materials, especially in the fat of milk and eggs — are minute quantities of recently discovered and as yet unnamed substances most important in nutrition. These are sometimes referred to as 'growth determinants.' We do not know yet exactly how much of these substances is found in different kinds of fat, or how much is needed by children or adults, but it is now impossible to consider the question of fat in the diet without considering them. Conditions in the warring nations in Europe, where the fat ration has been cut to the lowest limit, have shown that such a practise hinders the normal growth of children, the maintenance of health in adults and the repair of body tissue after wounds."*

"The appeal of the Food Administration to reduce the use of fats is of serious, national importance;" but the added appeal, "and especially to limit butter to free use on the table rather than in cooking," is of equal national importance. Let us cut out all the butter in cooking if we will and should, but let us not be blind in our patriotism or sense of economy, and omit to serve butter on the table — unless we are very sure that the extremely necessary food elements specifically attributed to and normally derived from butter fat are supplied in some other way. Where the quantity of butter normally served at table is consistently reduced, milk, cream, cheese, egg yolks and the green leaf vegetable or salad plants should be freely used.

So nationally important, in fact, is this whole question of fats, both economically and dietetically, that the United States Food Administration has just issued the following:

"It is perhaps well to understand first of all just which fats are vegetable fats and which are animal fats. Cream, butter, oleomargarine, lard, beef and bacon drippings, suet, chicken fat are all of animal origin; olive oil, cottonseed, corn, and nut oils are, of course, of vegetable origin. Occasionally one finds on the market a product which is a combination of a vegetable and an animal fat. The housekeeper should learn the uses of all fats so that she may not be limited when any commonly used fat has gone up in price, or has been put on the list of those foods to be conserved."

Dr. McCollum, nutrition authority of the United States Food Administration, adds:

"Do not use butter for cooking. Do not demand solid fats for frying. Certain of the oils, particularly cottonseed or peanut oil, serve practically as well as do the high melting fats. We have a much greater supply of oils than of solid fats. A saving in this direction is very important. Milk or egg yolk fats should always be supplied in the diet of children, for they contain something which is indispensable to health and growth. This fat is not present in fats of vegetable origin."

The Food Administration continues:

"The solid cottonseed oil product, made by introducing hydrogen into the liquid oil, is valuable. Peanut and other nut oils may be used for all purposes for which any other liquid oil is used. Peanut butter added to soup gives a delightful flavor and supplies the necessary fat."

The discipline, as well as food economy and education, resulting from our living by the pledge must show itself in greater national strength, in less narrow methods of living, in the years to come. Whatever temporary inconveniences we may suffer now, surely we can forget them in the hope of this reward.

*Cf. U. S. Food Administration Bulletins: Ten Lessons in Food Conservation.

A list of reliable cooking fats and oils will be sent on request. Address the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers

Haskell Coffin *Eckhardt* *Riesenberg*

"When Sammy Comes Marching Home"—Christy

Send for Swift's "Premium" Calendar —1918

Four great patriotic paintings by

A. W. Eckhardt—*"Wigwag Signals"*

Howard Chandler Christy—*"When Sammy Comes Marching Home"*

Sydney H. Riesenberg—*"Somewhere at Sunrise"*

Haskell Coffin—*"The Girl I Leave Behind Me"*

Have these beautiful pictures in your home

SEE Mr. Christy's painting of the time when our Marines march victoriously home. See the sad, brave leave-taking of Haskell Coffin's soldier and sweetheart. Have this great sailor painting by Mr. Riesenberg. Thrill over our daring Aviators with the charming girl in Mr. Eckhardt's picture.

This is the finest calendar of all the famous Swift series, for in these splendid paintings the strong national feeling of the hour has inspired four of our country's greatest artists.

Paintings beautifully reproduced in colors

On the back of each picture are dozens of facts you want to know—how to recognize a lieutenant when you see one, a captain, a major, an ensign. Wigwag signals—how to give warning of the enemy's approach. The different types of battleships, torpedo boats, submarines. The different airplanes—monoplanes, biplanes.

Each picture is ten and a half inches high, the whole calendar fifteen inches. There is no advertising on the front. Its beauty will delight you. Send for it today.

How to get this calendar

This beautiful calendar for 1918 will be sent to any address in the U. S. for 10c, in coin or stamps.

or—Trade-mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons.

or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons.

or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons.

or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap wrappers.

or—10 Wool Soap wrappers.

(If you live in Canada send 10c extra to pay duty.) Address Swift & Co., 4115 Packers Ave., Chicago.

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon are specially cured—delicious in flavor

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Infantile Paralysis

made it impossible for this boy to stand, so he crawled on hands and knees. Four and a half months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium "put him on his feet." Read his parents' letter:

We are pleased and very thankful for the improvement our boy has made. When we came to the McLain Sanitarium, March 22, 1917, he crawled on his hands and knees. After four and one-half months' treatment he can stand erect and walk without crutches or braces. Will be pleased to answer letters concerning what you have done for our boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Speidel
Hanoverton, Ohio

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References," free on request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
976 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

A2

"I Can Succeed!"

What other men have accomplished through I. C. S. help, I can. If the I. C. S. have raised the salaries of other men, they can raise mine. To me, I. C. S. means, "I CAN SUCCEED."

Get the "I Can Succeed" spirit, for the International Correspondence Schools *can* raise your salary—whether you're a dollar-a-dayman or a dollar-an-hour man. No matter where you live, what you now do, or how little time or money you may have, the I. C. S. have a Course of Training to fit your needs.

Hundreds of thousands of ambitious men have achieved success through I. C. S. help in the past 25 years—over 130,000 are *now* studying, getting ready for the big jobs ahead. Join them and make your life something to be proud of—you *can* do it.

Just mark and mail the coupon TODAY and find out *how*; it won't obligate you in the least.

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Illustrated catalog 7 mailed free on request
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Hartford, Conn.
U. S. A.

A Real Food Department

JUDGING from the number of letters received at the McClure-Westfield Laboratories from McClure readers, this department is rendering a most important service in McClure homes. Professor Lewis B. Allyn, who has conducted this department since its inception, has acquired international fame as a food chemist. If you wish expert and unprejudiced advice regarding food values and the problems confronting you on account of the food conservation program—write to the Food Department of McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers without steam power, equipped with
BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY
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Tenants and Tears

[Continued from page 21]

duration. He had better read up the law on the Statute of Frauds, which, Mr. Goldie would be good enough to discover, required emphatically that a lease for over one year for lands should be made *in writing*. It followed that Mr. Goldie's lease was no good. And Mr. Jacobsohn purposed to start an action at once to prove that it was no good, and to have Mrs. Kirschbaum's hateful tenant removed. Would Mr. Goldie reconsider his decision to remain in the bungalow?

Mr. Jacobsohn relied more upon the forcefulness of his words than upon the power of the point he had raised, and he prided himself that he had rendered a knockout blow to his opponent. Since half of his practise was bluff, he felt quite secure.

What was his astonishment, therefore, when the next day Mr. Goldie sent him this note: "Mr. Jacobsohn:— No, I wouldn't reconsider anything of the sort. No court in New York State would put me out, either. I advise you to read these cases: 5 Wend. 638; 3 Barb. Chanc. 612, and cases cited in them. I defy you to do your worst. I can prove $5,000 damages if she should put me out, for which I would sue in that case. Sam Goldie."

Whether he had struck the true state of the law or not, Mr. Goldie's bluff was much the stronger, the casual observer may discern. True to the timidity of his soul and his unprofessional habit of acting without investigating the truth of an opponent's claims, and with some excitement, Mr. Jacobsohn hastened to call up Mrs. Kirschbaum and ask her to come at once to his office with her son-in-law.

Twenty minutes later the twelve-cylinder swung to the curb before his offices and his client waddled up the stairs, followed by Herman Lichtman, both quite incomprehensible of this sudden summons.

Mr. Jacobsohn, hands clasped, bade his visitors be seated. He painstakingly narrated the traffic of his correspondence with the troublesome tenant, emphasizing each point precisely, that the "fine points of the law" involved might not escape their layman's minds! When he had finished he gazed self-consciously and steadily at Herman, mouth open as if trying to frame a weighty question.

"Is it true, Mr. Lichtman, that he paid rent to you? Please tell me *all* the details you could think of, please."

"Why — now — he did, yes," Herman stuttered. "You see, right before Ben Aaronson, I told him he could have it for thirty-three and a half a month. He said, 'Good, I'll take it,' and handed me sixty-seven dollars. I didn't give no receipt, he bein' a good friend to Ben — you know, the auto agent."

"A-ah, splendid!" Mr. Jacobsohn rubbed his hands and assumed the pose of a great trial lawyer. "No writing, eh? . . . And *nothing* was said about a lease?"

"Sure! of course! same as always! He said he'd want the house for a year and a half, I think; so I said, 'Sure, that's all right — 's long 's you want it."

"You *did!*" Mr. Jacobsohn was silent, visibly shrinking in the huge swivel chair in which he already was a mite.

"*Nu!* What if he did?" Mrs. Kirschbaum demanded impatiently.

Disregarding her, the attorney asked anxiously, "And he's got possession of them premises? Ain't it?"

"Sure — of course — all settled, long ago!"

Mr. Jacobsohn groaned. Visions of another wealthy client lost brought tiny yellow specks before his eyes, and the office swam.

"Say, Mister Jacobsohn," Mrs. Kirschbaum cried. "What is now? You don't mean t' say he's going to *beat* us!"

"We ain't got a *chanct* against a sneaky, shyster New York lawyer like him!" Mr. Jacobsohn replied huskily. It had just dawned upon him what Mr. Goldie had been hinting at in his letter, and his mind stopped at that proposition as though it had struck a stone wall. Even stone walls may be leaped, but Mr. Jacobsohn wasn't the sort to try it; his plan was to go through, which is difficult.

He explained: "It's like this: leases what run over a year must be in writing, you see, according to the law. But that's a general rule. There are, dear me! exceptions — and this case is one! When your tenant got possession and Mr. Lichtman here accepted that part-payment rent for you, as your agent, it don't do us any good to prove it was not made in writing! Those two things are enough proof there was a contract — a lease, and he's got us by the neck. Of course, you *could* fight him — with all *your* money — and I'd be glad to take the case, Mrs. Kirschbaum, but I'm *honest*" — with a bow — "and I want to warn you that ——"

"Shut up! You make me sick! . . . That good-for-not'ing leaster — that's what that there Mister Goldie is. A low down computer on the trains to a cheap Noo York law office, maybe! I'll fix him, if I have to sell my bung'low to niggers! Law! Bah! . . . Mister Goldie — *ganef!* — *schnorrer!*"

Herman turned to her from the window, where he was now standing. "Say, *liebe!* Don't get all ex — " But she was waddling through the door. Herman followed.

When they were outside, in the car, she turned on him, and cried:

"All *your* fault, *narrelt!* Now what we going to do, *ha?* I ask you! There he is in my bung'low and here I am a *kranke* old woman and there you are a strong feller! Am I going to see my poor liddle bung'low go spoiled because that good-for-not'ing lawyer couldn't get him out?"

MRS. KIRSCHBAUM'S brooding soon brought down the wrath of Herman's household upon her head, even in the case of Mrs. Lichtman, who had at first been a sympathizer. In the back of her phlegmatic mind she was evolving a "scheme" — both a curative and an instrument of retaliation. It was vague and shapeless. If nothing else had happened, it is probable that Mrs. Kirschbaum's first flare of revolt against Mr. Goldie would have subsided before the assault of her daughter's and her son-in-law's arguments, because it was more than likely instigated by Mr. Goldie's biting back. He had pricked, yes, punctured her vanity. Her own tenant dictating to her!

But the first flare came back with increased violence a few days later upon the occurrence of a decisive happening.

This befell about supper time. It was just when Mrs. Goldie was her busiest, trying to keep her children out of mischief, to care for the crying baby and to get the home-coming Samuel N.'s repast on the table. It was just when, at Herman Lichtman's house, everyone was rushing to prepare for the evening meal and a theatre-party scheduled later to celebrate the opening of a new theatre, lately added to Herman's chain, in a nearby town, whither they would motor in the Slackard-Twelve. And it was just when Samuel N. Goldie alighted among a crowd of weary commuters from a train at the little town's station.

The fire whistle blew a sonorous, echoing blast! The fire whistle was on the roof of the plant of the Suburban Heat, Power and Water Supply Co., Inc. Its sounding was a signal of distress; when it blew at midnight, it was a distressful sounding signal. It summoned the fire department and all that went with it. Whenever it sounded, a breathless count arose from several thousand throats, during a period of suspended animation in the little town; then general commotion ran rampant within its borders.

This time, two especial points were of interest as the deep-throated whistle lifted its great voice into the peaceful evening atmosphere, like a combination of a fog horn's wail and the grunt of an East River tug-boat. The group standing in Herman Lichtman's dining-room paused — and counted. The group of commuters at the station paused — and counted. Then, his face ashen, Samuel N. Goldie leaped squarely into an open-doored taxicab and shouted his Pearl Street address to the driver. And simultaneously Herman Lichtman stepped to his telephone as his wife Rosie cried:

"Ma! . . . Ma, it's twenty-one — Pearl Street, near Mott!"

Herman put the 'phone down in dismay and said: "Gee, operator says it's our bungalow! The fire's in the bungalow! . . . Quick!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum leaned heavily against the table and burst into tears. "*Gott!* Now they done it! Now they done it! *Ganefs!*"

Leaving poor Mr. Lichtman in his wheel chair, already at the head of the table, the others trooped yelling out the front door

after Herman, and crowded into the Slackard-Twelve, all thoughts of their evening's plans vanished.

"*Oi!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum lamented; "it ain't got insurance, neither!"

"What you talking about — no insurance even?" Herman asked, troubled.

"Not a cent — not von red cent has it got. *Ach*, Rosie! Now I'm sorry, you bet, that I kept all these years putting off and putting off getting it insuranced, when I could 'av', but always needed the money for something else. Now it's too late! *Oi vei is mir!*"

As they whizzed along Rosie and Mrs. Lichtman held the blubbering Mrs. Kirschbaum between them, in the twelve's deep-seated tonneau; and Herman, driving, mumbled his scorn for any woman who could forget to insure her own property.

Any person who has lived in New York all his life (or any other city), may expect, when he travels out to Herman Lichtman's little quaint but modernized town (or a suburb of any other city), delightful surprises in the trees and birds and fields and flowers, but one of his keenest delights will be to witness its volunteer fire department in action. Without system, reason, or any other essential to fire fighting, unless, perhaps, first-rate apparatus, they just "go to it," amid numerous officious orderings, disputed obeying thereof and scrambling attempts to couple squirming hose joints, pull on misfit rubber boots and coats, and, least important, put out the fire! After all, without them, the little town would be at the mercy of conflagrations — much more so than with them; and aside from the inexcusable orgies at their "county tournaments" and "local talent" shows, held to raise funds, they render an honorable and indispensable duty.

WHEN Herman Lichtman's twelve-cylinder pushed into the crowd before Mrs. Kirschbaum's bungalow, one hose company was already on duty (its hose laid snake-like up the front path and disappearing into the front doorway), and the other two companies were just arriving, one towed by a grocery wagon, one by a motor truck! A hundred or more people, for the most part standing in laughing, chattering groups, and boys imitating the firemen who strutted proudly about in their rubbers, were assembled on and adjoining Mrs. Kirschbaum's front lawn. And the fire was out!

The party hurried into the house. On the front porch Mrs. Kirschbaum turned on the crowd and, in tears, shouted:

"Get *off* my property — *out* my yard — loifers!"

The crowd only mocked her as she dove in the doorway after Herman.

A fireman was just tearing down the half-burnt door leading from the little dining-room to the kitchen, and Mrs. Kirschbaum pushed him roughly aside.

"Ain't it bad enough there should be a fire here without you have to pull down my whole house beside? Out, *merder!*" she screamed.

"Ma! 'Sh-'sh!" Herman entreated. "That's Chief Blumenthal, of the department!"

The fire was confined to the kitchen, a charred and smoky, wet room indeed. They encountered Mrs. Goldie, shaking and overcome with fear, her oldest girl clinging to her skirt, and her boy standing manfully before her, ready with his protection. She was foolishly trying to tell a fireman to get the roast out of the gas-stove oven. Mrs. Kirschbaum adjusted her spectacles, put her arms akimbo on her ample hips, her head projected noticeably, and she surveyed the cowered, shivering Mrs. Goldie with a superciliousness that would have done credit to her kinswoman, Mrs. Lichtman.

"Well!" she exploded. "So *now* you've done it! *Now* it ain't bad enough your kids should scratch up my walls and break my windows, but you must try and burn up my house, too! *Now* you ——"

"Say," a gruff voice interceded, "you talk with *me!* I'm your tenant, not her!"

It was Samuel N. Goldie, breathless (because his taxi had broken down a block away from the house) but easier in mind, since his wife and children were safe, even though his kitchen furniture was demolished. His eyes blazed through thick lenses and met those of his landlady, blazing with equal scorn.

"Oh — so it's you, is it?"

"Yes, *me!*" He put his arm shieldingly about his wife. Herman's mother entered, unrestrainedly shocked at sight of the burnt kitchen.

"Do you know, Mister Smarty, it ain't insuranced yet? Maybe you better think about *that!*" Mr. Goldie's face registered the drop of a degree in confidence. She added: "Maybe you better *ask* your wife who's fault this fire is, too!"

"Ma," said Herman; "don't make such a fuss over it — only a kitchen, that's all. That ain't so bad. You ought to be glad not the whole house!"

"Keep quiet, you!" she retorted. "Better you should see where my Rosie is, and take *care* your wife! I'll take care myself!"

"Rosie's upstairs wit' the Goldieses baby," Mrs. Lichtman announced. "She found it alone in the parlor!" Mrs. Goldie's eyes betrayed her feeling for Rosie.

Mrs. Lichtman edged nearer to Mrs Kirschbaum, who was rapidly losing her mastery of the situation. This was all restored, however, in a new flow of confidence when Mrs. Lichtman peered into the kitchen and boomed: "Huh, *I* never *seen* such a bus'ness! Hoim — would you look, now! It's aw-ful — *aw-full* That's what *I* t'ink! This is what comes of tenants wit' *kinder!*"

"Yes, tenants with *kinder!*" Mrs. Kirschbaum echoed, encouraged. "*Nu*, Mister Goldie, how about it? You see what your wife done, don't you?"

Eyes turned askance upon the frail Mrs. Goldie. "It wasn't her fault, I'll bet ten dollars!" Samuel N. Goldie exclaimed stoutly. "Was it, Sophie dear — was it?"

"Ye — yes," she confessed, lowering her eyes before Mrs. Kirschbaum's ferociously accusing stare. "The stove — it was turned up high, Sammy; and I — I opened the window to call in Sidney; and then I had to run upstairs to tend baby crying, and Miriam and Ruthy fighting, and forgot to — to close it; and I had to, to ——"

She burst into tears in her husband's arms. He turned sharply to Mrs. Kirschbaum. "You see what you're doing? . . . Now see here, Mrs. Kirschbaum, you got to stop this foolishness about me not being a good tenant. You *know* you can't get rid of me — see? If this is my wife's fault — well, then, all right then! I'll make good! I'll have your dam' old kitchen all fixed — remodeled in parefect shape! How's that? Eh? Anything! You — you — why, you'd take off pennies from a man's dead eyes! Here — take me — take my wife and children — take it all! That's what you'd like to do!" He stepped forward, as if martyring himself to an irresistible force. "Ah, Mrs. Kirschbaum — why ain't you decent about it? All this I could patch up all right, and I'm willing. *Anything!* But for *Gott sake*, leave us alone so we could get a *little* happiness in life!"

There was no justifiable answer to Mr. Goldie's impassioned denunciation and offer to repair. Mrs. Kirschbaum really felt quite flat. She had expected more resistance; Mr. Goldie's submission was disconcerting. In the dash of events she wondered fleetingly about Mr. Goldie's attitude. What was his game? She turned queryingly to Herman, whose words were psychologically chosen when he linked his arm through his mother-in-law's and said:

"Come on, *schweiger* — leave them be. He's all right — he's willing to make good, ain't he?"

All objections on her part shattered, at least in her mind, Mrs. Kirschbaum waddled out with Herman and Mrs. Lichtman. Samuel N. Goldie embraced his wife and glanced his gratefulness at Herman. They called Rosie and made for home in the twelve, arguing and quarreling, a house divided.

Only through Mrs. Kirschbaum's persistent nagging at Mr. Goldie, her almost daily visits to the house and her personal, vigilant supervision of the workmen, were the repairs completed within a few days after the fire, for Samuel N. Goldie, left to himself, would have taken his good time about it. As it was, through Mrs. Kirschbaum's unremitting efforts, the bill ran pretty high; and Mr. Goldie, unable to complain openly, began to worry.

During the course of her visits, also, Mrs. Kirschbaum observed such mishaps as: little Miriam breaking a globe on the parlor chandelier, in a game of "catches" with Ruthy; and Sidney cracking the top rail of the back fence, in an earnest attempt to practise tight-rope walking. The memory of the fire, ever freshened by the repair work, and such new outrages as these, brought her blood to boiling point as well as the vagaries of the "scheme," formerly hovering in the back of her mind, to concrete expression.

Her plans took definite shape on the day the repairs were finished, the day next before the last in October, when Mrs. Goldie gloomily informed her that on the morrow the whole Goldie family must journey to an uncle's funeral over in Jersey.

"Oh — so? An uncle? — that's too bad, now!" She pulled a long face; but beneath

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LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

it she was as happy as she could be. It was a great opportunity! "Say — by the way," she addressed Mrs. Goldie, "I wish you'd tell that husband of yours tomorrow is the last of the month, and I want he should move. You know it — I don't want tenanters with *kinder* — he knows it — everybody knows it — and I won't! You tell him this is notice to move — *ha?* If he don't — all right then — then I'll do ev'rything I could to *make* him, law or no law — funeral or no funeral!"

"Ah, Mrs. Kirschbaum — how could — " Mrs. Goldie's throat clogged, and her eyes filled.

"Say — cut it out, cut it *out!* . . . Them tears can't fool *me! I* know you tenanters! Don't forget to tell him. . . . Good-*by!*" She waddled resolutely from the sniffling presence of Mrs. Goldie.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Goldie held a consultation, consisting mostly of sighs and sniffs and "too bads," when Mrs. Goldie passed along Mrs. Kirschbaum's notice to her husband. It ended with Mr. Goldie's reassuring words:

"Now don't worry so, Sophie dear. What can she *do?* I got her going and coming! If she tries anything funny, then I'll sue her. Enough that I got such money troubles without seeing you always in the dumps, too!"

And the next day, bright and early, the Goldie family started on the trip to Jersey, to the funeral.

Also bright and early, a woman with a blind purpose, thinking only in the deep rut of her sympathy for her bungalow, Mrs. Kirschbaum was at the Main Street Employment Agency, where she secured the services for the day of two husky Irishmen (one of whom later, in a pause in their duties, said to the other, "Sure, I'm a-tellin' ye, Pathrick ould boy, th' woman's crazy 's a bug — plomb crazy!" — his companion philosophically pointing out, however, that theirs was not to "rayson why"!)

By nightfall every stick of Mr. Samuel N. Goldie's furniture was piled in Pearl Street before the bungalow, neatly crated and covered with long strips of canvas, ready for loading in a moving van. The rest, she thought, was up to Mr. Goldie. She left one of the Irishmen standing guard — or rather, sitting guard — a pint of beer in a can at his side. The windows and doors of the house were nailed up with packing-box boards and its rooms were empty; and in the Irishman's overalls' pocket was a long envelope addressed to Mr. Goldie, containing a check for two hundred and thirty-three dollars and a half, a refund, as a note also inclosed pointed out, of the next month's rent and an allowance for any removal expenses to be incurred by Mr. Goldie.

When she finally reached home again, Mrs. Kirschbaum collapsed under the strain of her rash deeds; and she called Rosie to her room. She tearfully narrated the day's events to Rosie, who was genuinely shocked.

"Why, mama!" Rosie cried. "He'll only sue you for it. He'll get back, you see! Why, they're not such awful people, a-tall. They got the duckiest baby! Isn't it silly of you, ma? Even if he doesn't sue — if they do go away — you'll have *no* tenant, and isn't that worse?"

"No," Mrs. Kirschbaum denied. "I know, Rosie — you all think I'm crazy, but none of you ain't got an idea how I luff that liddle bung'low. Better I should have no tenants at all and pay taxes on an empty house than have a tenant in it that always makes me cry and fret about how my house is going to stand it!"

WHEN Samuel N. Goldie's train pulled into the little town's station the next evening he hopped into a taxicab; but this time the address which he gave the driver was Herman Lichtman's house. Mr. Goldie and his family had returned from Jersey the night before to find his miserable pile of furniture before the bungalow. Mr. Goldie's face was now more drawn than ever, and a bit distorted with rage, as he rang Herman's front door bell. He felt within his inner pocket, which bulged with a crisp legal document.

It happened that the whole family was assembled just at that time, and as they lounged in the idealized Alaskan-cabin library, Mr. Goldie, ushered from the front door by the maid, catapulted into their amazed midst. His eyes searched the circle until they espied Mrs. Kirschbaum. Then he cried:

"Do you know what you've done? You — you — why, you'd take off pennies — — "

"Yes, that's all right — we know," Herman interrupted rudely, to the delight of his family; "but what I don't get straight, Mr. Goldie, is what right you got coming busting into my house like this when we're just about getting ready to eat? . . . Did somebody invite Mr. Goldie to dinner?" he wanted to know, grinning at his wife.

"I beg *your* pardon, sir," Mr. Goldie saluted. "*You* are a gentleman — of course! . . . But your mother-in-law! . . . What did she go and do, now? — puts all my furniture out in the street, nails up my house, leaves a drunk Irisher on guard that falls asleep and lets a big motor truck run into the pile of my furniture and bust up a lot of it — that's what! And I'll sue her for damages, — and more, I'll sue her for the ejectment!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum blinked unbelievingly behind her spectacles; her newspaper fell.

"Say, how you talking?" she blurted. "I bust *your* furniture up?"

"Yes, a motor truck hit it — maybe by accident, but you put it there and it's up to you for damages."

"*Nu* — I left a check for — — "

"Check, bah! Yes, the man gave me it — and your note. Would I be a nice fool to accept that check? Yes, I would!" He extracted a slip of paper from his pocket. "Here's your old check!"

Mr. Goldie furiously tore it into shreds and blew it from his thin palm toward his landlady, who, excited, stared at him as though he were crazy. The others in the room also stared at him. And well they might, for he was an object to be stared at in the splendor of his rage. His eyes seemed to pop until they touched the thick lenses, he was ghostly white and perspiring, and the passion within him burned him from head to foot.

"I got more to tell," he continued, his nose kinked more than ever. "You thought you were rid of me? No — not at all. I drenched that there Irisher awake with water and worked with him myself all last night. Ev'ry stitch of furniture, it's all back in the house. I would stay out my lease now, just for spite, if nothing else! What's more, I'm suing. Here — the details of it are in these papers that I drew up today in my office and could hardly wait to get out here to give you. Here, take 'em!"

He extended the crisp document he had taken from his inner pocket. As though they were a red hot iron, Mrs. Kirschbaum shrank into her chair and shook her head. Her expression was that of a child being forced into chilly water at the bathing beach.

"All right, don't!" He threw them into her lap. "I should worry! It's a summons and complaint, and now the fun's on. . . . Mrs. Kirschbaum," Mr. Goldie continued deliberately, "I'm not only going to stay in that there house, but I'm going to make you sweat money. If you think I'm a pest now, well — you'll see! I'm going to make you the laughing stock of this whole town. When I get you to court, I'm going to — — "

"Say," Herman threatened; "ain't you said enough? If you've done all you came here for — which I s'pose was to serve them papers? — well then, unless somebody I ain't heard of invited you for dinner — " Herman extended his hand. Mr. Goldie shot another glance at Herman's family and departed, ignoring Herman. When he had gone, Rosie took her weeping mother upstairs.

Mr. Nathan Jacobsohn was summoned as quickly as possible, and he went over the details of the summons and complaint and compared them to Mrs. Kirschbaum's narrative of her proceedings of the day before. He shook his head, clasped his hands, and diagnosed the case as follows:

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Kirschbaum. I thought I could 'av' helped you out this time and, to be frank, get back in your favor. But this case is more helpless as the other one. You *can* fight — yes, but he's got it on you this time for sure! You had positively no right to do what you did yesterday!"

However, he promised to work up as good a defense as possible.

Mr. Jacobsohn tried to settle with Mr. Goldie, who refused to accept any sum whatever, pointing out that he was now on his high horse and no mere damages would satisfy him, because, by suing couldn't he make a fool out of his landlady and so squash her once and for all besides getting his money, which he couldn't do by settling? Mr. Jacobsohn learned that the day in court set for the case was in the second week of November, and he notified his client to that effect.

As the days dragged heavily by, and the day set for her appearance in court drew nigh, Mrs. Kirschbaum worked herself into a frenzy of fear and hysteria that was as mortifying to her relatives as to herself. The trial loomed up before her as the greatest tragedy that had ever happened in her life. Rosie and Herman tried their best to explain to her that it was not a criminal procedure, that she could not be sent to jail in a civil suit of this kind, that money was all she would lose; but somehow her frantic mind failed to grasp the import of their elucidations, and as a result of her continuous brooding she actually seemed to lose weight.

"Oh, the shame of it — the shame of it!" she would go about the house moaning, until Rosie and Herman and his parents found it unbearable to stay in the same room with her.

Two days before the trial itself, Mr. Jacobsohn called her up to notify her that on the day of the trial she was to start with him for the court house, in the county seat, a few miles distant, at nine o'clock; and Mrs. Kirschbaum dropped the telephone and sank to the floor in a swoon, trembling. Mrs. Lichtman, alone and terrified, revived her; and with the maid, helped her to bed.

IT is most humiliating for a person to come to the feet of another upon whom he has looked only with condescension and who has licked him in a fight in which he once thought himself as having the upper hand. And it was quite a task for Mrs. Kirschbaum, through her night of tossing, to come to the conclusion that on the morrow, the day before the trial, she would lower herself to the extent of going to Mr. Goldie and begging him to let her off — to promise anything for his saving her appearance in court.

Toward late afternoon, the next day, she waddled slowly the distance from Herman's house to the bungalow. She pretended at first that she was making a call, and found to her surprise that Mrs. Goldie awaited her, cold and distant. She had timed her call so that she might get in a few words with Mrs. Goldie before she should tackle the home-coming Samuel N. himself.

Sophie Goldie, who had once been a gown model, was retiring by nature, though somewhat of an actress in her own way. Small, thin and worn, she was anything but a peer to either the vigor of Mrs. Kirschbaum's personality or to her slyness. But she had other, as important, weapons, including real, honest-to-goodness tears, a winning smile, a sweet, girlish face that held a world of appeal and stung one's pity quickly, and the general exquisiteness of one of those women who, though denied the privilege and opportunity of extraordinarily good breeding, seem to have it inherently bestowed.

"About the suit," Mrs. Kirschbaum opened, after the preliminaries as to the weather, the general health of the families they respectively represented and the new series of winter hats in the Main Street Millinery Shop's windows, "I have decided I guess I won't fight it! Instead, I guess I'll try to get out of it, huh? Don't you think maybe if I was to be a little more kinder to your husband he would forgive all what I've done? Missus Goldie, don't you now?"

Up to that point Mrs. Goldie had maintained her decorum passingly well. This news made her lips whimper a tiny bit; and her eyes lost their hauteur and again looked hunted. "No! . . . No, Sammy is too firm! I could *never* change his course, and so nobody else could do it," she protested.

But Mrs. Kirschbaum feasted upon the note of uncertainty which she detected in Mrs. Goldie's voice. "No?" she said. "Suppose *you* tried, then? . . . Maybe — *ha?*"

"No! . . . Ah, Mrs. Kirschbaum — when we want you to do one thing, you always do something else!" Mrs. Goldie sobbed. "Why — *why* must you just take it into your head to get *out* of it when we want you to stay *in* it!"

Mrs. Kirschbaum saw that this time the tears were genuine, and that there was no fooling about it; they broke too spontaneously. "Why — *liebe* — what's the matter? . . . I'll pay reas'nable damages, of course!"

"But — but we didn't want *reasonable* damages. We want what the suit calls for, and you *know* they're not reasonable, don't you?" She gazed innocently at her landlady. "Mrs. Kirschbaum — if you only knew all that Sammy and me's been through!"

"Now, now — Missus Goldie — tell me!" Mrs. Kirschbaum had almost forgotten her own troubles in a rush of feeling for this frail creature, sobbing before her.

Mrs. Goldie lifted her great black eyes, tear-stained, and her sweet voice stumbled along the shaky path of an account of their manifold troubles. "Mrs. Kirschbaum," she said, "do you think that suit's on the level? I been trying for over two weeks now to convince myself it's all right for us to do you out of some money after the way you been treating us. But I can't — I can't stand it. It hurts too much in here." She touched her breast gently. "No, Mrs. Kirschbaum, not when I look at my children.

"You think my husband's a fighter? . . . He ain't — not at heart. You think he's

nasty? . . . He goes out and swears at you, maybe; then he comes home here and cries it out with me! You think he's a crook? . . . No; he *had* to fake up extra charges on you, Mrs. Kirschbaum.

"Do you know — we haven't paid that kitchen bill yet? Why? No money! And there are other bills — always bills, bills, bills! In the city it was the same. We were nice and prosperous at first, me and Sammy. Then the children came — so fast we couldn't keep up with the extra expense adding up all the time. But we love them, ev'ry one. . . . If we don't get money soon, I don't know what we'll ever do. If you hadn't 'av' come around now — just before the trial, maybe I couldn 'av' held out. But now, no. Gee, it's fierce, trying to make all ends meet, and do it on the level. When we got out here in the country we thought everything would be different from that dirty city. But the troubles are more out here than there. At least, we never had our landlord hound us — except once in a while for rent."

Mrs. Kirschbaum sat wide-eyed, quite overcome with astonishment, searching Mrs. Goldie's countenance. She had never, she thought, seen anything quite so compellingly pitiable, nor heard any voice so plaintive as this woman's.

"*Liebe!*" she cried. "All this — and I thought you two were a couple o' *ganefs!*"

"I know!" She smiled through her tears. "I know — because something has pulled a curtain in front of your eyes, because you were mad at us when we couldn't help it. Listen — the hardest thing I ever did was to help Sammy fake up that suit against you. Now, today, the thing that's even harder, is to tell on Sammy and tie the can to his whole case — all his plans to pay the bills. But if we lose or not — I can't see us win on a fake — that much I know, anyhow. We never have, and I hope we never would. What we will do, I don't know. But some way ——"

She sank forward, sobbing. Mrs. Kirschbaum tenderly took her in arms. "There's a way! . . . There *is* a way, *liebe!* . . . Missus Goldie — Sophie — listen here! I — it — it would kill me to go in that court tomorrow. . . . Just now already is the first time I been able to forget it all — till I listened to you. You are a *wonderful* woman! . . . There's a way, and it's this: You get your husband to call off that suit — to drop it — I'll pay the kitchen fixing bill — I'll loan you money, that you could pay off other bills — I'll lower the rent to thirty dollars — I'll let you use some of my storage furniture beside — I'll let the lease run so long as you want it — I'll get customers in my friends for your husband, and they'll pay good — I'll help you — and your children — you poor little people! *Anything!* Only tell him he should call it off, and I promise you you have made a good friend right here — me — Sadie Kirschbaum!"

Each time that Mrs. Kirschbaum paused in this disjointed speech, Mrs. Goldie raised her head of dark hair a little higher from its bowed position, till at last, tears drying, she was staring with great eyes, full at Mrs. Kirschbaum's expectant features. She suddenly flung herself, arms about neck, at Mrs. Kirschbaum, ever so much, the latter thought, as her own little Rosie had been in the habit of doing whenever Mrs. Kirschbaum had given in to her over some trifling affair of child play. A warm love welled poignantly for the little woman.

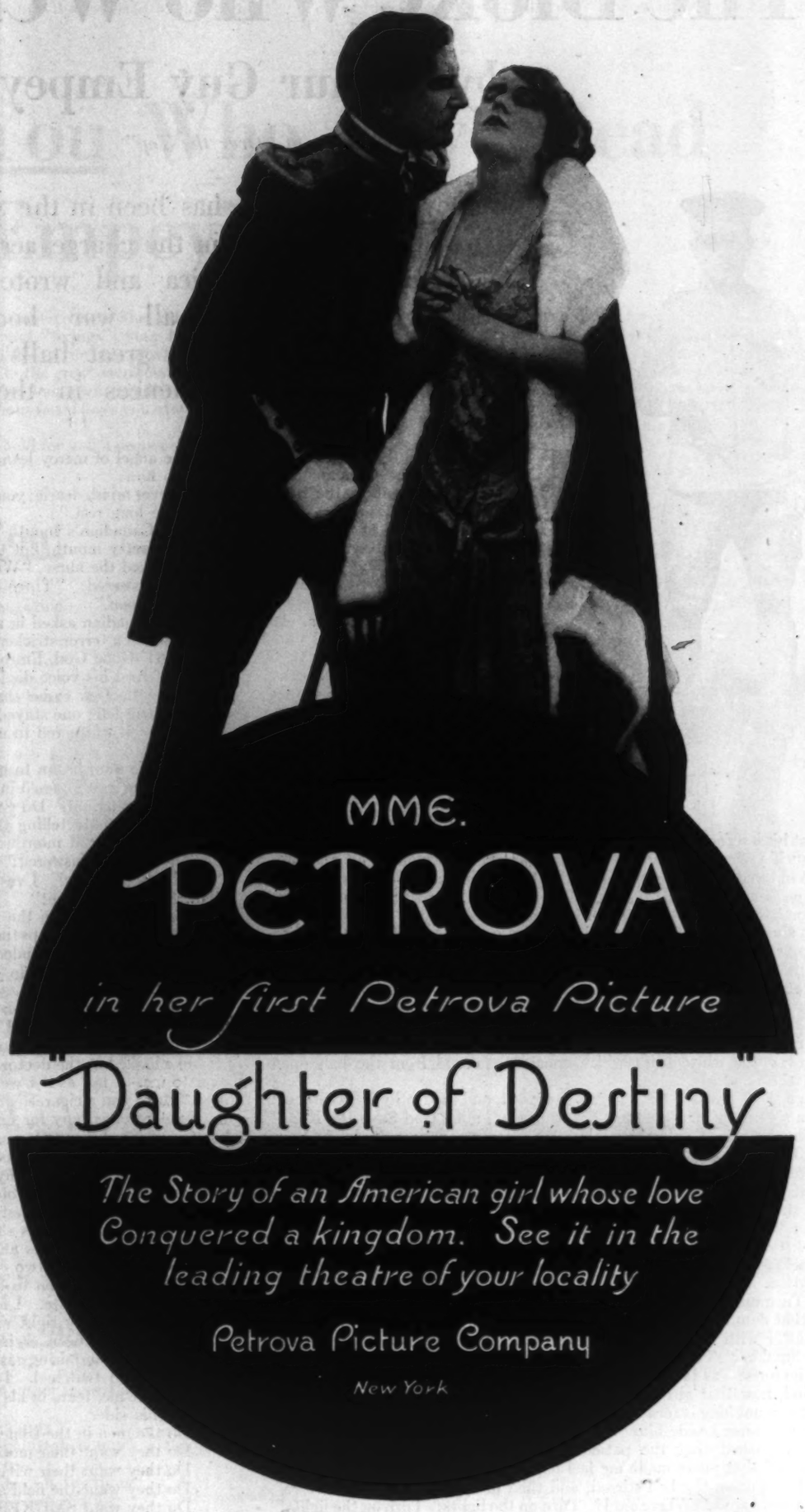
"Mrs. Kirschbaum!" she cried. "You *will!* You *will* help us? And not fight any more? . . . You *will!*" She laughed hysterically, as if unable to comprehend, as Mrs. Kirschbaum patted her head. "If you knew what we been through!"

"Sure thing, I will! And *you* — you'll help change your husband's mind?"

"Yes." Mrs. Goldie's eyes were serious again. "I don't know about Sammy! He's kind of pig-headed — he's sore at you! But I'll help you talk to him — and he — when he understands, maybe he'll —— "

The front door of the bungalow opened then, and Mr. Samuel N. Goldie himself, just from his train, stepped into the little parlor where they sat. Indeed, Mrs. Kirschbaum's stage managing had been skilfully timed. He was frigid! But his wife's laughter, the first from her in weeks, and Mrs. Kirschbaum's bobbing, grinning face, turned attentively to him while his wife recited her offer, soon brought smiles to his own. When Sophie Goldie had finished, Samuel N. put one arm about her, squeezed her, brushed an impudent tear away, and extended his hand to Mrs. Kirschbaum, who took it eagerly.

"I think," she said, "that we'll *all* be friends. I know my daughter Rosie likes you, anyhow — she likes your *kinder!*"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"The Bloke Who Went West"

by Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top"

Empey, an American, has been in the thick of the great war. Three times wounded in the charge across "No Man's Land," he returned to America and wrote "Over the Top"—the biggest seller of all war books. Thousands of Americans have crowded great halls in the East to hear Empey relate his experiences in the trenches of France.

I HAD been slightly wounded in an attack on the German lines and had been sent to the base hospital at Rouen.

The bed next to mine was empty. The sheets were turned down, the pillow was missing and a rubber sheet was stretched across the center of the bed, the ends of which were neatly tucked under the mattress. It was my first time in a hospital, but even to me, a recruit, it seemed that that bed was specially prepared, was waiting for some special case. I was right. It was.

In the bed on my left was a Jock, a Scottie from the Fifteenth Royal Scots, or "ladies from hell," as this particular Highland regiment was lovingly called by Fritz, our neighbor across No Man's Land. This Jock had lost his left foot from a shell burst. I asked him why the bed was made up in such a peculiar manner. He told me that the occupant, a Canadian, was up in the "pictures" (operating theater) having both hands amputated at the wrist and also that the Canadian was blind, caused by the explosion of a bomb while raiding the German trenches.

In about half an hour four white clothed orderlies came down the ward carrying a stretcher. In the wake of the stretcher came a Red Cross nurse. They halted before the unoccupied bed on my right. Then I marveled at the efficient and gentle way in which the wounded man was transferred from the stretcher to the bed. The "undertaker's squad" left, but the Red Cross nurse sat beside her patient, every now and then shooing a fly away from the bandaged head or using a piece of gauze bandage to wipe away the white froth which constantly oozed from the half open lips of the bandaged form.

In a short time the ether began to die out, and the frothy lips twitched. Then a sigh, and then the man began to sing, not "God Save the King" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," but "Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend."

Pretty soon this tune changed to a shout of "Ammo (ammunition)! Ammo! Ammo forward!" You could hear him all over the ward. The nurse started to sing a crooning little lullaby. The shouting ceased. Further twitching and twisting, and the ether was expelled into an ever ready little receptacle held in the hands of the nurse. In a few minutes rays of consciousness penetrated to the brain of the wounded man and he started to mutter:

"Turn on the lights; it's dark, it's dark. I can't see. It's dark, dark. Take that damned pillow off my head. It's dark, dark, I tell you. What's the matter with my mitts? They're tied, cobblestone on them. Where am I, Smokey? This dugout's dark. Switch on the glim."

The nurse was talking to him in a low voice and crooning her lullaby. My God, how that girl could sing!

It was not long before the blinded soldier fell asleep. He slept for three hours, the nurse beside him. Not for a second did she leave her post. I inwardly wished that the patient would sleep for hours longer. The presence of that nurse made me feel happy and contented all over.

The form on the bed stirred, and then in a plaintive voice:

"Where am I? Where am I? Turn on the lights! Turn on the lights!"

The sun was streaming through the window.

The nurse was crying. So was I. The Jock on my left was softly cursing to himself.

The angel of mercy leaned over her patient and in a low voice whispered to him:

"Never mind, dearie; you are in the hospital and will soon be in Blighty for a nice long rest."

The Canadian's mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry. It was a pretty mouth, but the lips were blanched to a bluish white.

He asked the nurse, "What time is it?"

She answered: "Three o'clock, dearie. Try to go to sleep. You'll feel better soon."

The Canadian asked in a piteous voice, "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in a terror stricken voice: "I know! I know! They've put my lights out! Good God, I'm blind! I'm blind! My eyes are gone—gone—gone"— And his voice died out in a long sob.

Three doctors came through and held a low voiced consultation. Two of them left; one stayed.

The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke! He's going west. I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her hand. She whispered to him: "Dearie, the mail is going out. Do you want me to write a note home to the folks—just a short note telling them that you are all right and will be with them in a couple of months?"

The patient answered:

"Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home! God, I wish I had one!"

The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet. Perhaps the blood was soaking through. But blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a"——

The nurse: "What do you want, boy? What can I get for you—a nice cool drink?"

The answer came back:

"A drink? Hell, no; I want a smoke! Where's my makings? I want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"

She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigarette, my dear, for that poor boy? We are all out—have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realized what a godsend cigarettes are for these poor wounded lads they would send them out. They are as important as shells."

I told her to look in my kit bag. She looked through it and found one, all out of shape—a Goldflake. I think it was the only smoke left in that ward of sixty-nine patients.

With joy in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs and the lighted cigarette fell out of his mouth on to the sheet. He was asleep.

It was getting late. I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning.

The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying.

I turned an inquiring gaze to the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry, but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

Do the men in the trenches want smokes?

Do they want their mothers?

Do they want their wives and sweethearts?

Do they want the field and flowers at home?

Do they want SMOKES?

God, do they want them? They need them? They cry for them! They must have them!

Americans, if you could only see with your own eyes, realize the cry-

ing need for smokes in France, you would starve in order that they could have them.

Do your bit—win the gratitude and thanks of the boys who are fighting your fight—our fight—Uncle Sam's fight—the civilized world's fight.

Let your slogan be:

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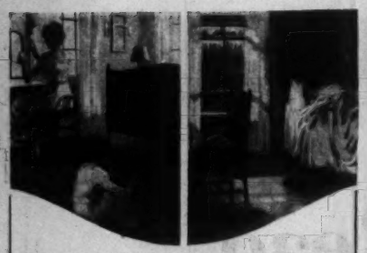

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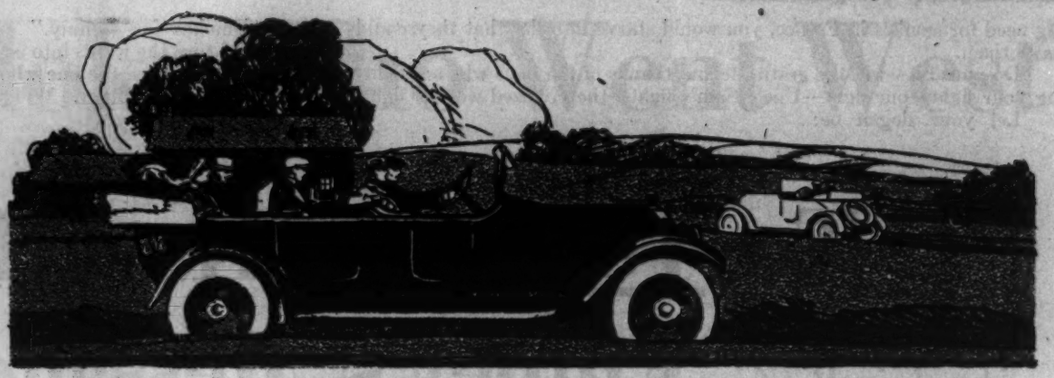

Something for Nothing

The Fallacy of Free Service

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of McClure's Automobile Department and Editor of "Popular Science Monthly"

SINBAD, the sailor, had his Old Man of the Sea; the automobile industry has Old Man Service. The fumes of wine loosened the hold of the Old Man of the Sea; but no stratagem has yet been devised to make Old Man Service slip from the automobile industry's back.

It all began when the automobile industry was young—in fact, when it was born. It was very hard to prove that "horseless carriages" would really go. If you take a historical interest in such matters, read the automobile advertisements that appeared about 1900. They were worded to convince an inquisitive but skeptical public that gasoline would actually make wheels turn. There was some reason for skepticism. In 1905 a few enthusiastic manufacturers of the middle west organized a "horseless carriage" race. Most of the contestants spent their time not in making records but in tinkering with their broken-down machines. The winner followed his mechanical marvel with a team of horses, and when the race was over he found that he had averaged the mad speed of ten miles an hour. It was evident enough that the automobile was not perfect and that the manufacturer must be prepared to remedy the all too many defects which naturally appeared in a period of experiment. Free service was necessary, and free service in the early days meant the fulfilment of the optimistic manufacturer's promise that his crude, clattering vehicles would run at all.

There was more competition in service than in actual selling, once the public's doubts were dispelled; for the automobile, unlike most great inventions, was introduced not by one man or company but by many men and many companies. The telephone is Alexander Graham Bell's construction; the phonograph, Edison's; wireless telegraphy, Marconi's; the flying machine, the Wright Brothers'. But there are at least a dozen who can justly claim that they are pioneer motor car manufacturers. From the very first there was keen competition. It was not difficult to sell automobiles, once their practicability was demonstrated. We all wanted to buy automobiles. But which one? And so we listened, entranced, to the blandishments of imaginative salesmen.

"Free service," were the magic words that solved the riddle for us. And free service meant free repairs whether the damage that necessitated them was caused by our wanton neglect or by faulty manufacturing methods. In those halcyon days we had only to threaten that our next car would be of another make to win our point, even though deep down in our hearts we knew that we were wrong. The man who took good care of his automobile was penalized. He had to pay the cost of the repairs of the driver who abused his car. The whole system was unfair.

When you buy a book, or a yacht, or a locomotive, you never think of asking for free service. Why then should you expect an automobile manufacturer to give you something for nothing?

The dealer would have the public believe that the old free service system still exists. But the great factories are not so prodigal as they were in the "horseless carriage" days. A few years ago a number of manufacturers recognized the folly of giving something for nothing. They attempted to shake off Old Man Service by means of the coupon system. As a car owner you know what that means. When you buy a car you receive a book of coupons worth perhaps two hundred dollars. It is a nice book, but knowingly or unknowingly you pay for it when you buy your car, just as you pay in a fashionable hotel for having half a broiled fish served not on a piece of china but on an electroplated platter.

For all its apparent fairness the coupon system is wrong as most manufacturers apply it. It does not fix the responsibility for ignorance or carelessness. Although you may strip your gears or forget to fill your crankcase with oil with consequences too mechanically dreadful to mention here, you have only to wave your book of coupons under the nose of the manufacturer in order to have your car placed in good condition again. Of course, he tears out what he conceives to be the correct number of coupons after he has restored your car. But that does not sanctify the system. The coupon book is valid usually for a year. Perhaps your next door neighbor (the kind of man who mows his lawn of a morning at six o'clock and whose house is as prim and neat as the dwelling in an old Dutch canvas) may not have occasion to use his coupons more than once or twice within the prescribed year. He has paid for something which he is not getting, simply because he has been careful.

The coupon system is like the elephant; it will soon belong to a past epoch; it is nearly extinct. But the free service policy still persists in a mildly pernicious form. You are told, for instance, by some dealers that you have the right to have your car inspected every month. Generally the inspection is so superficial that there is time only for minor adjustments. To be sure even this service, scant as it is compared with the generosity of past years, is expensive. Its cost is sustained by the car purchaser in the end because the selling price of the car is determined firstly by the cost of material and labor, and secondly by an average charge for selling the car. In the final analysis the purchaser always pays. He cannot get something for nothing.

Manufacturer's service of some kind there must always be. It is particularly important to the user of motor trucks. Unless it is moving, a motor truck loses money. Indeed, idleness may mean loss of business prestige if that prestige is based on promptness of delivery. What would be the fate of an express company for example, if its damaged motor trucks could not be quickly repaired?

But what should service necessarily imply? In the first place, ability to obtain necessary parts quickly. That is now accomplished through a highly complicated and exceedingly costly method. A large stock of repair parts is carried not only in the main factory of a company but in many cities. One of the oldest companies in Detroit—its business was established in 1902—can renew the elements of any car that it has ever built. At its Detroit factory, alone, it carries a stock of parts worth more than one million dollars. It requires its dealers and agents to fill repair orders in twenty-four hours, and the repair parts carried by some of its large dealers may be worth as much as one hundred thousand dollars.

Another great company keeps in stock no less than three million dollars' worth of parts at its main plant in Flint, Michigan, and in addition, smaller stocks worth from fifty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars at its forty branches and distributing points throughout the country. Its three thousand five hundred dealers must have on hand those parts which are most generally needed.

One of the foremost motor car companies of America, a firm famous for the fine workmanship of its product, has sold about twenty-five thousand cars and about ten thousand motor-trucks, for all of which it has received one hundred and twenty-six million dollars. To keep these thirty-five thousand vehicles in good running condition, the company has established service plants which represent an investment in buildings and equipment of twenty-three million dollars. For every five dollars paid by the purchasers of its vehicles, one dollar has been set aside to keep them in running order. If we assume that the average car is worth one thousand dollars, then the four million cars in the United States are worth four billion dollars. And if one dollar out of every five dollars spent for them has been applied to the making and storing of repair parts, it follows that the staggering total of eight hundred million dollars is invested in a system designed merely to keep cars in motion.

The Motor Truck in Business

A Booklet by Waldemar Kaempffert

Partial List of Contents

Which Shall It Be—Gasoline or Electric?
Motion and Money
Fitting the Body to the Load
Do They Pay?
When Trailers Pay
Keeping the Truck in Condition
Watching the Cost

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery.

Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

Let us visualize just what this means.

Suppose that Clarence Hawkins decides to buy an automobile. He may live in a town of ten thousand inhabitants — big enough to support several automobile agencies. One of the agencies sells the Sphinx and another the Thunderbolt. Clarence's wife likes the Thunderbolt for no other reason than that it has such ravishing little side pockets for odds and ends and that the extra seats can be made to vanish magically. Clarence decides on the Thunderbolt.

Clarence tells the man across the street, and the man across the street promptly tells the Sphinx agency. The next afternoon the Sphinx agent — an energetic blond who looks like the young man in the collar advertisements that we see in all the magazines — drives up to Clarence's door in a gorgeous Sphinx. He knows Clarence. Haven't they played tennis together at the country club? There is nothing unusual in his asking Clarence to take a ride. And so Clarence steps into the vacant seat in front.

Of course, Clarence has to tell about his prospective Thunderbolt — just as if the Sphinx agent didn't know.

"Good car," comments the Sphinx man.

Clarence feels reassured.

"But what kind of service do you expect to get?" adds the blond young man.

"What do you mean?" queries Clarence.

"Suppose your Thunderbolt were to break down. How soon would you get repair parts?"

Clarence hadn't thought of that.

The Sphinx agent sees his chance.

"I'll show you what service means," says the young blond Sphinx.

They stop at a drug-store in the next town.

"Call up the Thunderbolt agency. Say that you are broken down here, but don't tell them who you are."

The Thunderbolt agency is very sorry to hear of the accident. The parts that Clarence wants are not in stock. It will take from three to five days before they can be obtained from the main factory.

"Call up the Sphinx agency now."

Once more Clarence obeys.

"Stay where you are," says the Sphinx agency. "We'll be with you in half an hour."

That is how Clarence came to buy a Sphinx.

And now for an illustration of another kind of service — the wrong kind.

In April, 1917, the state of California passed a law intended to remedy the headlight evil. It was stipulated that lights must be focused in a certain way. Californians made no effort to adjust their headlights until a few days before the law went into effect. And then an avalanche of cars rolled on the dealers of the state. The owners wanted their headlights regulated *without charge*. That could be done only after dark. Mechanics had to be kept after hours and paid for overtime work. There was a storm of protest when the dealers sought to make a fair charge. Some of them were compelled to adjust headlights at a loss simply to retain the good-will of a possible future customer.

In the process of evolution service has become more and more indefinable. As a trade term, it covers sometimes the correction, at the manufacturer's expense, of occasional defects in material or workmanship for which the car owner can hardly be held accountable; sometimes the repair of vehicles that have deteriorated through use or abuse; and lastly a vague something beyond legitimate repair work which is performed gratis for the purpose of retaining the good-will of a motor car or truck owner.

Sooner or later automobile manufacturers will be compelled to adopt a new service policy. They will repair only that damage for which they themselves are responsible; they will make a charge for repairs that cannot be fairly laid to their door. When that day comes, the repair bills of the nation will be reduced for the simple reason that the car owner will at last realize that he must always pay for his own carelessness. The price of the vehicle will be reduced, and the purchaser will pay only the real market value and not a value dependent on service which he may or may not require and obtain.

The future development of the automobile and motor truck business in this country is dependent in large measure upon good service. It needs no genius to prophesy that those firms alone will succeed who will render service, not under the subterfuge of giving something for nothing, but on a fair business basis.

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 26*

of something akin to hope Julian threw open the door, stepped inside and set his suitcases down with a thump. His father jumped up and came toward him, reaching for one of them, asking easily:

"Off now, Jule? You don't want to leave the house till you've ——"

"No," Julian interrupted; he searched the face before him with an agony of inquiry. "I'll wait to hear what Lynnie says. And —" Julian's voice broke uncontrollably, "I'd rather wait alone."

Chapter XVII — "No"

JULIAN carried his suitcases out to the garage, and stowed them on either side of the Go-devil, between mud-guards and engine, pushing them down mechanically. Here was where he would wait alone.

The little car with the luggage on — there stood his entire fortune; a second-hand roadster and an outfit of clothes suitable for a young millionaire! When he started up and hit the road, that's what he had to begin life on, and no knowledge of any way of earning a living. He had been scornful of Tony De Vega as a suitor for Lynnie. Why, the man had land and some cattle — probably had earned his own money since he was fifteen. . . . Her worn-out shoes; the poor little threadbare serge skirt with a hole burnt in it, that she said would have to be made over for a small sister; her talk about being glad to get work at Bruckners . . . Why wouldn't such support as Tony De Vega's look good to her? . . . A year more and he'd be twenty-one. Well, anyhow, he wasn't going to leave this morning without seeing Lynnie. No use to go down there to her house any more. His father's offer was the best thing in sight—worth waiting a while for.

He backed the machine over to the floor tank, unscrewed the cap and began pumping in gasoline. He opened up the engine, saw that the crank case was full, turned up grease cups that needed it, wiped, polished, tuned up the roadster. And while his hands worked with their usual skill his mind was down there in that awful place, with those awful people that had Lynnie. What would they do to her?

Of course it was not time yet to expect them, but every noise over at the house had him hurrying to the garage door. Only the great harp that Madame D'Angoula was to play being carried in; the caterer's men at the back door, hampers, boxes, folding chairs. At last he refused to jump and run for every sound, so that about eleven o'clock Calkins walked in on him and startled him. Julian knew instantly that he had been sent. His mother — what did she expect to find out through Calkins?

"May I come in? Shall I be in your way"?

"Not at all." Julian got up vaguely, wiping his hands on a bit of cotton waste. Calkins couldn't fail to see the plastered-up cheek; but he didn't say a word. He'd been told something; and that something would be whatever Julian's mother thought suitable or profitable. If he'd only go away!

"Fine storm we had last night."

"Yes, sir." (O God — last night!)

"Your mother tells me you're not going to play this morning, after all."

"No, sir — I'm not going to play."

"But you'll be around here a while?" the assertion was interrogative. "I rather

Safeguarding the Public's Health

FOUR thousand workers are employed and three hundred and eighty-three yards maintained by the Pullman Company throughout the country, for the cleaning of the cars, and stocking them with fresh supplies.

At the end of every trip all seats and cushions are unlimbered, and every cranny is vacuum cleaned. Mattresses, blankets and pillows are hung in the open air and sunlight. All used linen is removed and fresh linen neatly stocked; water coolers are sterilized with steam; the washrooms are cleansed with disinfectant solution.

At frequent intervals carpets are removed and renovated and the monolithic floor thoroughly scrubbed; the walls and ceilings are washed with soap and water. The polished steel interior of a Pullman is easily kept clean, and cannot shelter germs. Thorough fumigation is given every car regularly.

The laundering of bed linen and blankets is done according to the most exacting standards; the smallest permanent stain or scorching causes it to be discarded. Mattresses, pillows and all upholstery are frequently emptied and their contents renovated. There is probably no other public place where health and cleanliness are more vigilantly guarded than in the Pullman car.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

You Are Invited

MOTOR problems in the home are important and are now coming ahead of some other problems. You are living in a motor age. You are invited to actively participate in the benefits to be derived from this splendid Motor Department. When the motor takes its place in the home it comes into constant use for family convenience, for pleasure and for business.

What automobile subjects are you particularly interested in—what suggestions have you to offer this department for automobile articles during the coming year? During the past year this department through Waldemar Kaempffert, Automobile Editor, has presented to McClure readers the following articles:

Paying for a Car While You Use It
The Cost of Mere Mud
The Average Man and His Perfect Automobile
The Automobile of the Future
Keeping Up the Cost of Living
"Horsepower"—What Does It Mean?
The Automobile of 1951
The Man in the Driver's Seat
Pure Fuel and Your Car
Motor-Truck Freight Trains
What's the Matter With Gasoline?
The Lesson of the Automobile Industry

The inquiries coming to the Automobile Department are increasing each month. Make this your department; it is well worth while. Address all communications to

McCLURE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT
25 West 44th Street, NEW YORK

The Most Exciting Mystery Novel

Arthur Stringer

Has Ever Written

Does Love Excuse What Baddie Pretlow Did?

Would you have done what Baddie Pretlow did in her hour of temptation? Or would you have done what her employer begged her to do? How would you have treated his proposal?

Read "The House of Intrigue" by Arthur Stringer (Author of "The Prairie Wife") and you'll enjoy one of the most exciting mystery stories ever published. It is filled with thrilling incidents from beginning to end. And as for mystery? It fairly tingles with it. Everytime you feel sure you have the key to the baffling plot, up bobs something new and unexpected.

You won't be able to think of another thing after you begin "The House of Intrigue." The action is as swift as electricity. The thrills are innumerable. The excitement is continuous. Heavens! how this man can write when it comes to a mystery!

Forget everything in the world, but don't forget to get

Pictorial Review

For January

ON SALE NOW

wanted to chuck the thing myself, and have a talk with you about — about the starting up of work."

The speech wasn't like Calkins; it had been put in his mouth. Julian answered as though he were speaking to his mother.

"I'm going to stay here," he got the words out one by one, "till — well — till noon — if I have to. If — then ——" He looked down at a wrench he held in his hands, turning it slowly, waiting for a little more breath. "I don't know where I'll go then. But I'll not be here after — about eleven o'clock — possibly twelve."

Calkins stood a moment silent. Julian was sorry for him. Finally he seemed to take his courage in both hands.

"Just what do you mean by that, McCulloch?" he asked at a gulp. "Are you thinking of leaving home?"

"No," said Julian. "I've left."

"I — I see." Calkins's tone showed that he didn't see at all. "Is there —— If there should be anything I could do — you'd ask me?"

"Oh — yes."

"Well — I'll see you again?"

"I think so, sir." Julian didn't try to make his tone encouraging.

"I — I wish there was something ——" Calkins let it go at that.

Julian shoved past him to the garage door. Women's voices sounded over there on the drive. It was Dale Pollard with Lemaire, who would make the flash-light photograph of the dining-table and the seated guests. Paula was with her aunt. They looked across, and Julian thought for a moment they were going to come straight over. He wasn't aware of having spoken, but Calkins, beside him, said:

"I'll stop them," and headed through the wet grass with that odd little halt of his.

After they were gone into the house Julian drew a little back and watched. Again, as when he had stood in the window of his father's room upstairs, he knew that the day was very spacious and sunny, with that gay, ironical effect of laughing at the damage of last night's storm. The blue and green and gold, winking and shimmering with light, made small of the gale that had blown in the door against his father's holding, that had drenched the sleeping-porch, and wrecked a thousand blossoms in the garden. He kept his place in shadow; people were coming to the front of the house now; one after another, the motors discharged their chattering passengers at the main entrance and made the turn of the graveled sweep there. He looked at his watch. It was getting along toward noon. But somehow he didn't think his father would fail him. His father had been right, too — the house was the best place for them to meet. There in the library he and Lynnie could come to an understanding at last. He'd tell her — he knew now — He'd say ——

Then his breath caught in his throat. There were footsteps over on the back drive. His father and Willis came into view, walking side by side up the winding way under the ropes of wistaria and pink passion-vine, around the clumps of pampas grass and giant bamboo. It was a kind of nightmare, in which he saw each least detail with a frightful clearness. After them — was this Lynnie — Lynnie between her mother and Jane Jordan, like a prisoner, head down, creeping along!

Up at the front the fashionable crowd going in had no sight of this strange procession which got to the side door and stopped, a close group on the wet flags.

Jane Jordan left the others and came across to the garage, her skirts held high over stout shoes and thick ankles. When she was within ten feet of the door she saw him back in the shadow, and said in a perfectly colorless tone:

"Your father wants you — in the house."

That was all. She went very quietly past, and on out the front way. For a moment Julian's gaze followed her, wondering a little; she had moved and spoken like a different woman from the Jane Jordan of a few hours since — the Jane Jordan of that scene in the Willis kitchen.

Then he found himself back at the sink, washing his hands. He was aware of walking across to the house. The others had gone in, but he heard sounds of music from upstairs — just the tuning of violins and viols — and when he got to the library door, there they stood, inside — all of them.

"We're waiting — for your mother," Stephen McCulloch said.

"I'll go and get her."

"No. Come in — and shut the door."

Julian did neither. This was no such chance as had been promised him. Here was nothing that he would have waited for. His eyes went past the elder Willises to Lynnie where she dropped beside her mother. Her fair, delicate little face was sodden from long weeping. She who had always been so neat and careful and orderly looked neglected, forlorn, with her pretty hair scrambled into a knot at the back of her neck any fashion. And yet she was Lynnie. If somehow they could get away from these people!

Then his mother's voice sounded in the entry behind him: "Stephen, you sent for me. Where do you want me? In there?"

Julian drew back for her to pass — a purely mechanical movement; but when he caught sight of the way she had dressed herself for a morning function, he had a swift upwelling of raw anger. She was as magnificent as he had ever seen her for a ball — all to break down a poor little girl like Lynnie! It was a malicious woman's trick. She gave him not one glance, but looked at his father as she came in, and spoke, passing one hand nervously over the back of the other to settle the many flashing rings in place.

"What is it you want of me, Stephen?" she said, when she had sent a cold stare over the others and made a scarcely articulate sound of greeting.

Lynnie barely raised her eyes to the shining figure, then dropped her head and stood as before. The Willises, on either side of her, shuffled uneasily. Charley Willis swallowed and looked away. His wife set thin pink lips together and bowed to the rich woman, half defiantly.

As for his mother, Julian, looking to see how she took her first glimpse of Lynnie standing there like a culprit, was afire with rage at her, with shame for her. If it hadn't been that there was Lynnie over there, he'd have turned and left the whole thing. His mother didn't look directly at Lynnie; she kept jerking her chin up and then glancing sidewise at the poor little thing with a kind of horrified, hostile air. . . . Well — get it over. He came in now, and pulled the door to behind him.

"Father," he said, bluntly, "I expected to speak to Lynnie — alone."

"I guess you hadn't better ——" Charley Willis began with feverish haste. He still held his hat clutched in his hands, and looked across it imploringly at McCulloch.

"It seems to me ——" Mrs. Willis broke in, and was in her turn interrupted by the one authority there:

"Maybe the girl doesn't care to see you alone, Julian. How is that?" he spoke to Lynnie. For a minute it was as though she hadn't heard. Then she shivered and shook her head.

"You see," he faced back, conclusively.

Julian felt himself trapped. Yet — he was past any embarrassment in speaking to Lynnie before the others. Why couldn't he say what he had to say — here and now? He crossed the room to that strange little figure; Mrs. Willis bristled as he came near. He paid no attention to any of them, but finally said, very low:

"Lynnie." That was all. When he got no response he repeated a little more urgently, "Lynnie!" and then, "Look at me."

She would not. He had finally to speak without seeing her face.

"I ——" he broke off. There could be no asking till there was absolution. "I've behaved like a dog to you," he said hopelessly. "I have no right to expect you to forgive me."

At that she looked up — such a look! — and shaped something with her lips that might have been, "I do." Then suddenly she seemed to weaken all over.

He would have caught her in his arms, but Mrs. Willis got between, and it was his father who, with a quick motion, pushed a chair under her so that she didn't fall but sat down, and remained there shuddering, apparently weeping, though her head drooped so low that Julian could not be sure.

"Well — if you do feel as if you — could ever forgive me," he went on desperately, "I won't be twenty-one for a year — but don't you want to marry me — at all — ever?"

"Julian!" It was his mother. His father must have tried to stop her, for the next thing she said was, "Stephen — I will speak. He's got to be told. The girl's got to understand, too."

"Mother — I'm talking to Lynnie."

"Yes, and I've a word to say to — to her," his mother avoided Lynnie's name as though it had been a mud puddle. But she came over and stood close to them both as she said, first to him, "You understand your father and I are paying her money — a great deal of money — ten thousand dollars, if she'll go away." Then, to Lynnie herself — and, oh, what a galling, abhorrent tone she used! — "If he goes with you he'll get nothing from us. Not a cent."

"Lynnie — don't let her — I'll work for you. I'll earn a living for you. I ——"

He broke down. Sudden memory came back to him of a hillside, himself and Lynnie sitting where the tan weeds rustled dry and sere, Lynnie crying because Tony De Vega was married! A whirl of thought of that earlier time . . . Under the oaks in the old Spanish cemetery at San Pablo — himself with his head in her lap, telling her that he didn't believe he could earn a living — Lynnie stroking his hair, saying that his people were rich and he was an only son. God — was this all there was to it?

"Lynnie ——" He tried to go on; his father's voice, dry, commonplace, but somehow triumphant, broke in on him.

"Now, Jule, remember what I said to you about standing in the girl's light. You can't expect us to do a thing for her if you hang on this way. It's all very fine to talk about working. You couldn't support yourself. What would she live on? Do the decent thing by her. Let her alone."

Both the Willises spoke up after that, clamoring at him with words he couldn't hear. Mrs. Willis, as she had down there in her own kitchen, got in front of her daughter. In the middle of everything there was a tap on the door, louder knocking, that silenced everything, and then Calkins's voice said:

"Is Mrs. McCulloch there? I don't want to intrude, but ——"

Julian's mother was across the room in an instant. "What is it?" she asked. "Oh — they're wanting to serve? Let them — no, it won't do for them to sit down without me. Stephen," she spoke over her shoulder "how soon may I go?"

"Now — I guess," her husband said. "I guess we can spare you now."

She went without ever once looking back.

Julian pushed Mrs. Willis away. He had to take hold of her shoulder and move her so that he could get to see Lynnie. She turned on him as he did so, crying:

"Don't you think that's about enough, now? Can't you let my poor girl alone? You see, plain, that she doesn't want you. Your father's done what he could to patch things up. He's going to help us out. All you can do is to make trouble. If I was you I'd quit."

It sounded so dreadfully sane — and reasonable — and true. Again there was a sick silence. Lynnie made not even any motion to contradict her mother's words.

But Julian couldn't let it go so. They were crowding him. It was a set-up thing. He'd got to try once more to break through it. If he could only touch her hand! He took the ring from his pocket and held it out to her. She didn't look, but he knew by the little tremor that went over her that she understood when he said:

"Won't you wear it again?"

"No."

Those words she had written on the paper — he made them his next question.

"Never — any more?"

She lifted her head then; her eyes traveled slowly all around the room, and finally fixed themselves on his father's face. She answered, hardly above her breath, in the one word, "No."

"I guess that settles it, Jule." It was his father's voice, his father's hand on his shoulder. Julian let it turn him. He went as far as the door. "Slip upstairs — to your room — before the people begin to go through to the dining-room," his father spoke low. "I'll be with you in a minute. Let these folks get away now. The poor little thing's about all in. She — she's had it hard, Jule. Have some mercy on her."

Outside, Julian stood a moment where his father had left him. It was done — it was over. No hope. Lynnie wasn't going to be in his life — in any sort of fashion — any more. He knew now, in his incredulous agony, that he hadn't believed it could happen. Numb, blinded, he stumbled across to the garage and the Go-devil, waiting there ready, looked a while at it vaguely, then started it with a push and climbed in. The little car took the curve, and rolled noiselessly abreast of the side door of the house, just as those from the library appeared there.

He was passively aware of his father's surprised motion, as though he would have stopped him; he felt dimly the sullen stare of Charley Willis and his wife, gazing after the young millionaire in his car, riding away from the ruin he had wrought. But it was Lynnie's face that he really saw in that moment of passing — a strange look — a look that went with him to tear him with a torture of doubt.

Chapter XVIII — Escape

ON down the brick drive, by gravity; throwing in power at the foot. Through the gate; out into the road. Where now?

He would be twenty tomorrow. He was leaving home, all his earthly possessions on the machine with him, wreck and ruin behind him, nothing but heartache ahead. Which way?

Out on the viaduct that led toward San Vicente he may have met people he knew. His mind so persistently conjured up those who were not present that he couldn't be sure; though there remained a vague idea of his plastered-up face being looked at with surprise. After the edge of San Vicente a mixed impression of streets, squares, outside roads. There must have been a lot of it, for he left Las Reudas, traveling at a pretty good clip, a little past noon, and he wheeled into Thatch Dye's garage — when it was nearly quitting time.

"Where's Thatch?" Julian asked of Bill, the cherub-faced fellow who helped Thatch.

"Out trying to sell a man a machine. Due to be in any minute now."

"Tell him I'm here — please." Julian went up the stairs to Thatch's bedroom. At first every machine that came in below seemed to concern him. Each time he had to hurry over and stand at the head of the stairs, only to hear voices of strangers talking to Billy about repairs or the washing of cars, or garage room for the night.

But as time went on and Thatch still didn't come, he began to be made aware of his inhuman weariness and exhaustion. He went and sat on Thatch's bed. The room didn't whirl about him; it just moved gently wherever he looked at it; in one breath his body felt very light, and in the next seemed to weigh a ton. Now that he sat still he realized a dull throbbing in his temples; the cut on his cheek burned under the plasters. His whole being seemed to palpitate and waver.

There was no longer anything to fight, anyone to hold out against, or to keep up appearances before; nothing left to struggle over. He had fairly lost the sense of his whereabouts, when somebody came running up the stairs, jerked open the door, and Thatch's voice said:

"Jule?" Then, "Oh, you are here — I didn't see you at first."

He switched on the light. He didn't waste any time howling around; after a look at Julian he just kept saying:

"That's right. You knew where to come. I told you to come to me. That's right."

"Thank you, Thatch."

Thatch took another look, and said:

"You need food, boy. You're empty. Come on out to the cafeteria with me."

"Think I'd better not."

"Don't want to be seen? They don't know where you are? All right."

Thatch went for his own supper, and

A Soldier of the Pen

by **William H. Hayne**

HE is disqualified to meet the foe
With well-trained muscles, dealing blow for blow;
Yet serves his country like all loyal men —
A patriot wielding an unswerving pen, —
With thoughts that thrust like bayonets, smite like swords,
And the swift onslaught of impassioned words.

A Word About

The Caravan Man

Ainslee's is the magazine that introduced to American readers the work of William J. Locke, Jeffery Farnol and Leonard Merrick. Some day Ainslee's is going to take just as much pride in having first published the work of E. Goodwin. The December number contained his first novelette, "Such Things As Films Are Made Of." His short novel in the January issue now on sale is even more sprightly and joyous than that one. Read

The Caravan Man

Incidentally, the price of Ainslee's is now 20 cents. This is partly due to the high cost of paper. Among the writers who make the paper in this month's Ainslee's well worth its high cost are Nina Wilcox Putnam, May Edginton, Eleanor Ferris, Leona Dalrymple (who wrote "The Girl of the Green Van"), George Weston, Richard Le Gallienne, Adele Luehrmann and Alan Dale.

AINSLEE'S

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brought Julian's back, carrying up at the same time the small handbag from the roadster.

The food did make Julian feel more like himself. After it he lay back and closed his eyes. He had had no sleep worth talking about for a good while.

"You'd better undress and get to bed," Thatch advised.

"Where'll you sleep?"

"Chair — down in the office. Keeping garage tonight."

The telephone rang below. Thatch went to answer it. Julian undressed and lay down. It was a blessed relief to be stretched out in bed, under a friend's roof. When Thatch came back and found him so, he said:

"Well, I told your folks the truth, without intending to."

Julian looked inquiry from his pillow.

"'Phoned to know if I'd seen or heard anything of you. Told 'em you were here — in bed and asleep. Best thing you can do is to make good on that."

Julian just nodded, closed his eyes again, and lay still. Thatch fussed around the room a little while, then went downstairs.

Julian was at Thatch's garage in San Vicente three days. He was frightfully tired; he was drowsy all the time, but shaken and nervous, too. He would fall asleep, like a drugged thing, to wake up from dreams in which he talked in anguish to Lynnie, argued with his mother, accusing her of what he was, of what he had done — dreams so real that he'd look around the room to find the people he'd been talking to. At first he sat upstairs, there, and hardly cared to go out to meals with Thatch; but the second day he heard his father's voice downstairs, and after it Thatch told him that he guessed they intended to let him alone a little while.

In the evening, or when Thatch wasn't busy downstairs, they talked together in snatches about the future.

"I can see how you feel," Thatch put it. "Don't blame you a bit. But it's a whole lot of money. Of course, even if you won't stay with them, they ought to fix you up — but will they?"

Julian shook his head. He knew his mother would not. Thatch seemed to have the same idea, for he went on:

"You ought to have it. When your father talked to me about putting money in here —— A man's more reasonable, you know, kid. Why don't you strike him for some sort of a start — some sort of outfit? You've got a right to it. Oh, well — get to sleep if you can. Tomorrow's another day."

And so Julian slept again — and again. It was in the gray of the third morning that he wakened suddenly, and sat up in his bed trembling with a strange sense of Lynnie's just having gone — a feeling that they had but that moment taken her away from him. The agony of parting was more keenly on him than it had been three days ago when they really parted.

He looked slowly around the room, recognizing one object after another in the half light. What was the matter with him? What had happened? Was that a dream, a nightmare?— or was it the truth, that he had gotten up out of bed, gone downstairs very quietly and taken his machine . . . His machine? Then where was Thatch? Maybe in the office, asleep; anyhow, Thatch wasn't in it, some way. . . . Had he taken the machine and driven it out to Las Reudas, gone past the factory, on into the hollow to the Willis home? He looked at his clothes over there on the chair. They seemed to lie just as he had left them — but he couldn't be sure. In his dream, or whatever it was, he had seemed to be dressed as usual. After he reached the Willis gate there was a sort of blur on things; he stood in the yard, looking at a litter of papers and excelsior — strings — a packing-box — as though the family had moved out. There was some queer, vague stuff after that — his pounding on the door and calling — but nothing about his getting back. It all melted into this strange agony that Lynnie had just gone — just been taken away from him.

"Hello! What's the idea?" Thatch looked in at the door. "You awake? Better get back to sleep. I'll call you in plenty time to go out for breakfast."

He wanted to ask Thatch — but what? He lay down, rolled over, hunched the blankets across his ear, and slept till noon. When he waked this time Thatch was in the room setting down a tray of lunch.

"Thought I wouldn't wake you; seemed to be sleeping so good. I'll shove the table over there and let you eat where you are."

Julian was up and dressed, Thatch out somewhere, when he heard the telephone downstairs ring and ring, and finally Billy answering it. He paid no more attention until the boy ran up the steps, poked his head in at the door, and said with a queer look on his face:

"Somebody on the wire wants you, Mr. McCulloch. What'll I say to 'em?"

Julian didn't ask who it was.

"Tell them to hold the wire," he said. "I'll be there in a minute."

When he got downstairs he found it was his mother telephoning.

"Julian, is that you? Is that you, at last?"

"Yes, mother, it's I."

"Well — I want to see you. Will you come to me?"

"No, mother. I will not."

"You ——! Julian, you must come — for a few minutes, anyhow. I'm not able to go to you."

"No. I'll not go out there."

"But I'm not at the house. I'm in town at the apartment. Do come to me here. It's not much to ask." He stood a moment with the receiver at his ear; then she finished, "I'm here, ill."

"All right. I'll be over as soon as I can get there," and he hung up.

The Antoinette was across town from Thatch's garage, reached by the Arbolado line, with a transfer at Fortieth. When, a half-hour later, Tatsu opened the door of the apartment to him and took his hat, he heard voices in the sitting-room; his mother's and a man's.

"Doctor here," with the usual giggle and duck.

"Then — I'll wait." But his mother had heard and called:

"Bring Mr. Julian in, Tatsu."

He went forward. She was on the couch, in one of her gorgeous negligees. She just smiled and nodded toward him, as though they had parted fifteen minutes before. Dr. McCurdy got up from his seat beside her, and shook hands, looking at his hurt face. Tatsu was shuffling in with a basin of hot water, putting it on the tabouret where McCurdy already had his little black bag open. He motioned Julian to a chair in a good light.

"Your mother wanted me to give you the once-over, too, young fellow," the doctor announced, as he set to work, gently heating the original plasters so he could draw them off. "All that smoke you inhaled — down there in Siloam — might be a little hard on the Julian lungs."

"I think I'm all right, doctor." Under the doctor's manipulations he shot his mother one look.

"Whee-ee! That was a cut!" as the plasters came off. "Went to the bone. Ought to have had a stitch when it first happened. Who fixed it up for you then?"

"My father."

McCurdy, drawing the lips of the wound together, and smoothing down a thin, silken plaster over them, seemed a bit startled. "Er — well, not criticizing amateur work, I still think that looks better," he said. "Hardly shows at all," gathering up his instruments, jingling them into the bag, glancing about to see that he had left nothing. "Shall I make my lung tests now? Or will you drop into the office for them tomorrow?" There was sudden silence and he added a little awkwardly, "Unless you'd rather have me come out to the house."

"I shan't be at Las Reudas — tomorrow."

"Oh, you're in town? Well, drop in at the office, then."

The doctor had got to the door, when his mother raised herself on her cushions, with a languid: "Dr. McCurdy, I think you'd better call at Las Reudas. I think Julian will be there — tomorrow."

For a moment after the doctor was gone they faced each other silently. It was her long, slate-gray eyes that fell before his. She looked away from him, but she motioned him imperatively to a chair.

"Sit down," she said querulously.

Instead, he laid a hand on the back of the chair she indicated, and spoke to her across it.

"What made you say that to Dr. McCurdy? You know there is no use making appointments for me out at the house."

He saw the familiar twitch of her nostrils. Again that curious duel of the eyes; this time she held out and spoke, looking squarely at him.

"Going to live forever in Thatcher Dye's garage?" she said bitterly. "How childish! Since you were seven your health and well-being have been my first concern; and you risk them there in that filthy place, keeping all sorts of hours, no doubt. I saw Dr. McCurdy thought you looked ill; but I couldn't tell him why."

"Do you really think that three days at

Thatcher Dye's would affect my health?" Julian asked slowly.

"Of course it would. You daren't run such risks, I tell you. With your lungs — bad ventilation is — it's the worst thing ——"

She came to a halt. He knew it was the look in his face that stopped her. For a moment he had been tempted to throw at her like a taunt his knowledge of the futile lie she had kept up all these years about the cause of Tom Julian's death. But that would smash Uncle Ben — it would cost him his place. He didn't care so much, anyhow; it was only a few minutes; and she'd not catch him again this way. She began again, at a little different point:

"Few mothers have given the time and thought, even to an only son, that I have given you, Julian. And the other day, because your wishes had been crossed, and that sullen temper of yours roused, you left the house without a word to me — not even saying good-by — and humiliate me by staying with common people in a common garage!"

"You said you were sick—you got me to come here on that pretext," he put it all aside. "I ought to have known better than to believe you."

At that she blazed up a bit, sitting erect among her cushions.

"Julian, do you forget that you are entirely dependent on me? You were always stubborn and — and — but what's come over you? What on earth made you go away like that? Was it —" glancing at the plasters McCurdy had put on so neatly —"on account of what your father did?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"That wasn't my fault. I didn't approve of it. Nothing of the sort will ever happen again — I promise you."

He just let that go. No use trying to make her understand that he would rather have been beaten any day than to hear her speak of Lynnie, see her look at Lynnie, as she had.

"Well, then, those people? They're gone. I shouldn't consider having you in Las Reudas, otherwise. Your father finally got them packed up, bag and baggage, and away."

Packed up, bag and baggage! Gone! . . . The gulch, dim under last night's moon, the excelsior and papers blowing about; the hollow sound of his own fist hammering on the door of an empty house. . . .

His mother was talking still, fast and nervously, saying something about his birthday and the gift she had got for it. . . . a billiard table. . . . She had fitted up a billiard-room for him. He stopped her with:

"I'm never going out to Las Reudas again."

"You think I'll pay over your allowance and let you live where and how you choose? Or do you intend to appeal to your father?"

"Better to him than to you."

"You'll get nothing from him, I can tell you. He feels just as I do."

Julian had been going to the door; he turned around with, "Since when could you speak for my father? What do you know about how he feels — or what he'll do?"

"I — that ——" She got up, to his intense surprise flushing uneasily, came closer and said: "Perhaps you don't understand, Julian, that I'm going to entirely overlook this — matter — of yours?"

He stared at her.

"I — the truth is, I have come to see some things quite differently. I hadn't realized — I suppose a mother never does — you're a young man now. Young men —" he saw what she was getting at "— I concede that they must have a certain license, of course—"

"Stop! You shall not say such things about ——"

He turned and jerked open the hall door behind him, as he thought, even while she called: "Julian! Wait! Don't!"

Then he stood stupidly staring. This was not the hallway, but the little dressing-room, and on the forms about were a dinner suit, a light top coat, a smoking-jacket; ivory military brushes lay on the chiffonier; on the screw of its mirror hung a sheaf of ties of familiar style and colorings. In the very instant of backing away he caught sight of the sleeping-suit of gay, green-and-yellow-striped silk that he had seen lying on his father's bed at Las Reudas.

He turned round then. There was his mother, all one fiery blush. For some reason he, too, was stricken with an outrageous, an inexplicable sense of shame; found his way to the hall door, and she let him go without a word.

When he got back to the garage there was Thatch, a good deal worked up, waiting for him, looking at him curiously, saying:

"Bill said your mother 'phoned. Sorry I wasn't here when it happened. Suppose I ought to have told you that your father's spoken to me about you once or twice almost like a human being. Jule — you pin your faith to him. He's the one for you to ——"

"Yes — I know it. You're right, Thatch," Jule agreed as they set out together for the cafeteria. No use telling Thatch that hope was gone.

He felt very tired, but very excited. He had a sense somehow that things were coming to a showdown. After they got back from dinner Thatch, watching him, suggested that he get right to bed, but he could not. They went upstairs and he sat on the edge of the bed and Thatch talked and talked about what could be done, getting around finally to the idea that Julian might be allowed at least a silent partner's interest in the garage.

"Of course it's not what you ought to have," he said. "But if it's all they'll give you, at present —— Golly, Jule! I had a mind to strike your old man for it myself."

It was nearly midnight, when finally a motor rolled in below, and something — he could not have told what — brought Julian to his feet, listening.

"Just some geezer with a car to be washed," Thatch began, then broke off, infected by Julian's nervousness. He slipped to the door and opened it quietly. Then he turned with a signal of alarm. They both recognized the voice which said below there:

"He's here all right, my dear — in the room above."

The speed with which Thatch got away from the door would at any other time have been comical. Feet came up the stair; the door was pushed open, and there were Julian's father and mother.

"Good evening."

Thatch offered them chairs. Without a word Julian measured the space between himself and the only door.

"Now, Julian," his father's eye was on him. This was not the same man who had made common cause with Julian, walking beside him in the hollow, dressing his wounded cheek, standing between him and his mother's persecutions at the breakfast table. "I've brought your mother to you."

Thatch was getting out, but McCulloch stopped him.

"Stay where you are, Dye. You know as much about this as any of us. I depend on you to give the boy good advice."

Julian studied his father — a bridegroom, ready to do anything to please. He knew that he himself was inexperienced at life, yet he recognized the tone as that of the bought advocate—one who argues a case for a price.

"What do you people want of me?" he asked suddenly and bluntly.

"I don't claim anything for myself," his father said, "but I expect to enforce your duty to your mother."

"My duty to my mother?" Julian was not aware of anything taunting in his repetition of the words, but he saw his mother flush. She looked instantly to his father.

"You see, Stephen — he doesn't think he has any duty to me."

"Well, he has all the same. See here, young man, your mother wants you to come home — and I think you've got to do it."

"Stephen — ask him if there's anything else — reasonable — that would suit him better," his mother put in.

Now was Julian's time to have made his appeal for some provision in life, such as he and Thatch had talked about. He knew Thatch expected him to say something of the kind — wondered why he didn't. He looked at his father; he saw the glances that passed between him and his mother, and before he knew what he was going to say he had uttered — without apology or softening:

"I'd like to be let alone."

"Oh!" His mother fumbled for her handkerchief. His father watched her solicitously. He glanced at Julian and his face hardened.

"Don't cry, Nettie. The cub's not worth it." He took her arm. "Come, dear; no use staying here. We'll leave now," and they started for the door.

"I can't let it go like this," she pulled back. "To be humiliated so —— Everybody will say —— Oh, I can't let it go!"

"No, we won't. We won't, my dear. I've got another shot in the locker."

Then they left. Thatch followed them downstairs, shooting one curious, dazed look over his shoulder at Julian as he went. Julian could hear him down there talking to them. The three voices went on for some little time; then the McCulloch car backed out, and Thatch came running, taking the stairs on the jump.

"See here, kid," he cried, "do you know what we're up against? Your father's gone after a warrant. He can get it — with his pull. You're only twenty. All he's got to do is to swear that you're incorrigible."

Julian asked his question in one word: "Tonight?"

"Yep. It'll take him quite some time to hunt up the proper officials at twelve o'clock, like this." He eyed Julian uncertainly a moment, then, "The little Go-devil's right there. All tuned up, and full of gas. Baggage still on her. Sure you don't want to go back home — not under no circumstances?"

Julian just looked at him.

"Naw — 'course not. And I see where you're right, too. Leave 'em alone a while. Do 'em good. Twice as apt to make you some reasonable offer. If I was you I'd chuck them pajamas and that comb and brush in my war bag — and beat it while the beatin's good."

Julian was already scooping things from the top of the bureau into his bag. Thatch nodded, went to the table, got a card and wrote an address on it.

"There," he said, coming and putting it into Julian's hand as he knelt by the bag, closing it finally. "There's a woman that'll hide you and lie for you — and fight for you, if necessary—and at that she's as straight as a string. Widda — both kinds; grass and sod: her first one died and she had to divorce number two."

Julian read on the card, "Mrs. Madeline Kaylor, 139 Branch St., S. F."

"That's sort of an edge of Russian Hill," Thatch said; "the cheap part, next to North Beach."

"Thank you. All ready," was Jule's only reply.

As they hurried down the stairs together, Julian pulling the collar of his coat to straighten it under the overcoat, Thatch went on flurriedly:

"Maddy used to be a dressmaker. Keeps lodgers, now. You'll get along with her all right. She's — well — sort of gushy. Be just crazy about you — she's that kind — but awfully good-hearted."

He tried to help Julian with the bag, getting it placed on the Go-devil, hindered him instead.

"I hope you get a room at Maddy's," he said. "And keep away from the St. Francis and the Fairmont, where your folks stay when they're up in town."

"I'll be careful," Julian made a last inspection of the baggage lashings.

"There." Thatch clapped down the hood and replaced the suitcase on that side. "I guess that'll hold her. You're off. Say, kid, I hate to have you go like this. How much money you got?"

Julian turned out his purse and found that he had thirty dollars.

"Ought to 've drawn your allowance at the bank. Now it'll be stopped."

"Oh — I'm all right."

"Well," Thatch repeated nervously, "you've got thirty dollars — a trunk full of good clothes — and a dandy little machine. You couldn't afford the swell hotels on that, but you don't want to go where folks that know you'll see you. Hang onto your money, kid. With a cheap room at Maddy's, and taking your meals out — you can make thirty dollars last a good while. I'll dig up some to send you any time you need it."

There was a grasp of the hand, the starter snorted under a hasty foot, the Go-devil, sounding its warning, crept out across the sidewalk, turned into the street, and made as much speed as its driver dared till the edge of the town brought the pavement of the State Highway under his wheels.

But he didn't turn toward San Francisco. Out of San Vicente he went, over the viaduct to Las Reudas; past the factory — on up into the hollow — just as he had gone in his dream. As in his dream he reached the corner where the Willis home stood. It was black and silent. He got down from the roadster and walked over to it. The gate was open. There in the dim light, just as he had expected, lay the shreds of packing stuff. . . . The last link. . . . Gone. . . .

[*To be continued*]

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by Paul Tomlinson

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SECURITIES do not differ from any other commodity, in that if you desire quality, you must pay for it. Many people when they purchase securities, however, think that they are going to get something for nothing; they have visions of profits out of all proportion to what they are reasonably entitled to expect. In such cases what too often happens is that they pay something and get nothing.

If the prospective purchaser would satisfy himself that the investment he is considering possesses the three qualities of Safety of Principal, Regularity of Income, and Ready Marketability much loss of money and sleep would be avoided. The numbers of bad investments made every year mount up to a surprising total; many of them are due to the fact that people try to get something for nothing, and perhaps even more are the result of lack of proper investigation on the part of the investors.

A prominent writer on finance says that "the willingness of an individual to labor and deny himself in the hope of future gains is a test of intellectual vision and character." This statement is undoubtedly true, and it is the wise man that saves his money and invests it prudently, for that man's position will eventually be secure, and when his working days are over he can look the world in the face and laugh. The wise man, however, does not seek short cuts to wealth; he knows that ninety-nine times out of a hundred such attempts are doomed to failure, and he thinks too much of his money to risk it trying to get abnormal profits. Most gamblers die poor and the man who gambles in investments is no different from any other.

The wise man invests slowly, he studies, and seeks advice. His requirements are high, and though he considers profits, he does not demand them. What he insists upon are the three qualities mentioned above and nothing more, but when the final accounts are cast up there is little doubt that he will have larger net gains than the man who bought "Wildcat Common" with the certainty of "three hundred per cent profit in six months."

Safety of Principal is the first essential of all investments. Even though your income may stop, and you find it difficult to sell your security you want to be assured that the money you paid out is safe. You should be sure that there is a sufficient equity behind your investment, and by equity is meant that much of the intrinsic value of the property which exceeds the value of the securities issued against that property. For example, if a manufacturing concern issues bonds to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars against property intrinsically worth half a million dollars the equity behind those bonds is worth two hundred thousand dollars. If the business fails and your income stops, the value of the property would still be sufficient to pay off your bonds in full. Your principal is safe. Be very sure always that there is sufficient equity, and the equity should not consist of patents, and good-will, and trademarks, but of something tangible, such as buildings, real estate, machinery, or rolling stock and equipment.

When a railroad fails and the mortgages securing the various bond issues are foreclosed and the property sold, the money received is applied to the repayment of the bondholders. Those who own bonds amply secured, and with a reasonable equity need fear nothing; their principal is safe and their investment will be fully repaid with interest. Those who bought the bonds which were not so well secured may find that they get back only a part of their original outlay; they purchased high return and not safety of principal. The man whose principal is safe is almost certain to fare better in the long run.

Stockholders like to study the annual statements of their companies, but it may be that had they shown the same interest before buying they would never have become stockholders. Davy Crockett, the famous scout, used to have a motto, "First be sure you're right, then go ahead," and investors might follow this advice most advantageously, particularly the first part of it. It may be that you have not the time or facilities to make a thorough investigation, or even if you have the time you are not qualified by knowledge or experience to pass sound judgment. In that event consult your banker, for it is a banker's business to advise and help his clients.

When this first test of an investment is met, the second qualification to seek is Regularity of Income. A security should be purchased because it affords a safe and regular return on the money invested, not because its selling price promises to appreciate.

It is also well to remember that past records are more to be trusted than prospects for the future. But because a concern earned five million dollars last year it does not follow that it will do so again two years from now, and it may be that three years ago it only earned fifty thousand dollars. In many states strict laws prescribe what securities may be purchased for trust funds, one of the usual requirements being that the industry shall have paid a certain percentage of dividends regularly over a fixed period of years. The earning power of a company should also have averaged considerably more than its interest and dividend requirements; there should be sufficient cash on hand to provide adequate working capital for the company's needs, and just what amount is sufficient depends in large measure on the nature of the business transacted. The credit of the company should be investigated; in times of stress it may be necessary to borrow money, or it may be that a particularly favorable market for materials might present itself and be neglected unless the company was able to negotiate a temporary loan.

Another thing to consider is whether or not the company's product is a necessity. Does it fill a real need or is it something temporary, and for which the demand will disappear? If the demand disappears your income is almost certain to follow suit.

Inquire into the ability and integrity of the company's management. Are the officers and directors men experienced in their line? In this age of keen competition there is need of experts, and it is well to assure yourself that the men to whom you entrust your money are capable of succeeding. Is the management honest? This question is asked innumerable times by investors who write to McCLURE'S, but unfortunately it is sometimes not asked soon enough.

Past records, earning power, working capital, credit, the company's product, management, and the uprightness and honesty of the officers and directors are all matters which should be carefully investigated and considered. The absence of any one of these qualifications may be fatal.

The third test of an investment is its Marketability. Can it be sold for what it is worth, and sold readily? This quality is of utmost importance, not so necessary as the first two mentioned, but one upon which all careful investors insist. Many a glib salesman who can show facts as to the safety and income yield of the investment he is offering, has been utterly confounded when asked the simple question, "Where is the market for this security?" It stands to reason that if there is a demand for a certain security, and it can be sold on any exchange in the country, that security has greater worth than one for which a purchaser must be found, sometimes with great difficulty.

Oftentimes you will see securities quoted with a discrepancy of perhaps ten points between the "bid" and "asked" price. The man who wishes to sell considers his security worth a certain figure, but the only offer he can get is ten points lower. His investment may possess the qualifications of safety of principal, and regularity of income, but lack ready marketability. He is protected so long as he holds his investment, but if for any reason he is forced to sell he must do so at a sacrifice, and many times will have difficulty in selling at all. Investors should always bear this fact in mind, for at wholly unexpected times the necessity for

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
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liquidation may present itself, and a security which can be sold readily is a distinct asset in such an emergency.

At the head of the list of securities which possess the three qualifications of an investment come of course United States government bonds. No one can doubt their safety, there is no question about the interest being paid, and there will always be a demand for them, a demand which will increase as time goes on. Many municipal bonds also fulfill the requirements, preferably those issued by fairly large communities and the revenue for whose securities is raised by general taxation, rather than from a tax on special properties. Securities of a community which has been long established and which has always paid its debts promptly are of course the most desirable. States, counties, townships, and districts also issue securities on occasion and they usually rank very high. The taxing power of these political subdivisions of a government is almost as great as that of the government itself, although of course their credit is not as high.

Many railroad bonds are eagerly bought by investors who know the necessary qualifications of a security. Public service corporations in many cases offer excellent investments; they furnish necessities such as light, water, heat and power, and if operating under favorable franchises enjoy a virtual monopoly of the business in the districts they serve. Certain preferred stocks rank as high or even higher than some bonds. Of course property cannot be mortgaged as security for stock, but if the stock enjoys first claim as to assets it may be in an almost equally favorable position. There are some stocks which are guaranteed and of course that is a valuable quality. The common stock of a few companies enjoying high credit and doing good businesses also embody the qualities of safety of principal, regularity of income and ready marketability. It should be remembered, however, that stocks require closer watching than bonds, for they are more affected by changing conditions and various other influences.

To sum up: it would seem that every class of security may possess the necessary three qualifications, but that does not mean that every security in the class possesses them. The name of a stock or bond means something, but it is by no means final. The utmost care should be taken by the purchaser, and it is always well to bear in mind that the time to investigate is before buying and not after.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

How a Public Utility Company met the demand for Electricity at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, is described in an interesting manner in the latest issue of "Bond Talk." Free copies may be had on request for "Bond Talk"—"12" from P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York.

"Practical Thrift for Millions of Practical Men" is the title of an interesting article in the "American Investor" for December which should be read by everyone interested in the Nation-wide thrift movement. Free copies may be obtained on request for "American Investor" M-12, from $100 Bond News Co., 10 Pine St., New York.

The Geneva Permanent Loan & Savings Association of Geneva, N. Y., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with banking by mail. Send for booklet M-18.

The exceptional facilities of H. M. Byllesby & Company for collecting first-hand information are now being placed at the service of the general investor. Requests for specific information should be addressed to the company's general offices, 202 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, or 1202 Trinity Bldg., New York.

S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Bldg., Chicago, deal in the highest grade of First Mortgage 6 per cent. Serial Bonds. They have just issued a new January investment list, together with a booklet, "The Oldest Safe Investment," and a new booklet explaining the income tax in plain and simple language, which they will send on request.

The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, N. Y., will send upon request an interesting pamphlet, dealing with the war tax service.

William R. Compton Company has published a new booklet "Bonds As Safe As Our Cities" which sets forth the sterling qualities of Municipal Bonds and gives much information of value to the investor.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

Without charge or obligation, the Citizens Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will send on request a copy of their booklet "D" giving full details about this company's successful plan of Banking by Mail at 4 per cent. interest.

When confronted with a mass of technical and statistical information concerning stocks and bonds, have you ever wanted a terse and readable publication with honesty and ability in which you could have confidence? The Odd Lot Review, published weekly, aims to fill this field. Sample copies will be sent on request by The Odd Lot Review, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

The booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, offered free to every reader of McCLURE'S, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

By Way of Contrast

A BRITISH Tommy was back from the trenches on leave. On arriving at his home in London, he received such an ovation from a large and enthusiastic family that, already exhausted from the constant hammering of the big shells he had been undergoing for the past weeks, he was soon weary to the point of collapse.

Sneaking away to a quite corner of the house during a momentary lull, he curled himself up on a sofa and went promptly to sleep.

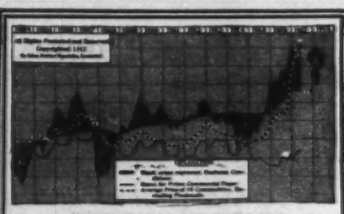
He was awakened some time after by the sound of a bugle. Arising and coming forth from his hiding place, he encountered the members of his family in a frenzied state of fear and anxiety.

"In 'eaven's nime, Alf," they wailed, "w'ere 'ave you been?"

"Wot's the matter?" he asked, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"W'y, there's been a Zeppelin raid!"

"Bli' me!" murmured the astonished Alf, weakly. "An' 'ere I was thinkin' orl the time 'ow jolly peaceful it was!"



What's Coming?

Babson's mercantile bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze

"The Outlook for 1918"

It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of business here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to manufacturers and merchants. Sent free on request as long as copies last.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.

Address Dept. M-13 of

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We have outlined in detail a number of Partial Payment suggestions which can be used to meet your requirements. You will find suggestions outlined to suit people with small or large incomes who desire to practice investing while they save.

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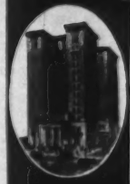

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Letters from our readers addressed to the financial department of McClure's relative to stocks and bonds have greatly increased in the last month, showing a lively interest in securities.

The Liberty Loan is going to make thousands of new investors all over the United States.

The people to whom you sell Liberty Bonds now will buy other securities from you later.

You could not start your advertising in McClure's at a better time.

Financial & Insurance Department,
McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Crooked Cleverness — *Continued from page 17*

and some jars of colored water; but the three hundred twenty-dollar gold pieces had vanished.

The Baron afterward explained to a drunken ship's agent in Hong Kong that he had carried the gold pieces out of the laboratory in the hollow heels of his shoes.

It is, of course, well known that a like fraud was once undertaken in London, and the vast sum of twenty thousand pounds in gold sovereigns actually carried away in the cavity of a hollow walking-stick. But it was a new game to the gamblers in Dawson.

Sir Robert Anderson, formerly Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, says that he was enjoying himself one night in his armchair by the fire, when a young physician of London called on him.

The physician brought with him a friend, and it was upon the affairs of this friend that the physician came in the night to Sir Robert.

The friend had a brother-in-law in America. This brother-in-law had just sent to him a letter which he had received. The letter by the connivance of a priest had been smuggled out of a Spanish prison. The letter stated that the prisoner was a Revolutionist; that some time before this date he had been sent to England and been entrusted with thirty thousand pounds for the purpose of purchasing arms for the Spanish insurrectionists. Before he had had time to make the purchase he had received a message that his wife was dying and had been compelled to return at once to Spain.

When he arrived in Spain the government seized him and put him into prison. He had not been able to carry back with him the funds with which he had been entrusted, and it was on account of these thirty thousand pounds that he now wrote to the Englishman.

He was a stranger in England; he knew no one to whom he could entrust the money, and it would not do to deposit it in the bank. The man was in great perplexity, but he had finally buried the money on the estate of the Englishman to whom he addressed his letter. He had made a plan of the place where his money was buried, but this document was in a portmanteau, which, in common with his further effects, had been seized by his creditors.

Two hundred pounds would suffice to discharge his obligations and if this amount were granted him, he would hand over the field plan to his benefactor, who could then repay himself tenfold with the buried money.

The visitor to Sir Robert said that this was the whole story and that his brother-in-law had decided to advance the two hundred pounds. He had commissioned him to arrange the matter with the priest whose name and address the prisoner had sent him.

Sir Robert was amused.

"You have not told me the whole story," he said; "you have kept back everything about the prisoner's lovely daughter. Have you got her picture in your pocket?"

The man blushed. But he protested that the daughter element was quite incidental, and that, as he had express directions to go to Spain and negotiate the matter, he was bound to do so. And Sir Robert says that in spite of his emphatic warning that the whole affair was a swindle, his visitor actually carried out the commission.

At the address which had been given, the Englishman found not only the priest but the prisoner himself, who, by some extraordinary chance, had just obtained his release. He turned over the two hundred pounds to the Spaniard and an appointment was made at a certain hour in the afternoon when the map, showing the place where the thirty thousand pounds had been buried, should be turned over to the Englishman. A few hours later, however, the Englishman received a telegram from the Spaniard to say that the Spanish authorities had very nearly captured him and that he had saved himself only by escaping to France. He added, however, that the Englishman would find him at a certain hotel in a French town.

Sir Robert Anderson adds that of course the Englishman never saw anything more of the Spaniard or of his two hundred pounds or the buried treasure. He explains that this incident was a somewhat elaborate phase of a well-known fraud.

The poor Spanish prisoner cares little for himself or his buried gold; his only anxiety is to find a safe and happy home for his lovely daughter, now deprived of a mother's care. If the kind Englishman to whom he entrusts his secret will adopt her as a member of his home circle and settle one moiety of the gold offered, he may keep the other moiety for himself. This is the bait. The daughter's photograph indicates that she is a real beauty; how can the dupe do better for his son than to make him marry the girl and thus keep the whole thirty thousand pounds in the family?

This is one of the oldest frauds known to the American Post Office Department.

Our secret service has prevented more than one kind-hearted gentleman from sending his money to the aid of the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate Spanish prisoner. This prisoner used to be incarcerated in the military prisons of Cuba before the Spanish-American war; he is now in Spain. But he is apt to have a universal habitat. No doubt he writes from every South American country that is open to revolutions. Any number of his letters have come covertly across the border from Mexico arranging for the payment of various sums of money, secretly, to mysterious persons along the Rio Grande.

NOT long ago there was a great bank robbery in the United States. The vaults of a large National bank were looted. Among other things taken were a quantity of National bank notes in sheets. The notes had not been cut nor had they been signed.

The secret service felt that they had now a clue to the robbery.

The robbers could, of course, cut these sheets apart after which they would have the usual bank notes. But they could no tget the signature of the National bank officials on these sheets; consequently, if they put out these sheets they must undertake to circulate them unsigned or forge the signatures of the officials.

In addition to this the authorities had the serial numbers of these notes and would be able to trace them.

The secret service men waited in confidence for some development of these clues. But they waited in vain. The notes never appeared. And they came to the conclusion that the shrewd persons who had accomplished the robbery had elected to sustain the loss rather than to undertake to put these notes into circulation.

They were mistaken in this opinion.

IN February, the third and last of this absorbing series of crook tales. Mr. Post will deal with blackmailers, and will spin fascinating stories of their depraved work

One night a man called at the residence of a western banker. This banker was a German, and while not engaged in any active pro-German propaganda, was, nevertheless, known to be strongly sympathetic with the activities of German agents in this country.

It was before the United States had entered the war and our surveillance over German propaganda was lax.

The man said that he had ten thousand dollars of money that had been furnished him by the German Embassy. It was not to be used for any unlawful purpose; it was given to him to be used for the purpose of getting German reservists out of the United States. He had brought it to this city in order to turn it over to another agent of the German secret service in the United States who was to meet him on this night. He had just received word that the agent would not be able to arrive until several days later. He was afraid to carry the money about with him and he wished the banker to put it into a safety-deposit box.

He then opened a bag which contained packages of American National bank notes. He asked the banker to help him keep the money in safety. They went to the bank, put the money into a safety-deposit box and the banker gave him one of the keys. The man said that he was responsible for the money; that he didn't dare to make any record of it and that this was the only thing he could do until the agent came to receive it.

He gave the banker a key to a simple code which he said he would use in communicating with him if it should be necessary to do so. The banker put the key to the code in a drawer of his desk and the man went out.

About a week later the banker received a code message. He was easily able to decipher it with the key. The message stated that the man who made the deposit with him was ill in New York and could not come to the western city; but that an agent of the German Embassy would call on him at a certain hour of the next day, and he requested him to pay to him ten thousand dollars. The message added that when the sender was able to get to the city he would turn over to the banker the sum which was in the safety-deposit box.

The banker was not willing to fail the German Embasey.

When the agent appeared the next day he paid him ten thousand dollars. Some time later he received the key to the safety-deposit box in an envelope from Montreal; he opened the box to repay himself with the ten thousand dollars.

But he never took the money out of the vault.

The packages were the unsigned bank notes which the robbers had obtained in the loot of the National bank. The German agents were two of these clever crooks.

A device, similar in character, was once worked on a small bank in a little town.

It is very easy to open an account with one of these local banks. The sharper gave out that he was investigating coal lands for an eastern syndicate and without any difficulty was enabled to open a small account. One day he came to the banker and said that the syndicate, which he represented, wished to take up the lands. It would send him from day to day some considerable sums of money and he would require a safety-deposit box. He desired to put the money into the box so that at any time he could pay for the purchases in cash. He did not want to draw checks, as his company wished to keep the matter secret in order to prevent rival companies from interfering with its purchases.

The story was reasonable enough and put out with sufficient detail to convince the banker that there was nothing extraordinary about it.

The crook then began to carry his plan into effect. He asked the banker to arrange to furnish him, at any time, a thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. He would come in, then, with a thousand dollars in currency of various denominations, turn it in to the banker, and get ten one hundred dollar bills. He would put these into a big envelope before the banker's window, take the envelope across to the table, mark on it "$1,000," and his initials, seal it and have the banker put it into the deposit box.

He continued to do this until the box contained eight or ten of these envelopes.

Some time afterward, he called the banker up on the long distance telephone, from a neighboring city, said that he had made a draft on him for a sum of money which was a little less than the amount in the safety-deposit box. He asked the banker to meet the draft and hold the money in the box as security for the advancement. The banker agreed. The draft came in and was paid.

The crook didn't come in to open the box.

The banker finally became uneasy and had the box opened under a legal proceeding. He was not very much concerned about the money for he knew that it contained a sum in excess of the draft he had cashed. A surprise awaited him. When he opened the envelopes he found that each of them contained ten one dollar bills instead of ten one hundred dollar bills.

The crook in marking the envelope at the desk substituted another containing ten one dollar bills for the one containing ten one hundred dollar bills.

It was merely a piece of clever sleight-of-hand work, but it enabled him to carry away some eight thousand dollars of the banker's money.

Two Wives — *Continued from page 16*

work was his own concern. But his living, his home, what he did at night? "This can't go on," she decided. "There will have to be friends for both of us. I need them, too. Oh, how I need one woman friend! And where shall I find her? Somewhere in this city there must be just the people I want — if only I could reach them!"

And presently she was saying aloud in a lazy, careless tone of voice:

"Sometimes I get to wondering, Joe, if there isn't a Paris in New York."

Chapter XI

IT was a few weeks later. A doctor had been there and gone, and returning into the living-room Ethel sank down on a chair with a quiet intensity in her eyes. For some time she had not been feeling herself, and growing uneasy she had telephoned the clergyman who had married her.

"You may not remember me," she had said, "but you married me in December. Perhaps you'll recall it if I say there were only three friends at the church."

"Oh, yes, I remember it — perfectly."

"Thank you. I'm not quite well and I have no friends to turn to, so I'm wondering if you could recommend a good doctor I could see."

The doctor recommended had just paid his visit. And now as the dusk deepened she had the strangest feelings. Her year and a half in the city seemed hurried and feverish as a dream. Life had suddenly cleared, was growing real. Her mind ran back into the past and on into the future. Only a few days before, the round-robin letter had come again. In it the girl who had married the mining engineer out West had told of having a baby in a little town in Montana. Ethel had thought of the doctor then.

She rose now and got the letter and re-read it slowly. Presently she put it down and began crying softly, though she felt neither sad nor frightened. Her life had so completely changed. All those girl friends, so scattered; all those years, so far behind. It was like getting on a ship, she thought, to start across the ocean. "You can't get off, you must go across. Oh, Ethel Lanier, how happy you'll be!" But the happiness seemed a long way off.

How quiet it was! The nurse came in with Susette from the park. Ethel went into the nursery and kneeling down she began to unbutton Susette's little jacket. The child's plump face was so rosy and cold. She kissed it suddenly.

"Martha," she said, "I'll need you here for a long time now. I'm going to have a baby."

She reddened then and held her breath. Queer how she had blurted it out! She had not meant to tell anyone yet. But the look of dawning joy and relief in Martha's eyes made her glad she had spoken. Plainly Martha had been dreading the time so fast approaching when she would have to leave Susette, who was now nearly four years old. But all she said to Ethel was this:

"I'm glad to hear it, Mrs. Lanier. I hope you'll be very careful now." She shot a look as keen as a knife which asked, "Do you really want a child? Or are you like *her* — was it a mistake?"

And Ethel went quickly out of the room. In the living-room her eye was caught by Amy's photograph on the table. She had always kept it there. In her cleaning she had put it back. Emily, too, had put it back. They had never spoken Amy's name. But Ethel faced the picture now for some moments steadily. Somehow it had lost its beauty, it looked weak and soulless, without power any longer over Ethel's future. "Poor Amy! Oh, how much you missed!" And she added, "I'll never be like that." For an instant she let her mind dwell on the past, on how Susette's coming must have been — unwelcomed by her mother.

"But this one will be welcomed! Our love is so — so different! This will bind us, oh, so close! It's done now, you're tied for life!" She had never felt it so before. The months of her marriage had been so exciting, and even in the long summer's thinking, her love had seemed always a little unreal. "But this is real — inside of me!" Her fancy went careering ahead, with joy and wonder, a thrill of dismay. "I was so free, with my life to choose! I could have been almost anything! But now it is settled. This is my life. We talk and we talk about being free — and then all at once — a baby."

In the days which followed, and grew into weeks and months, the feeling of quiet remained with her. The pang of uneasiness as to how she was to find friends for Joe and herself, was allayed and put off to the future. "He won't expect anything of me just now." And because it was pressing upon her no longer, it became a pleasure to dream and plan for herself and Joe and the children. She was only twenty-four, and although Joe was thirty-six he looked years younger. They could grow. Now she began asking him to read aloud in the evenings, nor was the reading all "mere fluff." Though she picked out amusing things to vary the monotony, she insisted on magazines and books which had been recommended by the little history "prof" at home, to whom Ethel wrote long letters these days. The books rather appalled her husband at times; but using her new hold on him, she said:

"Go on, dear, now begin," and picked up her sewing with a look which said, "We've got to grow, you know, if we're ever to get friends worth while or have a life worth living."

But again she would shut out all that, and smile to herself and grow absorbed. And this habit grew to such a degree that by the beginning of summer their reading bees had come to an end. In June she took Martha and Susette and went to the seashore for three months. She came back in September, and now the time was drawing near. Her husband's love grew anxious and there came troubled gleams in his eyes. The nurse had arrived. The doctor kept coming. Martha was plainly "in a state." And Emily Giles, for all her grim ways, had moments almost tender. All centering, swiftly centering, as the long voyage neared its end.

Chapter XII

WHAT deep relief and blessed peace! She lay on her bed, weak and relaxed, but already aware from time to time of the beginnings within herself of new vitality, food for her child. Her body felt profoundly changed, and so it was with her spirit. Again the thought rose in her mind that this had settled and sealed her life. But she was glad of the certainty. Slowly, as her strength returned, all the vague desires and dreams of the last few months came back, grew clear; and she planned and planned for the small boy whom the nurse kept bringing to her bed. At such moments the new love within her rose like some fresh bursting spring.

The city, though so vast, complex, came to be like a place full of miracles. The voices of its ceaseless life came into her window day and night, the hoots and distant bellows of ships, the rattle of wheels, the rush of cars, the long swift thunder of the "L," and bursts of laughter from the streets, and animated voices. She remembered her first night in New York; she recalled her earlier visions of the city as a place of thrilling aspirations, wide, sparkling, abundant lives. And Ethel smiled and told herself:

"All the glory I dreamed of is here."

The thought came to her clearly that Amy it was who had hidden it all, who had stood smilingly in the way and had said, "All this is nothing." But she felt a rush of pity now for the woman who was left behind, cut off so completely by the birth of this small son. The nurse was bringing him into the room, and Ethel smiled at her and said:

"Ask Susette if she doesn't want to come, too."

It was only a day or two later that her husband broke his news. He had been so dear to her, his visits had been such a joy, and although behind his tenderness vaguely she had sensed some change, some new excitement in his mind, in her own absorption in their boy she had attributed it to that. But early one evening he came in with a sheaf of roses in his arms, and when she had exclaimed at them and breathed deep of their dewy fragrance, Joe bent over and kissed her, and then said a little huskily:

Does Red Meat Cause Rheumatism?

R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M. D.

Author of "How to *Live* on 3 Meals a Day" "Maintaining Health," etc.

DEAR DOCTOR ALSAKER: I am 43 years old. Have hardly had a sick day in my life, except an occasional cold in the fall or spring, when most people seem to catch cold. For the past three years I have had occasional pains in the shoulder, the knee joints, and in the little finger of the left hand.

My doctor tells me that I have rheumatism and that I must stop eating meat—especially red meat—beef, lamb, etc. I eat very little meat. My breakfast consists of bacon and eggs or one mutton chop, rolls and occasionally wheat cakes (never more than three), or toast and a cup of coffee. And I eat a little fruit and oatmeal with cream and sugar. For lunch a couple of soft boiled eggs and a piece of pie or cake and a glass of milk. Sometimes I take Boston baked beans instead of eggs and tea instead of milk. For dinner we have soup, a roast of some kind, or broiled or baked fish, with potatoes and other vegetables, and occasionally a salad, but I don't care much for raw food, and always a dessert—ice cream, stewed fruit, pie or cake—and after dinner coffee.

If red meat causes rheumatism, why should I have it and the other members of the family, who eat meat as frequently as I do, be free? W. J. L.

THIS gentleman seems to think that he has been quite well, though he and real health have not been on speaking terms for some years. Those who are well do not have colds. Colds are a warning, a danger signal, showing that the body is full of impurities and waste.

Pains that travel from joint to joint, usually called rheumatic pains, are another sign that the blood is charged with impurities.

This gentleman seems to think that he has been prudent about his eating, when in fact he has been careless. At 43 everybody owes it to himself and family to know how to eat so as to have health. Eggs, meat, fish and milk are proteids (albuminous foods). The body needs a limited amount of these foods, but if they are taken in excess, as they are when eaten at every meal, they build rheumatism, catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, colds, Bright's disease and other ills.

Why does not every member in this family have rheumatism? Because individuals differ, and what will express itself as rheumatism in one may take the form of a different disease in another individual. *Each and every one who lives in this manner must from time to time have some kind of physical trouble.*

Red meat does not in itself cause rheumatism, though overeating of meat often helps to build the trouble. I have to fall back on experience and say that I have had numerous cases of rheumatism of all kinds—gout, lumbago, muscular rheumatism, rheumatism of the joints, chronic and acute—and every case, without exception, has recovered, when they followed directions. Many of these patients had had rheumatism from ten to thirty years, during which time they had consumed vast quantities of drugs and had gone to springs and had been boiled out, without special benefit.

These sufferers recovered through proper living, especially through correct eating. If this gentleman will eat and drink as he should, he will recover, as all the rest did. There are no *ifs* and *buts* about it—he will get well and stay well. What is more, right eating will make his whole family well. And they won't need any drugs or operations. It is natural to be well, and those who follow Nature's laws will always have health. Proper eating is the most important, in fact the dominating, health factor. Everyone who has rheumatism can eat his way out of it and into health. No one need be sick.

Rheumatism is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who have rheumatism should not complain about it, for they have the knowledge at hand that will show them how to get out of the aches and pains of rheumatism and return to health.

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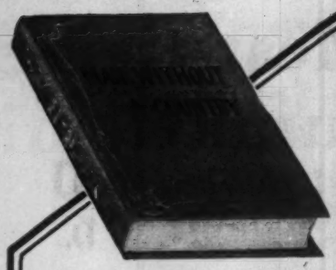

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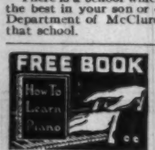

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"I've got some big news for you, little wife. It's big. It's going to mean so much."

"What is it, Joe?"

She stared up intently into his eyes. He was telling her he had made money! He was telling how the approaching birth of their small son had made him feel he must put an end to these ups and downs, and how he had worked and racked his brains. He told of heavy borrowing, of anxious weeks, of a wonderful stroke of luck at last which not only made him rich for the moment but opened the way to wealth ahead. He was speaking of what this would mean to them here. He knew how hard it had been for her and how pluckily she had come through without ever asking for anything. But all that was over now. He had made money! What was the matter? She heard it all in fragments, topsy turvy. What was wrong? "Here is a Joe I've never known!" Still staring up into his eyes she saw their strange exultant light; the excitement in his husky voice struck into her sensitive ear and jarred; and she nearly shrank from the clutch of his hand. She lay wondering why she was not glad, till suddenly she saw in his face his sharp disappointment at the way she was taking his news. With a pang of alarm she roused herself and said:

"Oh, Joe, it's too wonderful! It's so sudden it strikes me all of a heap!" And she laughed unsteadily, seized his hand and kissed it, talking rapidly, her eyes glistening all the while with foolish tears. Fiercely then she asked herself, "Why can't you enter in and be gay?" But though she was doing better now and had him talking as before, again and again she felt he was thinking, "How different Amy would have been! At once—in an instant—no delay! How her arms would have come around my neck!"

Yes, indeed, a Joe she had never known, shaped and molded by the wife who had had him in those early years when a woman can do so much with a man, can do what sets him in a groove in work and living, tastes, ideals. "And I thought I had done so much!" But Amy's hand had still been there; he had been *her husband*, all the time!

It was a relief to have him gone. Alone she could think more clearly. "What are you so frightened about? Of being rich, you little fool?" No, she had always wanted that, money enough to forget it existed, money to open all the doors. "But this money is coming too soon! I'm not ready. I'm too young! And he'll expect so much of me now. There'll be no excuse for holding back, for going slow till I find what I want. He'll expect me to find friends at once! But where shall I find them all of a sudden? It isn't as though we were millionaires, really big ones, all in a minute. The newspapers won't be very excited; the town will take it quite calmly, quite! And for the life of me I don't see any friends rushing at us! And yet he'll expect it! So *much* he'll expect! He'll give and give and give me things and then wonder why I don't get anywhere!"

The angry tears leaped in her eyes, and a wave of rebellion swept over her at the way she had been caught, tangled into the life of a man and the fortunes of his business. But then she thought of the son she had borne him, and this brought quick remorse and tears, from which she fell into a deep sleep. And when she awoke she found the nurse was waiting with the baby.

And the days which followed with their peace, their slow return of health and strength, brought assurance, too, and she laughed at herself for having been such a foolish child. She recalled her panic on her wedding night. Then, too, she had found a Joe unknown. But had that turned out so dreadful? He came often to her bedside now; and although she could feel how changed he was, it no longer frightened her. She had her wee boy; and Emily Giles and Susette and her nurse kept coming in; and the room grew very gay, as they had little parties there.

"Who needs friends so all of a sudden?"

But one day Emily came in and grimly remarked, "There's a woman outside who owns this apartment."

"What?"

"She acts that way. She's walking 'round that sitting-room—picking things up and putting things down——" Emily's voice was rising in wrath.

"Emily! 'Sh-h! She'll hear you! Who is she? Didn't she give her name?"

"Here's her name!" And Emily poked out a card, at which Ethel looked in a startled way.

"Fanny Carr! Now why has *she* come here?"

"Will you see her or shall I tell her the flat is already rented?"

"No, no! Emily—don't be rude! She's a friend of my—my husband's!"

And a few moments later, propped up in bed with a pretty lace cap on her head, Ethel was smiling affably at her visitor who was exclaiming:

"My dear girl, I'm so glad to see you again! So good of you, letting me in like this! I didn't have the least idea! I didn't know of your baby—I hadn't even heard you were married! I've been abroad for over a year. I got back to New York only last week and heard from one of Joe's men friends of the luck he has had—how his business is simply booming along! It's perfectly gorgeous, Ethel dear, and I'm so glad for you, my child! When I heard the news——"

She talked on vivaciously. And Ethel lay back, her gaze intent on Fanny's handsome features, on her rich lips, pearl earrings, her eyes with their curious color, gray green, that were so sparkling and alive. And she thought to herself in dismay, "How much more attractive she is! Was that first impression of mine all wrong, or is it that I'm getting used to these New Yorkers? I thought she was just hard—all brass! She isn't! She's—she's dangerous! What is she poking 'round here for? What does she want? Is she married again? No, her name was the same on her card. Still single—yes, and looking around—for somebody with money!"

By the questions Fanny was asking, plainly she was trying to find what friends Ethel had made in New York. And although the girl on the bed talked of the town in glowing terms, in a few moments Fanny was saying:

"I'm afraid you've been rather lonely here."

"Oh, no!" And Ethel laughed merrily. "If you knew how my time is filled—every hour! My small boy——" and she went eagerly on.

"Oh, you darling!" Fanny cried. And then with an envious sigh she said, "You make me feel so old and forlorn. With all your beauty, Ethel Lanier, and youth—your whole life starting—well, you've just got to let me in and take you about. Oh, I know, I know, it's so wonderful here, and fresh and new, and you're quite contented and all that. But after all, it's a city, you know—a perfectly good one, full of life—and people you'll like—old friends of Joe's." She went on in a crisp gay tone to paint the pleasures of the town. And meanwhile glancing at Ethel, she thought, "What a perfect devil she thinks me, poor child, a bold bad creature on Joe's trail—when all I want is to take her around and help her spend her money. I need it badly enough, God knows!"

At last she rose.

"I mustn't tire you. Good-by, dear. You'll let me come again, of course?"

"Oh, yes, do." At Ethel's tone, Fanny smiled to herself, as deftly she adjusted her furs. She turned to look in the mirror and her eye was caught by the photograph of Amy over on Joe's chiffonier. She moved a step toward it, paused, turned back, and with a good-by to Ethel went out.

Ethel's eyes went back to the photograph. How strong and alarming, all in an hour, Amy's picture had become. As she looked, it seemed to take on life, to be saying, "Money! Money at last!" And with dismay she told herself:

"Now they'll come in a perfect horde!"

Chapter XIII

"SHALL I tell Joe? Most certainly." But she did not tell him all, that night. She did not say, "One of Amy's friends was here today, and she's coming again, and more are coming—and I hate them, every one!" She simply remarked:

"Oh, Joe, dear—Fanny Carr was here today."

"She was, eh?" He gave a slight start. "Where has *she* been all this time?"

"Abroad." And Ethel answered his questions. "She'll be here a good deal, I fancy," she ended. Joe looked annoyed and uneasy. But he did not speak, that evening, of the memories rising in his mind. For on both, the old spell of silence was strong. Subtly the spirit of the first wife came stealing back into the room, pervaded it and made it her own. But her name was still unspoken.

The next day brought an exquisite baby's cap with Fanny's card tucked inside. And in the fortnight after that, Fanny herself came several times. She talked in such a friendly way, and her smile and the look in

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her clever gray eyes was so good-humored, easy and gay. "She's doing it beautifully," Ethel thought. But she pulled herself up. "Doing what beautifully? What do I mean? One would think we were millionaires, and Joe a perfect Adonis! Is she trying to eat us? And aren't you rather a snob, my love, to be so sure you hate the woman before you even know her?"

At such moments Ethel would relax and grow pleasantly interested in Fanny's talk of Paris and Rome, or of New York. In each city Fanny seemed to have led very much the same existence. In each there had been Americans, and hotels, cafés and dances, motor trips and lunches, gossip and scandal without end. But she told of it all in a humorous way that made it quite amusing. And it was a good deal the same with the two women, Amy's friends, whom Fanny brought to tea a bit later. Their gossip and their laughter, their voices breaking into each other and making a perfect hubbub at times, their smart suits and hats and dainty boots, their plump faces, lively eyes, all were quite exciting to Ethel, when she threw off her hostility and the uneasiness they aroused. It felt good to be gossipy once more.

But how they chattered! How they stayed! Joe would be coming home soon now, and she wanted them to go. But they did not go, and Ethel guessed that it was Joe they were waiting for. She was sure of it when he appeared. The way they all rushed at him with little shrieks of laughter, talking together, excited as girls! "Though they're all years older than I am!" Ethel angrily exclaimed, as she sat there matronly and severe. She eyed her husband narrowly, and at first with keen satisfaction she saw how annoyed and embarrassed he was. But the moments passed, and he grew relieved, more easy and more natural, his voice taking on its usual tone, blunt and genial. And she thought, "He's going to like it!" For a moment she detested him then. "They'll flatter him, make a tin god of him! No, I mean a money god! That's what they want, his money!" She positively snorted, but no one seemed to notice it. Now they were turning back to her and she was in the hubbub, too. And how amiably she smiled!

When they were gone there fell a silence which was like a sudden pall. "He can break it. I won't," she thought viciously. He had gone to their room, she had followed him there, and he was not having an easy time. He washed and dressed without a word. But at last he came to her.

"Look here." His arm was about her, she jerked away, but he would not release her. "You're the most adorable little wife that ever made a man happy," he said. "But you're young, you know ——"

"Is that a crime?"

"No, it's something those other women would all give their eye-teeth for."

"Go on."

"But you're human, you know, and you've got to grow older — and as you do you'll find, my dear, that it takes all kinds to make a world."

"How original!" He went on unabashed: "And if you are to get any friends, you've got to get out and meet all kinds — many you don't like at all — and then little by little take your choice." He paused, and although he did not add, "After all, they're Amy's friends, and you might at least give 'em a chance," she knew he was thinking that, though he only ended gently, "But I guess I'll leave it all to you. Do as you like. I'll be satisfied."

"He won't be, though," she told herself. "He won't like it at all if I don't enter in. No, I've simply got to be nice to them. There's no keeping them away!"

And in this she was right. Flowers and gifts for the baby came, and several more women friends; and one of them brought her husband. Nearly always they stayed until Joe came home; and in his manner, with dismay, she saw the hold they were getting. It was not only flattery they used, they appealed to his loyalty to his first wife. "Don't drop us now," they seemed to say. "We were your friends when you were poor — when *she* was poor. If she had lived, just think how welcome we should be."

Early one evening when she and Joe were dressing for dinner, Emily Giles came in with a long box of roses. Ethel thought they were for herself.

"No," said Emily, "they're for your husband."

"For me?" Joe laughed. "There's some mistake."

"No — there's no mistake," said Ethel, in a low unnatural voice. In an instant she had grown cold. What a fool, to have forgotten that this was Amy's birthday! Inside the box was Fanny's card and on it she had written, "In memory of the many times I helped you buy a birthday gift."

Ethel went quickly out of the room. It was an awkward evening.

Fanny gave a dinner soon after that to celebrate Ethel's recovery. It was in a hotel grill room, and it was large and noisy — and noisier and noisier — till even above the boisterous hubbub at the tables all about, the noise of their party could be heard. At least so it seemed to Ethel's ears. And what were they saying? Anything really witty, sparkling? No — just chatter, peals of laughter! They were just plain, cheap and tough! How red were their faces, warm and moist their lips and eyes!

"You're not vivid enough, that's the trouble with you! You've got to be vivider!" she thought. "You ought to have taken that cocktail!" She drank wine now, a whole glass of it, and tried to be very boisterous with the man on her right, who was smiling back as though he could barely hear her voice. "He has had too much!" she told herself. "Oh, how I loathe you — loathe you all!"

But later, when they began to dance she found with a little glow of relief that she could do this rather well. Thank heaven she had taken those lessons; and she was younger than most of these creatures, and more lithe and supple. The men were noticing, crowding around her. She caught a glare from one of their wives. And that glare helped tremendously, it came like a gleam of light in the dark. She caught Joe's admiring glances. She danced with him, then turned him down for somebody else, *kept* turning him down. She threw into her dancing an angry vim; but joy was coming into it, too. This wasn't so bad, after all. "Don't be a child!" she thought. "You may even grow to like all this!" But most of her thinking was a whirl.

She went home in a taxi, in Joe's arms. She thought, "This is how he and Amy came home. Never mind, I'm not half so weak as I thought. I can play this game ——"

And play it she did.

The next morning they slept very late. They had breakfast in bed, and when Joe had gone she lay thinking. Her mind was marvelously clear. It went swiftly over the night before. Yes, most of it had been simply disgusting, the eating and drinking, those warm moist eyes.

"The way the men looked at you, held you! This is no life for you, Ethel Lanier! The dancing was all you cared about. You want that, but with other men whom you would like to be friends with, men who would treat you as something more than a, than a — I don't know what! Yes, you want to get away from these creatures, and get Joe away; but to do it you must show him now you're really trying to do your best to like them all. The next thing is to ask them here. It's the only way to break their hold. Show him you're no jealous cat. And how do I know that among them all, as I go about, I won't find a few that aren't so tough? And through them I'll find others."

But she put off entertaining Joe's friends, for she had her hands full now in managing just Joe alone. Amy's husband was coming to life in him. Of that there could be no mistake. Under the spell of his success, and still more perhaps through his pride and delight in his handsome young wife, Joe was showing his love for her as Amy had taught him long ago. He showered gifts upon her. He delighted in surprises. One was a smart little town car, and this was a very *pleasant* surprise. But in it he insisted upon her shopping busily. No more wearing last year's clothes! And when she was a bit slow to move, to her dismay he went himself with Fanny Carr, and bought for Ethel's birthday a costly set of furs and a brooch. He nearly bought pearl earrings, too, but Ethel took them back at once. "Fanny knows as well as I do myself that I can't wear pearls!" she thought angrily. She exchanged them for opal pendants. And then, in order to put a stop to Fanny's detestable attempts "to make me look like a perfect fright," Ethel did start in and shop. And as soon as she got well into it, what a fever it became! Sternly eying herself in the mirrors of shops, she studied and made mistakes by the score, and corrected and went on and on. "I'll look right if it kills me!"

One night she learned what Fanny Carr had had in mind when she came "poking into our lives!" For Fanny was poor — she had long guessed that; and Fanny had a house on Long Island, and only by a hair's-breadth now did Ethel keep her from selling it to Joe as a surprise for his wife.

"Well, Fanny, what next?" thought Ethel that night. She had been awake for hours, perfectly still and motionless, not to disturb her husband. "For you are not through yet, Mrs. Carr. So long as we're rich and you are poor and have no immediate husband, you're going to act like a ravening wolf — aren't you, my own precious. You mean to break my hold on him by keeping him thinking of her, of her! Now what am I to do about it? I ought to talk very frankly to Joe, and get over this silly habit of never mentioning Amy's name!" She grew determined, but then weak. What could she say to him about Amy? "What do I really want to say? Do I know poor Amy was anything bad? Wasn't she good to me? Would I care to try to talk against her? No. And even if I did, you see, it would only hurt me with Joe."

So she went on in different moods. And now she saw her sister's face smiling out of clear violet eyes, and again she felt a small gloved hand on her husband drawing him gently back — back and back into the past. Why was Amy so much stronger now? "Because Fanny Carr has been clever enough to take me out of the life I was making and pitch me into Amy's life where her hold on Joe was strongest. *I'm in her setting.* That's the trouble!"

But she had Amy's friends to dine one night, as in her calmer moods she knew was the only sensible course. And as they began arriving, by swift degrees amid the buzz of talk which rose, Ethel could feel the room each moment change and become Amy's home. And it was Amy's dinner, too. No cooking of Emily's that night, for Joe had suggested a caterer. "The one we've always used," he had said. And so the cocktails and the wines and the food in many courses, the two waiters in evening clothes, and the talk and the shrieks of mirth, were just as they must have been before so many, many times in this room. Ethel sat affably rigid there.

And later Joe at the piano was not Ethel's husband. Nor was it her room when they stripped up the rugs and began to dance, nor her photograph their eyes kept seeking from time to time. She even thought she could hear them whisper about the hostess who was dead.

And when very late they had departed, and last of all Joe had gone with Fanny downstairs to put her in her taxi, Ethel, left alone in the room, turned to her sister's photograph.

"*I won't be like you,*" she tensely declared. "*I won't live in your home — with your husband* ——"

The picture smiled good-naturedly back. "All right," it seemed to answer, "then what do you expect to do?"

[*To be continued*]

Chopping Up Our Country

[*Continued from page 22*]

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TO THOSE WHO FEEL POOR

I write as your brother.

We are a large family.

This world-war, made in Germany, against which we are fighting, has sent our incomes down and our expenses up.

The pinch hurts, but it is not going to kill us.

We still have enough and something to spare.

Though we feel poor, don't let us be impoverished by selfish fear!

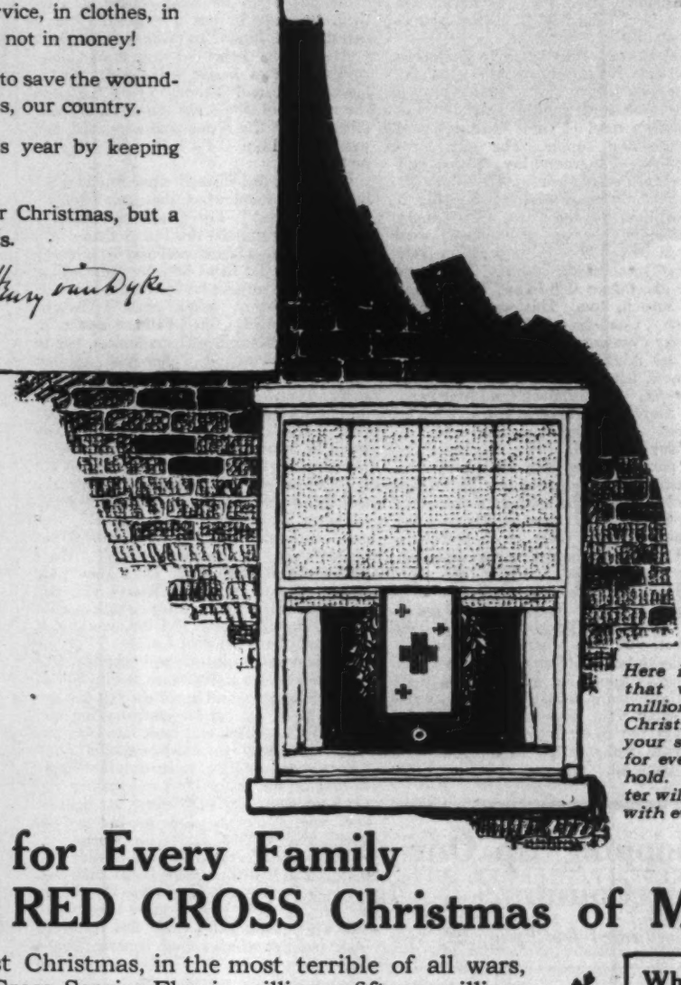
Let us save in food, in service, in clothes, in luxuries and joy-rides—but not in money!

Let us use that by giving it to save the wounded, the suffering, our friends, our country.

Let us keep Christmas this year by keeping up the Red Cross.

Then it will not be a poor Christmas, but a rich Christmas to our hearts.

Henry van Dyke



Here is a Red Cross Service Flag that will be in the windows of millions of American homes this Christmas. It must be in yours—your service flag with a little cross for every member of your household. The nearest Red Cross chapter will give you your flag—it goes with every one dollar membership.

A Service Flag for Every Family to make this a RED CROSS Christmas of Mercy

ON this, our country's first Christmas, in the most terrible of all wars, there should be a Red Cross Service Flag in millions—fifteen millions—of homes at least.

When your membership dollar is sent on its errand of mercy, a work of relief, which is the noblest thing in the world today, is aided.

Your Red Cross does not ask you at this time for large contributions.

It asks you to become part of it. *Your* Red Cross asks you to be one of ten million more Americans to give one dollar toward world relief.

The merest outline of Red Cross work could fill this whole magazine—go to your local Red Cross chapter—have your rightful share of service. The Christmas spirit *is* the Red Cross spirit. Let a greater Red Cross be America's Christmas gift to our boys and our Allies.

What *is* Your American Red Cross?

An all American, largely volunteer organization devoted to practical service to suffering mankind in times of peace as in times of war.

Congress authorizes it.
President Wilson heads it.
The War Department audits its a counts.
Pershing in France approves it.
It is working for *your* Army—*your* Navy—*your* Allies.
It is working for you.

Join the Red Cross now—start your $1 on its errand of mercy. Be a member—it is your right

Ten Million New Members by Christmas

The Publishers of McClure's have donated this space to the American Red Cross in the belief that its readers will heartily respond.

Posing, Posing! — *Continued from page 30*

—in men's pink socks. Hedwig Slainsky! Works in enameled leather and is brave enough to live her own life in her own way. Charley! Oh, Charley! Bring a couple of highballs over here, won't you? Or, perhaps, my dear, you'd rather have beer?"

Following the wave of her hostess's cigarette, the newcomer makes a visual tour of the room and firmly believes that she sees the various persons indicated and catalogued. But not possessing the clear vision commended by Isaiah, she sees only the poses in which they have clothed themselves.

The brass-hammering woman poses as a playwright. Mr. Nickleback assumes the ready-made Edgar Poe pose, which means that he has long hair, a morose cast of countenance and drinks freely when opportunity offers. If he could only write like Poe the illusion would be more compelling. Mr. Ringbolt poses as the only intellectual actor on our stage, but there are others quite as bad who harass the public more frequently than he does. In the little group of earnest thinkers we see the Moscow Student pose, comparatively new in the town and warranted to fit either sex. Its wearers are wont to gather in grimy cafés where they whisper their denunciations of the money power, talk knowingly about the "system" and express their approval of acts of violence in which they prudently refrain from taking part. Assemblies of malcontents and the professionally unemployed enable them to creep into the newspapers by "conferring with the leaders" and disappearing before the trouble begins. The wearers of this pose smoke their cigarettes with great fierceness and regard the world with looks of dark-browed malevolence and suspicion. Their prototypes of a quarter of a century ago were the secretive Irish patriots who hung about O'Donovan-Rossa's coat-tails and uttered a warning "Whist!" when the postman opened the door.

Miss Grimble's pose is that of Advanced Feminism, or "the new movement" as she calls it. All these geniuses praise one another with a heartiness that would arouse the suspicion of anyone possessed of even a moderately clear vision, for there is not half the quarreling among frauds and fakirs that there is among honest folk, especially when they are gathered together at the fountain-head of material supply. Mr. Ringbolt declares that the brass hammerer is a noble dramatist; she says that Mr. Ringbolt's acting has marvelous intensity; and they both agree in their high estimate of Mr. Nickleback's muse and the fearless fanaticism of the Moscow Students.

Our ingenuous young friend notes with pleasure the friendly glances that are turned in her direction, little dreaming that the whisper has gone round the room that she is a "wealthy young society girl who wishes to know artistic people," and that Miss Grimble is already whispering to Mr. Ringbolt: "Come over and meet her. She has never known anyone outside of that stupid Four Hundred and it will do her good to listen to a brilliant man like you!"

It is the first time in her life that she has met an actor, and her nerves tingle as he "gives her the eye" and murmurs in throaty tones: "It is delightful to meet you here tonight. I hope we are going to be friends."

The evening wears on, each minute yielding a new experience to the delighted and bewildered guest who cannot blind herself to the fact that she is regarded with general favor. Mr. Ringbolt is hoping that her wealthy father will aid his scheme for an endowed theatre; the heads of the poet and the brass-hammerer are teeming with speculation as to the size of her pocketbook; even the Moscow Students stifle their hatred of plutocracy and beam upon her in the hope that she will contribute to their treasury. As for the Misses Gibbs and Grimble, they realize that she is a distinct addition to their salon. Our young friend feels that she is seeing life at close range and that her emancipation from the narrow provincialism in which she was reared has fortuitously begun.

Her new friends call upon her at her eminently respectable boarding-house and are viewed with distrust by the experienced landlady, whose slate bears the names of many of their kind. Realizing that it is impossible for her soul to expand in this sordid atmosphere of debit and credit, our young girl joins another whose ambitions are similar to her own and the two set up kitchenette housekeeping in a studio with the further intention of encouraging starving genius. That genius not only starves but thirsts while struggling for recognition is quickly made evident by the double assaults on their larder. In this new world that centers about their kitchenette and ice-box, accomplishment counts for nothing and sincerity is merely a target for the sneers of envy and incompetency. The dramatist who writes such feeble plays that the managers and critics have been obliged to swear themselves into a league against him; the poet to whom the world refuses to listen, merely because there is neither rhyme nor melody in his song; the "moderns" who, blind to the real genius that they try to counterfeit, make smears instead of pictures, are all of one accord in their contempt for their betters.

The word "daring" assumes a new significance. The crimson cravat of the neglected bard is "a daring bit of color;" an obscene book or play is "daring," as is a female figure badly smeared by an artist whom the world will have none of, simply because he cannot draw. Little by little this "daring" note enters into the conversation as the neglected ones cautiously feel their way toward closer intimacy with their hostesses. And these innocent young greenies, listening unabashed to talk of a kind that they have never heard before,—certainly not from the lips of man—plume themselves on their complete emancipation from Philistinism.

Unless our friend has gained a clear vision, she will yield to the illusion that the drama can thrive with both its feet planted in money bags

In the "daring" school of thought, criticism assumes the lustrous hues of a soap-bubble in eyes that have not learned to see clearly. It sneers at the "sentimentality" of the Victorian novelists and is blind to their marvelous gifts in the rare art of story-telling. It exalts Russian fiction while knowing nothing of the life that it depicts. On the strength of a few Cook's Tourist visits to the Théâtre Français, it moans drearily over the utter lack of dramatic talent in America. But these bright-hued spheres of soap-bubble thought that swim so airily through the smoke-laden air of the studio will vanish before the cold breath of reason. To understand the literature of a foreign people is to arrive at a better appreciation of our own. To comprehend the exquisite art of the French stage is to know more, not less, about that of America. When the great Coquelin was in this country he was a persistent theatre-goer and so quick and keen in his recognition of ability that he would have been laughed at had he expressed his opinions before any group of soap-bubble philosophers.

In permitting herself to fall under the influence of this unwholesome group of thinkers, our young friend is entering upon a very dangerous stage of her journey. Soon she will find herself accepting, without question, that tenet of their faith that places what they call "Art" above morality and principle. Her expressed repugnance to some particularly loathsome person of unsavory reputation will be met with the wretched shibboleth that falls so readily from unwise lips: "There's nothing immoral in his art." The poison of cheap cynicism—the rat that gnaws at the vitals of all the moralities—has entered into her veins. Under its malign influence her obscurity of vision has become a cataract that nothing but financial surgery can remove, and we may be quite sure that before long the operation will have been performed.

The inevitable follows. The geniuses who have laid waste her sympathies and moral perceptions are now ready to attack her pocketbook. The gentleman who sneered at the "sentimentality" of Charles Dickens is not ashamed to borrow ten dollars, while shedding tears into a glass of whisky and water. Another who has "borne poverty so nobly" relieves her of a like sum, raises her hand to his moist lips and departs murmuring that "art is the only morality." Two or three major and minor operations of this kind teach her that men who find so little for their hands to do in this busy world and so much time for dawdling about and talking about themselves are to be avoided rather than encouraged. She awakens from her dream and moves on to the next morass that lies in her path.

The semi-public women who are so persistently exploited in the press and so cordially detested by all experienced journalists, are in my opinion, more to be shunned than the sponging children of genius. In her capacity of writer, actress or artist our young friend will, sooner or later, be brought into contact with some semi-public woman, who, having no legitimate claim on fame, is quite content with newspaper notoriety, and utterly unscrupulous in her schemes for its acquisition. Sometimes her purpose is served by the wide and convenient door of charity, for she is indefatigable in such forms of well-doing as pouring tea, presiding at useless meetings and serving on committees that accomplish nothing.

To our innocent young friend who comes to her, let us say, for the purpose of describing in newspaper or magazine her most recent activities, the semi-public woman turns a smiling face. She gives her a cup of tea, a few flowers, and her signed photograph. Charmed by this kindly treatment at the hands of one whom she firmly believes to be a dominant force in the life of the town, the guileless one makes haste to repay her in publicity, the only currency at her command, and takes every occasion to print her name or her picture, thus awakening in the minds of her superiors grave suspicions of her own honesty. But, let her once fail to satisfy this woman who has bound her to her service with a photograph and a kind word, and she will find her a merciless enemy ready to do her best to procure her discharge.

Intercourse with women who are legitimately before the public as actresses, singers

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Be Diverting!

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12 art exhibits
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or authors, is not fraught with the same danger, though disaster often lurks behind the kindly word of sympathy, the signed photograph and the bunch of flowers. To the real artist of the stage, newspaper fame, despite its commercial value, is always secondary to achievement, but to her who is incapable of any achievement, notoriety is the thing of supreme importance and cheap at the price of a smile and a rosebud.

But one more quicksand — that of wealth and fashion — and our young friend will be able to tread the path to success with a sure step. The foolish counselors have told her that the members of the "Four Hundred," as they are termed in the simple lexicon of her native town, are either immoral or avaricious or so "stuck up" that they will despise her because she works for a living. At the same time, it will be made plain to her that to secure the favor of this depraved body is the greatest triumph that can come to her. All of this is as foolish as the rest of the advice that was offered to her.

A provincial aristocracy is quite apt to look with disdain on her, because of her humble birth or the lack of means that compels her to earn her own livelihood. But in the fashionable plutocracy of the metropolis, no one will inquire about her origin or show any feeling save admiration for her practical achievements. In this group she will find reckless generosity, and, as compared with the society of other of the world's capitals, a remarkable freedom from snobbery. The social pushers are the snobs — not their quarry. The danger of association with these much-envied ones lies in the fact that their point of view on matters of art is not that of the workaday world. It is a naive rather than a sophisticated society, containing a few real lovers of art or letters, but many collectors of pictures and books. It employs professional decorators to make its houses liveable, and even hires supposed experts to visit the theatres and discover what plays should be seen. Its feeling for the drama is not that of the real worker, and it would rather gaze listlessly at scenery or pretty women or listen to epigrams than yield to the delightful spell of a real play well acted. If our best society has ever discovered a single artist or player or musician or dramatist, I have yet to learn of it. Unfortunately this society is soaked through and through with the money standard and in trying, as it frequently does, to encourage some special form of art, it always makes use of dollars. It would help the drama by housing it in a costly, over-decorated theatre, or give aid to the poet by establishing him in a studio.

Unless our young friend has gained a clear vision she will yield to the illusion that the drama can thrive with both its feet planted in money bags and that a poet can write better on a Buhl table than on the top of a flour barrel. It is in this appalling deification of money that the danger lies and this danger is all the greater because of the generous treatment and gracious encouragement that will be accorded to this young girl from nowhere who makes her own living.

No girl can pass safely over the morasses and quicksands that I have indicated without gaining that clear vision that will keep her feet from further stumbling, and with these wholesome experiences behind her she will be prepared to achieve genuine and lasting success.

The High Cost of Saving

[*Continued from page 13*]

(as meals should be made easy on wash day) we plunged everything into the beautiful foam. It was our idea to wash on matinée mornings early, and then carry the clothes over to the theatre, rough dry, and iron them during our waits in the dressing-room. You can generally fight off the hotel Inspector until noon, but all the time after that she is asking if you are comfortable while her nose is sniffing laundry soap and soft boiled eggs, which to anyone but an Inspector have no odor at all. That is, not the best eggs.

I carried the wash over to the theatre in my embroidered sack and Maude, having bought the ironing things, struggled along with them. She didn't behave very well about it as the ironing-board got stuck in the revolving-door of our hotel, and as everyone was pushing through at the noon hour she had to keep going around while trying to pry herself out. I was already on the pavement and every time she came outside she would shriek, "Never again!" as though it were my fault she had bought such a long board. She had one advantage — there was no time for me to answer back, and this so annoyed me that I finally squeezed into the glass division with her and we had it out as we circled about together.

After the doorman had rescued us we cheered up, looking forward with enthusiasm to our work. As Maude said, "This opportunity to iron is making our art worth while." There were only a few people in front at the matinée and those who were there saw very little of us as we hurried through our scenes, fearful that the iron was overheating. But if the audience enjoyed character reading they must have been greatly intrigued by a gloom that thickened about Maude's and my comedy as the play progressed; although, on the other hand, the rest of the company grew more and more hilarious.

The company took a great interest in our money saving. They were all simple people, without any imagination, who never thought of conserving or conniving, and contented themselves by going to medium-priced American-plan hotels and eating what was set before them. Still we were fond of them except on Wednesday matinées, when they would talk all the time about the money-orders they had bought that morning. Salaries were not paid until Tuesdays with our management — which is just the same as stealing the interest on our money for three days.

At this matinée they kept coming into our dressing-room to see us at our work while they talked over their flourishing financial condition, and it made us so nervous that we did not iron as well as we had expected to. I could iron crosswise all right but up and down seemed to pull the satin apart. The old lady of the cast said it was because we had cut our garments the wrong way of the goods. But I contended hotly that what was wrong to her was not necessarily wrong to me, and I didn't believe in the same social code either for people or chemises. This rather nettled the old lady, for she then declared, flat out, that we hadn't rinsed clean anyway — and hurried on the stage.

It is simply impossible to talk back to actors when they are on the stage — it is a coward's refuge — and as we couldn't do that we locked ourselves in our room and examined our lovely lingerie. We had already noticed a sort of gray fuzz on our washing, but as there didn't seem to be anything to do about it we hoped it would fade away when ironed as clouds are dissipated by the warmth of the sun. Instead of that the gray particles, after ironing, sunk in. They could not be flapped off and were picked off only with great difficulty. And as Maude said, it would not be economic to spend hours picking off rolls of dirt.

I tried to console her by promising that next time we would wash in her bath-tub and rinse in mine if we had to use all the water in the hotel tanks, but I could see she was depressed over the pink satin investment. Now when I get depressed over an investment my effort is to save all the more. At least it is my inclination. But Maude does not even incline in that direction. She just wants to go out and buy something frightfully expensive. So I was very much disquieted when she said she would hurry out ahead of me after the matinée to get the educators for our late supper. I knew that she had her entire week's salary with her and as she had been feeling a wrist-watch coming on for a long time I went quickly after her.

It was rather pathetic to find her where I did, as it is natural for a girl as *soignée* as the actor who speaks French says she is to want the baubles of life. She was not standing in front of a jeweler's window but a little further up the street watching an electric machine washing its clothes.

I was firm with her. "We can't afford it," I began without preface.

"I didn't say we could," she answered, "but if we could only get it off of somebody we could put it in our scenery car and set it up in the theatre each week."

"Get if 'off of' somebody?" I echoed. "Why, that is positively low! Do you mean to tell me that you would try to work a man friend for a washing-machine?"

She took my arm and we moved toward the educators. "No, I wouldn't do that. But when you think of all the rich boys we know about the country it does seem to me that we might lead up to it somehow so that they would send us a machine as a joke."

"A hundred dollars is a joke to no one."

"Still," she insisted, "we might make a wager over something — something we were sure to win — and just casually toss off, 'I'll bet you a washing-machine!' They'd take us up because it would make them seem good sports."

I could see she was set on it and I felt more than ever that being poor was immoral. I appreciated that only by some counter scheme more brilliant than hers could I crowd out of her mind that fixed purpose of getting this expensive article "off of" someone, and I did finally think of something that would keep her name spotless and get our clothes, clean, too.

In pursuance of my plan, the following week we went out with our hand-bags full of pink wash, searching for an electrical display. We were quite nervous when we found a window with homely white garments rocking back and forth in the suds, but we went into the shop just the same and told the clerk all about it.

He acted queerly at first, not quite believing we could be so generous, and then all of a sudden flew off, choking out something about seeing the manager. We could hear sounds from the inner office that Maude thought was laughter (since it wasn't her scheme) but which I could easily translate as exclamations of gratification. After a time the manager came out to us and asked if we really did want them to wash our clothes in the window — had he heard aright? And we replied that he had heard aright, and that it would be just as nice for him as it would for us, for our things were beautiful and plentiful. We had augmented our outfit by buying some soiled crepe nightgowns so as to make a good showing.

We were strictly moral about it. We didn't want him to think for a moment that we were getting anything "off of" him; so it was clearly understood that the clothes would go in at eight the next morning, his washing them to be the equivalent of our lending them. We could not hang them up in the store to dry, however, and we were obliged to work all that day on rubber linings to our hand bags so as to carry them home without dripping.

We arose early the next morning that we might see our garments getting themselves washed and, sure enough, there they were, so rosy and enticing, rocking in the window. It made such a pretty sight that we decided we would leave them in for a little while longer, and we walked about town returning every now and then to see the people admiring them. At ten we decided that they had washed long enough and went in to get them. That is, we went as far as the door. But the door was locked. And a card, pasted on the glass, announced that, owing to the death of the president of the company, which had occurred that morning at nine, the store would remain closed for two days.

Maude was really quite unsettled. "Break the glass!" she shouted to those admiring our lingerie. "I want my clothes." People gathered about us. "Those pink things are Hat's and mine," she screamed hysterically, "and they'll be washed to death!" I tried to soothe her and so did some of the men. One of them advanced that you could never depend upon a washwoman anyway, and another added that the machine was probably drinking again. As that raised a laugh we lifted our heads proudly and went away. It was no laughing matter to us and no laughing matter to that manager when the store was reopened, and our poor worn strings taken out of the machine.

Maude was magnificent in her arraignment of him. "How would you like it if your pink crepe nightdress and chiffon chemise were torn to bits?" she asked him.

"I don't wear 'em. How dare you?" he roared.

"How dare *you!*" Maude then returned. And they kept saying it back and forth for a long time.

But what's the use! We couldn't get a cent out of him. We had asked to have the underwear washed and it was washed. After forty-eight hours of steady rocking it was worn to ribbons and we were just about fifty dollars out. We went at our account-books as soon as we reached the hotel to see if we couldn't find some benefit in the loss so as not to upset our bookkeeping, but there wasn't any unless, as Maude said, you could put down the fruits of knowledge as a definite sum. But I could see that an entry like "Learning man's perfidy — $50.00," although cheap at the price, would not look well written over the line previously given to "Pink Underwear."

That was the beginning of two terrible weeks. Our business grew even worse, and all talk about leaving the cast, because our salaries were cut, ceased. We only hoped that they'd keep us out at any salary. Most of the troupe played harder than ever trying to force the audiences into laughing, and that was bad for the comedy. We ourselves, having high ideals, tried to play naturally, and as though our hearts were light, but the prospect of holding out for a New York production grew sadly faint.

Though we were feeling the grind of it we kept on economizing, but we snapped at each other so much in the mornings that I finally borrowed an old alcohol stove from one of the company and made my own coffee and eggs. I had grown to hate the sight of eggs, yet I had to keep thinking about them all the time. I would lie awake at night and plan how I was going to eat up those I had on hand so as not to have to carry them to the next town packed in shoes. Maude seemed to have no ingenuity at all about disposing of her left-overs, and at the end of that washing experience week she came into my room to ask if I could eat three brown Leghorns, or if not what could she do with them.

I was inclined to be sarcastic. "You might hard boil them and wear them on your new hat as a 'fancy,'" I suggested.

"They would look better than the aigrette you have loaned me," she retorted. And then we just had it out.

"Your whole scheme is a failure," she finally declared. "We haven't saved a cent, and there's no use trying to deceive me any longer."

"Deceive you?" I answered. "What do you think you are — a chicken?"

"No, but I'll turn into one if I eat another egg." And she put the brown Leghorns down on my bed and stalked away.

Although it was Saturday and I was packing my hotel trunk I determined to eat those eggs if I choked on them. I'd be economic to the last. I cried as I lighted the alcohol stove, thinking how sorry they all would be to find me gagged to death on the third egg. But I didn't have to eat them for I had no sooner broken them into my cup than the alcohol burst out of the old tank, setting fire to the varnish on the window sill, and with great presence of mind I quenched the fire with the soft boiled brown Leghorns. It made an awful mess and cost a good deal in tips; still, the occurrence gave me a renewed belief that the Lord didn't want me to choke and that I might live to play New York yet.

On the following Monday night in the next town our notice to close went up on the call board. The minute a notice goes up a company grows very chummy. Differences that may have occurred in the course of the season are forgotten, and we laugh a great deal as though we were all going to New York to open in a success. I suppose, to sort of twist a proverb, it's the last straw that tickles.

It was rather hard on us, for right next door was another theatre with a play that was being tried out on the road, and it was a great hit. We could see the actors passing in and out from rehearsal, so happy and confident — all New York actors who leave Broadway only long enough to whip a piece into shape. As Maude said, it was enough to make one go out and eat a thousand dollars' worth of caviar. But I argued against it, so, having become very friendly again, we went out and bought our educators and eggs at a big Delicatessen store and carried our milk bottles to and from the theatre, and kept looking for some reward for doing our best.

About the only glimmer of a reward the first part of the week was the nightly presence in our audience of a very cultivated young man who seemed to be there because he liked the show and not just to get warm. We could pick him out because he wore glasses — besides, he was one of the few. On Tuesday night the word went around that he had to do with the management next door and was looking for talent, as they intended making some changes before opening on Broadway. At this everyone began playing as New Yorkily as possible. At least they played carefully until it was found that the young man had nothing to do with the play and that he was coming to see either Maude or me. We were the only young women in the cast so there couldn't be any argument about it, and while we would rather have had him a manager no matter how homely, still it was

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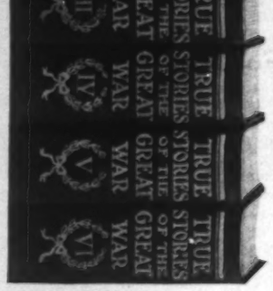

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encouraging to have a young man come to see us — or one of us — so steadily.

"Hat," said Maude to me, for we talked him over in our rooms every night, "I believe he is either a philanthropist or a playwright. Both kinds wear horn spectacles, and I feel that in some way he will mould our fate."

I got out the cards, but try as we might the knave of diamonds, which was about the young man's coloring, brought us disappointment, and Maude wouldn't let me go any further than that for fear the cards would keep us out of New York forever.

It was owing to this objection that the amazing events of Friday and their results were not foretold and, naturally, we wouldn't have believed the cards anyway. As usual it began with eggs, both the day and the first event. By Friday we had given out of eggs and I volunteered to go to the Delicatessen store we had been patronizing to get enough to last us until we started East.

I was glad to get out, for Maude had spent the day "auditing the accounts" and interspersing her work with mutterings. She didn't make any direct criticism, but one could tell how she was feeling inside. "And we haven't worn those winter gowns yet," I would hear, followed by, "Could you love a man with horn glasses?" This was rather cheeky when he was no more hers than mine and when she murmured: "Ten weeks instead of forty. Why couldn't we have seen?" I bounced off to the store feeling that Maude was acting as I must have acted previously, and wondering how she could have stood it.

She continued severe when I came back with twelve eggs instead of four. "Why did you not ask for a third of a dozen?" she pressed.

"Because they won't sell less than a dozen best eggs, and I hadn't the nerve to walk off without them."

"Well," said Maude, reaching for her hat, "I'll have the nerve to walk back *with* them."

"What for?" I faltered.

"For to exchange them," she replied. "And for to get something that we can eat up."

I went along with her, pretending that I wanted to lend my moral support, but it was really to see that she didn't give the eggs away and then buy more food with real money. The egg man behaved roughly, but Maude and I held out, as it is easier to hold out for a fifty-cent credit than it is for a New York engagement. And as soon as we got the check we went over to another counter crying out in embarrassment: "Cheese! Cheese!"

After we had cried "cheese" we looked at the clerk and then at each other. The same admonition ran in our minds at once, for we compared notes afterwards. We each thought: "You are an artist and you must dissimulate and not laugh," for the poor young clerk was our philanthropist-playwright who had so largely composed our audience for four nights.

He was a gentleman if he did sell cheese, for he said perfectly calmly, "What's your choice, ladies?" and not "I seen you to the show last night," which we so dreaded. He even persuaded us not to take it all out in cheese but to buy a nice little jar of lambs' tongues which would keep.

We simply wavered back to the hotel, Maude moaning, "Delicatessen! Delicatessen!" until I lost all patience and told her she was talking like a snob; that an honest Delicatessen man was as noble as anyone else.

"There is no such thing as an honest Delicatessen man," she insisted. I could not combat that, and I wondered myself how such a fine young man could be dishonorably measuring out cheese with his fingers on the scales.

It seemed to be the climax to all our mistakes of the season, yet we put our milk bottles in our bags just the same, three in each bag, for we had allowed them to accumulate, and went out to our work as usual. There was five cents deposit money coming to us on each bottle, and as I told Maude if we felt like thirty cents we ought to have it.

The young man wasn't in front nor was the rest of the town, all of them going next door to see the other play, and when we picked our way down the alley after the performance our eyes were as full as the skies. We had a single umbrella held in front of us to keep off the wind and rain and in that way we didn't see the two men coming in our direction.

They were not nice men or they wouldn't have been in the alley and that is possibly the way they felt about us. Before we knew it they had closed in on us and were saying horrible things that make a woman sorry she has to go home alone at eleven-thirty. But we who are accustomed to keeping such hours develop a kind of fierceness that makes us take care of ourselves. Everything in us turns into a desire to fight — accompanied by screaming — and to the instinctive use of whatever weapons are within reach.

In our case it was our milk bottles. Just as though we had been practising the exercise for years we began banging those men on the head with our hand bags. Maude, being more intense than I, felled her aggressor immediately, and then with one accord we chased the other down the alley striking him almost in rhythm with our screams. As we came out on the street the ruffian ran into a policeman and before we could make a charge against him he had made one against us. We felt that he hadn't a leg to stand on, but just at this moment another policeman ran out of the alley also and reported finding the villain whom Maude had stunned. And then life began to look black.

We had two things to be thankful for at that moment: one that the station was near by and the other that we had our art to pull us through the situation. We all walked along, Maude and I conveying to the passers-by that we were sisters of the patrolmen coming from the movies. We couldn't talk much for there seemed very little sound left, but Maude managed to chatter out, "Have you got the bail?" As though I were in the habit of putting bail in my pocket every time I went out. And at the station she whispered, "Damn those milk bottles!" But I rebuked her, feeling exalted. "They have served," I said.

That was the very highest point of the tragedy — that speech of mine in defense of our economies. Right on the close of it up stepped the cheese boy! He was in the police station as we entered, seemingly getting reports, and he had the greatest influence with the sergeant. They all believed our story, put my ruffian in jail and sent Maude's to the hospital, and never so much as entered our names upon the blotter. Why, the sergeant even shook hands and said he wished all women would carry milk bottles!

"Now," I said to the cheese boy when we three were in a cab going to the hotel, "will you tell me who you are?" And all the time he had been a reporter doing a little muckraking for his paper to see if the Delicatessen stores were honest. As he had been obliged to keep out of sight during his investigations, which had now ceased, he had dropped in to see us every night, and while this seeking solitude in our theatre was an awful slap at the play, he hastened to say that he was not bored at all. He had greatly enjoyed us acting so cheerily in our rich gowns by night, and coming economically into the store by day.

One might think that was enough good luck for any two girls in a busted show, and while we didn't really expect a notice we ordered up a paper early. But there was the whole story, headed, "Milk Fed Amazons." Even before we had reached the theatre we had been telephoned that the paper would provide counsel for us if the ruffians made a counter charge, and at the theatre several old ladies called to offer the same thing. Indeed we had a very good audience and our parts went awfully well. Yet we were not as happy as we had been when we woke up that morning for we had not thought of the trial. Now we would have to stay over to appear against the prisoners as soon as Maude's villain got out of the hospital, and the management would thus avoid paying our fares to New York.

But when things begin sliding in the right direction they keep on that way. And Maude and I slid and slid right into an engagement with the company next door which was staying in another week. Both the management and the playwright came over to the matinée and asked us afterwards if we would care to consider two rather small but good parts for New York. Or did we prefer to hold out for something better?

"I guess we've held out long enough," I was going to answer, but Maude fortunately got in ahead.

"Since we must remain for the trial we might as well stay on with your play," replied Maude, looking very zippy.

"Hat," she said to me late that night, "did we get this by conniving or conserving?"

"By a novel application of economic forces," I replied, thinking of the milk bottles.

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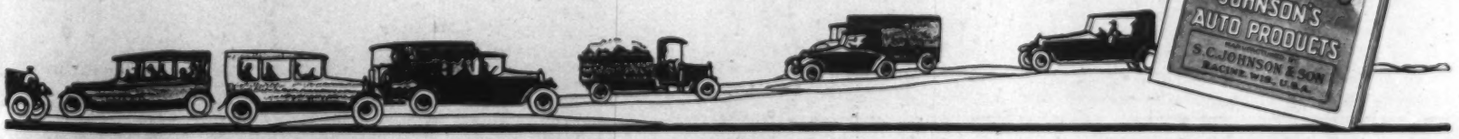
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